



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

The "Arundel Poets"

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ARRANGED IN THEIR CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY, ADAPTED FROM THE SHAKESPEAREAN PRIMER OF

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KING LEAR.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1605.)

INTRODUCTION.

Among the tragedies of passion *King Lear* is the one in which passions assume the largest proportions, act upon the widest theatre, and attain their absolute extremes. The story of Lear and his daughters was found by Shakespeare in Holinshed, and he may have taken a few hints from an old play, *The True Chronicle History of King Lear*. In both Holinshed's version and that of the True Chronicle, the army of Lear and his French allies is victorious; Lear is reinstated in his kingdom; but Holinshed relates how, after Lear's death, her sister's sons warred against Cordelia and took her prisoner, when "being a woman of a manly courage and despairing to recover liberty," she slew herself. With the story of Lear Shakespeare connects that of Gloucester and his two sons. An episode in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* supplied characters and incidents for this portion of the play, Sidney's blind king of Paphlagonia corresponding to the Gloucester of Shakespeare. But here, too, the story had in the dramatist's original a happy ending: the Paphlagonian king is restored to his throne, and the brothers are reconciled. The date of the play is probably 1605 or 1606. It was entered on the Stationers' register, Nov. 26, 1607, and the entry states that it had been acted "upon St. Stephen's day at Christmas last," i. e. Dec. 26, 1606. It was printed in quarto in 1608. Shakespeare cares little to give the opening incidents of his play a look of prosaic, historical probability. The spectator or reader is asked, as it were, to grant the dramatist certain data, and then to observe what the imagination can make of them. Good and evil in this play are clearly severed from one another—(more so than in *Macbeth* or in *Othello*)—and at the last, goodness, if we judge merely by external fortune, would seem to be, if not defeated, at least not triumphant. Shakespeare has dared, while paying little regard to mere historical verisimilitude, to represent the most solemn and awful mysteries of life as they actually are, without attempting to offer a ready-made explanation of them. Cordelia dies strangled in prison; yet we know that her devotion of love was not misapplied. Lear expires in an agony of grief; but he has been delivered from his pride and passionate willfulness: he has found that instead of being a master, at whose nod all things must bow, he is weak and helpless, a sport even of the wind and the rain; his ignorance of true love, and pleasure in false professions of love, have given place to an agonized clinging to the love which is real, deep, and tranquil because of its fulness. Lear is the greatest sufferer in Shakespeare's plays; though so old, he has strength which makes him a subject for prolonged and vast agony; and patience is unknown to him. The elements seem to have conspired against him with his unnatural daughters; the upheaval of the moral world, and the rage of tempest in the air seem to be parts of the same gigantic convulsion. In the midst of this tempest wanders unhoused the white-haired Lear; while his fool—most pathetic of all the minor characters of Shakespeare—jest half-wildly, half-coherently, half-bitterly, half-tenderly, and always with a sad remembrance of the happier past. The poor boy's heart has been sore ever since his "young mistress went to France." If Cordelia is pure love, tender and faithful, and Kent is unmingled loyalty, the monsters Goneril and Regan are gorgons rather than women, such as Shakespeare has nowhere else conceived. The aspect of Goneril can almost turn to stone; in Regan's tongue there is a viperous hiss. The story of Gloucester enlarges the basis of the tragedy. Lear's affliction is no mere private incident; there is a breaking of the bonds of nature and society all around us. But Gloucester is suffering for a former sin of self-indulgence, Lear is "more sinned against than sinning." Yet Gloucester is granted a death which is half joyful. His affliction serves as a measure of the longer affliction of the king. Edgar and Edmund are a contrasted pair—both are men of penetration, energy, and skill, one on the side of evil, the other on the side of good. Everywhere throughout the play Shakespeare's imaginative daring impresses us. Nothing in poetry is bolder or more wonderful than the scene on the night of the tempest in the hovel where the king, whose intellect has now given way, is in company with Edgar, assuming madness, the Fool, with his forced pathetic mirth, and Kent.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old man, tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.

Fool.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

A Captain employed by Edmund.

Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, } daughters to Lear.
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *King Lear's palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. 11

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while

Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future

strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—

Since now we will divest us, both of rule, 50 Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge.

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;

As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech un-

able; 61

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's

issue Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak. 70

Reg. Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal that my sister is,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short: that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense possesses;

And find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's

More richer than my tongue. 80

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our
 joy,
 Although the last, not least ; to whose young
 love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say to
 draw

A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing !

90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak
 again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
 According to my bond ; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia !—mend your
 speech a little,

lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honor you. 100
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
 They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord whose hand must take my plight
 shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty :
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so ; thy truth, then, be thy
 dower : 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
 Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my
 sight !

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her ! Call France ;
 who stirs ?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this
 third : 130

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry
 her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still
 retain

The name, and all the additions to a king ;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm, 140
 This coronet part betwixt you.

[*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
 Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my pray-
 ers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make
 from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork
 invade

The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old
 man ?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
 speak,

When power to flattery bows ? To plainness
 honor's bound, 150

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
 doom ;

And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness : answer my life my
 judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee
 least ;

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thy enemies ; nor fear to
 lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still re-
 main 160

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !
 [*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Do :

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
 Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom ;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
 I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
 On thine allegiance, hear me ! 170

Since thou hast sought to make us break our
 vow,

Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd
 pride

To come between our sentence and our power,

Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day fol-
lowing, 179

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away ! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king : sith thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
said !

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large
speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of
love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with
FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my
noble lord. 191

Lear. My lord of Burgundy.

We first address towards you, who with this
king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter : what, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness
offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she
stands : 200

If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
our oath,

Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the
power that made me, 210
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For
you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed

Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best
object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your
age,

Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time 219

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-
tion

Fall'n into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and
favor ;

But even for want of that for which I am
richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hast not been born than not to have pleased
me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in na-
ture ?

Which often leaves the history unspoke 239
That it intends to do ? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
her ?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself pro-
posed,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy ! 250
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most
rich, being poor ;

Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, de-
spised !

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon ;
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy 261
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but France,
Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
are;

And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon.

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received
you 280

At fortune's alms. You have obedience
scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say
of what most nearly appertains to us both. I
think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us. 290

Gon. You see how full of changes his age
is; the observation we have made of it hath
not been little: he always loved our sister
most; and with what poor judgment he hath
now cash her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time
hath been but rash; then must we look to re-
ceive from his age, not alone the imperfections
of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal
the unruly waywardness that infirm and
choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you,
let's hit together: if our father carry authority
with such dispositions as he bears, this last
surrender of his will but offend us. 310

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and I' the
heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base? 10

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscribed his
power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put
up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that ter-
rible dispatch of it into your pocket? the
quality of nothing hath not such need to hide
itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall
not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is
a letter from my brother, that I have not all
o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused,
I find it not fit for your o'er-looking. 40

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or
give it. The contents, as in part I understand
them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification,
he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my
virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence
of age makes the world bitter to the best of
our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our

oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother.

EDGAR.

Hum—conspiracy!—‘Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?’

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there’s the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother’s?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 70

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I’ll apprehend him. abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening. 101

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure,

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him. I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal. 111

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wis-

dom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked ’twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there’s son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there’s father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, holowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! ’Tis strange. [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behavior,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon’s tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’ Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in? 151

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent: death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 170

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure ; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely ally.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak : pray ye, go ; there's my key : if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother !

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best ; go armed : I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you : I have told you what I have seen and heard ; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it : pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father ! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none : on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy ! I see the business.

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by writ : 199
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me ; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him ; say I am sick :

If you come slack of former services, 9
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows ; I'll have it come to question :

If he dislike it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away ! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be used
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abused. 20

Remember what I tell you.

Osw.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak : I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now ! what art thou ? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? what wouldst thou with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly that will put me in trust : to love him that is honest : to converse with him that is wise, and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ? 31

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ? 39

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner ! Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter ?

Osw. So please you,— [Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.] Where's my fool, ho ? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now ! where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him.

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not ! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont ; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! sayest thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 71

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception : I have perceived a most faint neglect of late ; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into't. But where's my fool ? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an Attendant.]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir : who am I, sir ?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father' ! my lord's knave : your whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur !

Osw. I am none of these, my lord ; I beseech your pardon. 91

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ? [Striking him.]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away ! I'll teach you differences : away, away ! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry ; but away ! go to ; have you wisdom ? so.

[Pushes Oswald out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too : here's my coxcomb. [Offering Kent his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ! how dost thou ?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ? 110

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favor : nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly : there, take my coxcomb : why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle ! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters !

Lear. Why, my boy ? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine : beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel ; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle : 130

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,

Set less than thou throwest ;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score. 140

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to : he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool ! 150

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand :

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear ;

The one in motley here, 160

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me ; if I had a monopoly out, they

would have part on't : and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself ; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt : thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. 180

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year ;

For wise men are grown foppish,

They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers : for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, 190

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie : I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are : they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying ; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool : and yet I would not be thee, nuncle ; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle : here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter ! what makes that frontlet on ? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown. 209

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O without a figure : I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, 220

But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance ; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, 229

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you throw, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it's had it head bit off by it young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter ?

Gon. Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good wisdom, 240

Whereof I know you are fraught ; and put away

These dispositions, that of late transform you From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse ? Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me ? This is not Lear :

Doth Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? Where are his eyes ?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied—Ha ! waking ? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am ? 250

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that ; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentilewoman ?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savor

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright : 260

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy : be then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train ; 270

And the remainder, that shall still depend

To be such men as may besort your age,

And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !

Saddle my horses ; call my train together : Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee,

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To*

Alb. O, sir, are you come ?
Is it your will ? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses. 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child

Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite ! thou liest :
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The faults of their name. O most small

fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature 290
From the fix'd place ; drew from heart all

love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

And thy dear judgment out ! Go, go, my
people. [*Striking his head.*]

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear ; dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility ! 300
Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310
To have a thankless child ! Away, away !

[*Exit.*]
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof
comes this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the
cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !
Within a fortnight !

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?
Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and
death ! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus ;

That these hot tears, which break from me
performe, 320
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and
fogs upon thee !

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee ! Old fond
eyes,

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out.
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this ?
Let it be so : yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable :
When she shall hear this of thee, with her
nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt
find 330
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think

I have cast off for ever : thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald,
ho !

[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool,
after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 340
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter :
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel :—a
hundred knights !

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights : yes, that, on
every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dis-
like,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow-
ers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say !
Alb. Well, you may fear too far. 350

Gon. Safer than trust too far :
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken : I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister :
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald !

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?
Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away
to horse :

Inform her full of my particular fear ; 360
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone ;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon.

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then— 370

Alb. Well, well; the event. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy. 10

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face? 20

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose: that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 40

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool. *[Ingratitude!]*

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN meets him.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work! 20

Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night: Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither: now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word 29

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!

Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell. *[Exit Edgar.]*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *[Wounds his arm.]*

Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far :
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,—

As this I would : ay, though thou didst produce

My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain !
Would he deny his letter ? I never got him.

[*Tucket within.* 81
Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes.

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have the due note of him ; and of my land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life ?

He whom my father named ? your Edgar ?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father ? [too bad.

Glou. I know not, madam : 'tis too bad,

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected :

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice ; and received

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ? 111

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,— 126

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night :

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: 130
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'll mire.

Osw. Prithce, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me. 10

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lil'-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-servicable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 29

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue! for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with eters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your w-ys

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here? 51

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. 60

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, [as these,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues like rats, off bite the holy cords a-twain 80
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like asses, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave?

What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak
truth!

And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely. 110

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no
flatterer : he that beguiled you in a plain
accent was a plain knave ; which for my part
I will not be, though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me to 't. 120

Corn. What was the offence you gave him ?

Ans. I never gave him any :

It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his dis-
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted,
rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again. 131

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, show too bold
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks ! As I have
life and honor, 140
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and
all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the
stocks ! [Stocks brought out.]

Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do
so :

His fault is much, and the good king his
master

Will check him for 't : your purposed low cor-
rection

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[*Kent is put in the stocks*
Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.]

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd : I'll entreat
for thee. 161

Kent. Pray, do not, sir : I have watched
and travell'd hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :
Give you good morrow !

Glou. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill
be ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the
common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest

To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, 170
That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter ! Nothing almost sees
miracles

But misery : I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
† From this enormous state, seeking to give

Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night : smile once more : turn
thy wheel ! [Sleeps. 180]

SCENE III. A wood.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;

And by the happy hollow of a tree

Escaped the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,

Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may,
'scape,

I will preserve myself : and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with
filth ;

Blanket my loins : elf all my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness out-face 11

The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent

Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
And with this horrible object, from low farns,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with

† *Enforce their charity. Poor Turligod ! poor*
Tom ! 20

That's something yet : Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. Ha !

Makest thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ! he wears cruel garters.
Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears
by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men
by the legs : when a man's over-lusty at legs,
then he wears wooden nether-stocks. 11

Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy
place mistook

To set thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and she ;

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't ;

They could not, would not do 't ; 'tis worse
than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth 31

From Gougril his mistress salutations ;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read : on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse ;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold
looks ;

And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd
mine,—

Being the very fellow that of late 40
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew :
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-
geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind ;

But fathers that bear bags

50

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many do-
lours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a
year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
my heart !

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,—
Thy element's below ! Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Follow me not ;

Stay here. [Exit. 60

Gent. Made you no more offence but what
you speak of ?

Kent. None

How chance the king comes with so small a
train ?

Fool. And thou hadst been set i' the stocks
for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter.
All that follow their noses are led by their
eyes but blind men ; and there's not a nose
among twenty but can smell him that's stink-
ing. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs
down a hill, lest it break thy neck with fol-
lowing it ; but the great one that goes up the
hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise
man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again : I would have none but knaves follow
it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form, 80

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly :

The knave turns fool that runs away ;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ? They are
sick ? they are weary ?

They have travell'd all the night ? Mere
fetches ; 90

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer

Glou.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke ;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! con-
fusion !

Fiery ? what quality ? Why, Gloucester,
Gloucester,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his
wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet: may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110 And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit For the sound man. Death on my state!

wherefore [Looking on Kent.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth. Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death. 120

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, battered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [Kent is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. 130

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb.

Sepulchring an adulteress. [To Kent] O, are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here: [Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope. 140

You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation; if, sir, perchance She have restrain'd the riots of your followers

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge 149

Of her confine: you should be ruled and led By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;

Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [Kneeling.]

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising] Never, Regan: 160 She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart: All the stored vengeance of heaven fall

On her, ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 170

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,

When the rash mood is on. [Curse:]

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, And in conclusion to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st The offices of nature, bond of childhood, 181

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude; Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [Trumpet within.]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter, That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ? 190

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here ?
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down, and take my
part !

[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this
beard ?

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have
I offended ?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough ; 260
Will you yet hold ? How came my man i' the
stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir : but his own
disorders

Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem
so.

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me :
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dis-
miss'd ? 210

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch ! Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like ; pension
beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir. 220

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make
me mad :

I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another :
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-
ter ;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not hide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
Mend when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure :
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,

I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so :
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my
sister ;

For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : what, fifty fol-
lowers ? 240

Is it not well ? What should you need of
more ?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in
one house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from
mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they
chanced to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250
To bring but five and twenty : to no more

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries ;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What, must I come to
you

With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord ; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favor'd,

When others are more wicked : not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll
go with thee :

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life's as cheap as beast's : thou art a
lady ; 270

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience
I need !

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To hear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnatural
bags, 281

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things,— [be

What they are, yet I know not : but they shall
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm and tempest.

Corn. Let us withdraw ; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little : the old man and
his people 291

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloucester ?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth : he is
return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glou. He calls to horse ; but will I know
not whither. 300

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors :

He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. 310

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a
wild night :

My Regan counsels well ; come out o' the
storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A heath.

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman,
meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element :
Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled water 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease ; tears his
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. 11
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool ; who labors to
out-just
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is di-
vision,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and
Cornwall ;

Who have—as who have not, that their great
stars

Throned and set high ?—servants, who seem
no less,

Which are to France the spies and specula-
tions

Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have
borne

Against the old kind king ; or something
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnishings ;
But, true it is, from France there comes a
power 30

Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you :

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ; 40
And, from some knowledge and assurance,
offer

This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this
ring ;

And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fle on this storm !
I will go seek the king. 50

Gent. Give me your hand : have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;

That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm still.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks !
rage ! blow !

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vault-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Sing me my white head ! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once,

That make ingrateful man ! 9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o'
door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters'
blessing : here's a night pities neither wise
man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire !
spout, rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription : then let fall
Your horrible pleasure : here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man :
But yet I call you servile ministers, 21
That have with two pernicious daughters
join'd

Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in
has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse ;

So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all pa-
tience ;

I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece ;
that's a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that
love night

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful
dials

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves : since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard : man's nature can-
not carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch, 51

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody
hand ;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of vir-
tue

That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life : close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a
man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed ! 60
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest :

Repose you there ; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis
raised ;

Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy : how dost, my boy ? art
cold ?

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my
fellow ?

The art of our necessities is strange, 70
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my
heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*] He that has and a little tiny
wit—

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us
to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a cour-
tezan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go : 80
When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;
When every case in law is right ;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanderers do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cutpurse come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion 91
 Come to great confusion :
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't
 That going shall be used with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live
 before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desire their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glou. Go to ; say you nothing. There's a division betwixt the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ; 'tis dangerous to be spoken ; I have locked the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there's part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful.

[Exit. 21]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know ; and of that letter too : This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses ; no less than all : The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin ; so 'tis to thee ;
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun a bear ;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, 10
 Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else
 Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to't ? But I will punish home :
 No, I will weep no more. In such a night
 To shut me out ! Pour on ; I will endure.
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
 all,— 20

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself : seek thine own ease :

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
 [To the Fool] In, boy ; go first. You house-
 less poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed
 sides, 30

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
 you

From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom
 and half ! Poor Tom !

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a
 spirit

Help me, help me ! 40

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit : he says his name's
 poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble
 there i' the straw ? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a mad man.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
 wind.

Hum ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?

And art thou come to this ? 50

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ?
 whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
 through flame, and through ford and whirlpool,
 e'er bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives
 under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set
 ratsbane by his porridge ; made him proud of
 heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over
 four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow
 for a traitor. Bless thy five wits ! Tom's a-
 cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from
 whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking ! Do poor

Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed. *[Idulous air.]*

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pen-
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowliness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen. 81

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:

Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire, 119

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace? 130

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the four fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord, 150

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon

you,

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is

ready. *[Sopher.]*

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher: What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? *[Storm still.]*

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good

Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee,
friend, 170

I am almost mad myself : I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my
life,

But lately, very late : I loved him, friend ;
No father his son dearer : truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's
this !

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry your mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel :
keep thee warm.

Lear. Come let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ; 180

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him
take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words : hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower
came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart
his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured,
that nature thus gives way to loyalty, some-
thing fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether
your brother's evil disposition made him seek
his death ; but a provoking merit, set a-work
by a reprobable badness in himself. 9

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I
must repent to be just ! This is the letter he
spoke of, which approves him an intelligent
party to the advantages of France. O heavens !
that this treason were not, or not I the de-
tector !

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain,
you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl
of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is,
that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

Edm. [Aside] If I find him comforting the
king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I
will persevere in my course of loyalty, though
the conflict be sore between that and my
blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou
shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining
the castle.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and
EDGAR.*

Glou. Here is better than the open air ; take
it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with
what addition I can : I will not be long from
you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given
way to his impatience : the gods reward your
kindness ! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me
Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.
Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a
madman be a gentleman or a yeoman ? 11

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentle-
man to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman that
sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burn-
ing spits

Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness
of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a
whore's oath. 21

Lear. It shall be done ; I will arraign them
straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned
justicer ;

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now,
you she foxes !

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in
Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak
not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not
so amazed :

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the
evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take
thy place ; [equity,

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of
Bench by his side : [*To Kent*] you are o' the
commission, 40

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honorable assembly,
she kicked the poor king her father. 50

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name
Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-
stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd
looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Aims, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits! 60

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,

That thou so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite; 70

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry. 79

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you'll say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: 99

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help

to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-ship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-files thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king! 121

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lords dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 21

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glow. What mean your graces ? Good my friends, consider 30

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor !

Glow. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

Glow. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glow. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host :

With robbers' hands my hospitable favors 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France ?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king ?

Speak.

Glow. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king ? 50

Glow. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him first answer that.

Glow. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir ?

Glow. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have

buoy'd up, 60

And quench'd the stelled fires :

Yet, poor old heart, he hop'd the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said ' Good porter, turn the key,'

All cruels else subscribed : but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glow. He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help ! O cruel ! O you gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too. 71

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord : I have served you ever since I was a child ; But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog !

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ! [*They draw and fight.*]

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus ! 80

[*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*]

First Serv. O, I am slain ! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O ! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly !

Where is thy lustre now ?

Glow. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us ; Who is too good to pity thee. 90

Glow. O my follies ! then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*]

How is't, my lord ? how look you ?

Corn. I have received a hurt : follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain ; throw this slave Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace :

Untimely comes this hurt : give me your arm. [*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness

do, If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long, 100

And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would : his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou : I'll fetch some flax
and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be
contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome,
then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the
worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes
here ?

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led ? World, world, O
world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate
thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been
your tenant, and your father's tenant, these
fourscore years.

Glou. Away, get thee away ; good friend,
be gone :

Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your
way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want
no eyes ; 20

I stumbled when I saw : full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath !
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ! Who's there ?

Edg. [*Aside*] O gods ! Who is't can say 'I
am at the worst' ?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet : the
worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' 30

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could
not beg.

I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me think a man a worm : my
son

Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have
heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be ?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
40

Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master !

Glou. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone : if, for
my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient
love ;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when mad-
men lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that
I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot
daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and
foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of
his good wits : bless thee, good man's son,
from the foul fiend ! five fiends have been in
poor Tom at once ; of lust, as Obidicut ; Hob-
bidence, prince of dumbness ; Mahu, of
stealing ; Modo, of murder ; Flibbertigibbet,
of mopping and mowing, who since possesses
chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless
thee, master !

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom
the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am
wretched

Makes thee the happier : heavens, deal so
still !

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 70
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power

quickly ;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know

Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and
bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :

Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me : from that
place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm : 81
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel our mild husband
 Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master ?

Osw. Madam, within ; but never man so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed ;
 He smiled at it : I told him you were coming :

His answer was 'The worse : ' of Gloucester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out :

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ; 10

What like, offensive.

Gon. *[To Edm.]* Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowlish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers :
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
 A mistress's command. Wear this : spare speech ;

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
[Giving a favor.]

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air :
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester !
[Exit Edmund.]

O, the difference of man and man !
 To thee a woman's services are due :

My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[Exit.]

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril !
 You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 30

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition :
 That nature, which condemns its origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
 Sho that herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap, perforce must wither
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :

Filth's savor but themselves. What have you done ?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ? 40

A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited !

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man ! 50
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honor from thy suffering ; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;

† With plumed helm thy slayer begins t'reats ;

Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
 'Alack, why does he so ?'

Alb. See thyself, devil !
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60

So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !
Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,

for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones : howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?
Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead : 70

Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes !
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master ; who, thereat enraged,

Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead ;

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. 81
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[Exit.]

Alb. Where was his son when they did
take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 90

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the
king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither,
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The French camp near Dover.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought
of; which imports to the kingdom so much
fear and danger, that his personal return was
most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
Far. 10

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them
in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
'Were like a better way: those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,

If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the
name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart:

Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies!
sisters!

Kent. 'father! sisters! What, 'the storm?
'the night? 30

Let pity not be believed! There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's
'the town; 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him:
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not? 50

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our mas-
ter Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colors, CORDELIA,
Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank funiter and furrow-weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is means, madam: 11

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress ! Seek, seek for
him ;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam ; 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's
right :

Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Osw. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your
lord at home ?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter
to him ?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being
out,

To let him live : where he arrives he moves 10
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is
gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay
with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam :

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ?
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike, 20
Something—I know not what : I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her
husband.

I am sure of that : and at her late being here
She gave strange sallades and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her
bosom.

Osw. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I
know't :

Therefore I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand 31
Than for your lady's : you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam ! I
should show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE VI. Fields near Dover.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.*

Glou. When shall we come to the top of
that same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how
we labor.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow
imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed :
Methinks thy voice is alter'd ; and thou
speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived : in nothing
am I changed

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken. 10

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place : stand
still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs that wing the midway
air

Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful
trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring
bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight : the murmuring
surge, 20

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more ;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : you are now within a foot of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse ; in it a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking : fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou farther off ; 30 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods ! This world I do renounce, and, in your sights, Shake patiently my great affliction off :

If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him ! Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*]

Edg. Gone, sir : farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the theft : had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead ?

Ho, you sir ! friend ! Hear you, sir ! speak ! Thus might he pass indeed : yet he revives. What are you, sir ?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe ; Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell : Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height ; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up. 60

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit, To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm : Up : so. How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness. Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you ?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses, 70 Horns wheel'd and waved like the enridged sea :

It was some fiend ; therefore, thou happy father, Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man ; often 'twould say

'The fiend, the fiend : ' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here ? 80

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining ; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper : draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse ! Peace, peace ; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird ! i' the clout, i' the clout : hewgh ! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril, with a white beard ! They flattered me like a dog ; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said — 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding ; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men of their words : they told me I was every thing ; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember :

Is 't not the king ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause ?

Adultery.

Thou shalt not die : die for adultery ! No :

The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive ; for Gloucester's bastard

Was kinder to his father than my daughters
 Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
 To't, luxury, pell-mell ! for I lack soldiers.
 Behold yond simpering dame, 120
 Whose face between her forks presages snow ;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name ;
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
 Though women ul above :
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends' ;
 There's hell, there's darkness, there's the
 sulphurous pit, 130
 Burning, scalding, stench, consumption ; fie,
 fie, fie ! pah, pah ! Give me an ounce of civet,
 good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination :
 there's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of
 mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great
 world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know
 — ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
 Dost thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst,
 blind Cupid ; I'll not love. Read thou this
 challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not
 see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ; it
 is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No
 eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ?
 Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
 light ; yet you see how this world goes. 151

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see
 how this world goes with no eyes. Look with
 thine ears : see how yond justice rails upon
 yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change
 places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
 which is the thief ? Thou hast seen a
 farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glou. Ay, sir. 160

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ?
 There thou mightst behold the great image of
 authority : a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand !
 Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine
 own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
 hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
 with gold, 169

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able
 'em :

Take that of me, my friend, who have the
 power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
 now, now :

Pull off my boots : harder, harder : so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !

Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
 my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough ; thy name is
 Gloucester :

Thou must be patient ; we came crying
 hither :

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
 air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee :
 mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we
 are come

To this great stage of fools : this a good
 block ;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt : I'll put't in proof ;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-
 law, 190

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is : lay hand upon him.

Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I
 am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well ;
 You shall have ransom. Let me have sur-
 geons :

I am cut to the brains.

Gent.

You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? all myself ?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200

Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent.

Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom.

What !

I will be jovial : come, come ; I am a king,

My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey
 you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, if you
 get it, you shall get it with running. *Sa, sa,*
sa, sa. [Exit running ; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
 -wretch,

Past speaking of in a king ! Thou hast one
 daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
 Which twain have brought her to. 211

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
 toward ?



CORDELIA AND KENT.

KING LEAR, p. 849

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descri

Stand on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. 220

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glou. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh 231

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out

That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand

Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?

Hence;

Lest that the infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion. 240

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor folk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;

And give the letters which thou find'st about

To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out

Upon the British party: O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress

As badness would desire.

Glou.

What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you 260

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see:

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I

the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

'Your—wife, so I would say—

'Affectionate servant,

'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands, 281

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

Of numerous lechers: and in the mature time

With this ungracious paper strike the sight

Of the death practised duke: for him 'tis well

That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose 290

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*]

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman, and others attending*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth:

Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited

These weeds are memories of those worser hours :

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not 10
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] How does the king ?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king : he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Gent. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his
sleep 21

We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do
awake him ;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the
music there !

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes 30

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a
face

To be opposed against the warring winds ?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thun-
der ?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch—poor
perdu !—

With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog.

Though he had bit me, should have stood
that night

Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack ! 40

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes ; speak to
him.

Doct. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares
your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'
the grave ;

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know : when did
you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

50

Doct. He's scarce awake : let him alone
awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ?
Fair daylight ? [Pity.]

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands : let's see ;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition !

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor
less ;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know this
man ;

Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is ; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments ; nor I know
not [at me ;

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh
For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. 70

Lear. Be your tears wet ? yes, 'faith. I
pray, weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam : the
great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him : and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more 81
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :
Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old
and foolish.

[*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of
Cornwall was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of
Gloucester. 90

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to
look about ; the powers of the kingdom ap-
proach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be through-
ly wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly mis-carried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colors, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle
than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter, 21

With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils 30
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No. [with us.]

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go

Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with
man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.

[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook
thy paper. [Exit Edgar. 50]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste
is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn
my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; 60
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
[Exit Edgar.]

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand;
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en;
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No farther, sir ; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither : Ripeness is all : come on. 11

Glou. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND : LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners ; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first

Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ? [prison :

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage : When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, 10

And ask of thee forgiveness : so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ; And take upon's the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies : and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ; The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell, Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see 'em starve first.

Come. [Exeunt *Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edg. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note [giving a paper] ; go follow them to prison :

One step I have advanced thee ; if thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes : know thou this, that men Are as the time is : to be tender-minded 31 Does not become a sword : thy great employment

Will not bear question ; either say thou'lt do 't, Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy when thou hast done.

Mark, I say, instantly ; and carry it so As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;

If it be man's work, I'll do 't. [Exit.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain, 40 And fortune led you well : you have the captives

That were the opposites of this day's strife : We do require them of you, so to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some retention and appointed guard ; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more, To pluck the common bosom on his side, And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes 50 Which do command them. With him I sent the queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready To-morrow, or at further space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed By those that feel their sharpness : The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, 60 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ; Bore the commission of my place and person ; The which immediacy may well stand up, And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot : In his own grace he doth exalt himself, More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights, By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla ! That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach. General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ; Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine : Witness the world, that I create thee here My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. 80

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attain, This gilded serpent [pointing to Gon.]. For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife:

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My lady is bespoken.

Gon.

An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy head

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge [throwing down a glove];

I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg.

Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [throwing down a glove]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain 100

My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm.

A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg.

My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound, And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet! [A trumpet sounds.]

Her. [Reads] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound!

[First trumpet.]

Her. Again!

[Second trumpet.]

Her. Again!

[Third trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit: Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg.

Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,

My oath, and my profession: I protest, 130

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune.

Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor;

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140

To thee lie.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike, And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,

This sword of mine shall give thee instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon.

This is practice, Gloucester: 151

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb.

Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it: Hold, sir:

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:

No tearing, lady: I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for't.

Alb.

Most monstrous! oh! 159

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon.

Ask me not what I know. [Exit.]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg.

Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us : 171
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle : I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness : I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father !

Edg. *Worthy prince, I know't.*
Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your
father ? 180

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a
brief tale ;

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst !

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweet-
ness !

That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once !—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost : became his
guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from de-
spair ;

Never,—O fault !—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd :
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : but his flaw'd
heart,

Alack, too weak the conflict to support !
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved
me,

And shall perchance do good : but speak you
on ; 200

You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold
it in ;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor came there in a
man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, find-
ing 210

Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong
arms

He fastened on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my fa-
ther ;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him

That ever ear received : which in recounting
His grief grew puissant and the strings of life
Began to crack : twice then the trumpets
sounded,

And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in
disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him ser-
vant 220

Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's
dead :

Alb. Who dead ? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her
sister

By her is poisoned ; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both : all
three

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead : 230

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he ?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night :
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and
where's Cordelia ?

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought*
in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved :
The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life : some good I mean to
do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia :
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run !

Edg. To who, my lord ? Who hath the
office ? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on : take my sword, 250
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edg.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
and me



KING LEAR AND CORDELIA

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his
arms ; EDGAR, Captain, and others fol-
lowing.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl ! O, you are
men of stones :

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone
for ever !

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-
glass ; 261

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs : she lives ! if it
be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master !

Lear. Prithce, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, trait-
tors all !

I might have saved her ; now she's gone for
ever ! 270

Cordelia, Cordelia ! stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ? Her voice was ever
soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fal-
chion

I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are
you ?

Mine eyes are not o' the best : I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and
hated, 280

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not
Kent ?

Kent. The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you
that ;

He'll strike, and quickly too : he's dead and
rotten. [*man,—*]

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference
and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else : all's cheerless,
dark, and deadly. 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says : and vain
it is

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power : [*To Edgar and
Kent*] you, to your rights : 300

With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall
taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No,
no, no life !

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never !

Pray you, undo this button : thank you, sir.
Do you see this ? Look on her, look, her lips,

Look there, look there ! [*Dies.* 311

Edg. He faints ! My lord, my lord !

Kent. Break, heart ; I prithee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass !
he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough
world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so
long :

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present
business

Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends
of my soul, you twain 319

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
obey ;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we that are
young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Ezeunt, with a dead march.*]

MACBETH.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1606.)

INTRODUCTION.

Macbeth was seen acted by Dr. Forman—who gives a detailed sketch of the play—on April 20, 1610; but the characteristics of versification forbid us to place it after *Pericles* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, or very near *The Tempest*. Upon the whole, the internal evidence supports the opinion of Malone, that the play was written about 1606. The materials for his play Shakespeare found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, connecting the portion which treats of Duncan and Macbeth with Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. The appearance of Banquo's ghost and the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth appear to be inventions of the dramatist. The Cambridge editors, Messrs. Clark and Wright, are of opinion that *Macbeth* was interpolated with passages by Middleton, but this theory is in a high degree doubtful. While in *Hamlet* and others of Shakespeare's plays we feel that Shakespeare refined upon or brooded over his thoughts, *Macbeth* seems as if struck out at a heat and imagined from first to last with unabated fervor. It is like a sketch by a great master in which every thing is executed with rapidity and power, and a subtlety of workmanship which has become instinctive. The theme of the drama is the gradual ruin through yielding to evil within and evil without, of a man, who, though from the first tainted by base and ambitious thoughts, yet possessed elements in his nature of possible honor and loyalty. The contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, united by their affections, their fortunes and their crime, is made to illustrate and light up the character of each. Macbeth has physical courage, but moral weakness, and is subject to excited imaginative fears. His faint and intermittent loyalty embarrasses him—he would have the gains of crime without its pains. But when once his hands are dyed with blood, he hardly cares to withdraw them, and the same fears which had tended to hold him back from murder now urge him on to do able and treble murders until slaughter, almost reckless, becomes the habit of his reign. At last the gallant soldier of the opening of the play fights for his life with a wild and brute-like force. His whole existence has become joyless and loveless, and yet he clings to existence. Lady Macbeth is of a finer and more delicate nature. Having fixed her eye upon an end—the attainment for her husband of Duncan's crown—she accepts the inevitable means; she nerves herself for the terrible night's work by artificial stimulants; yet she cannot strike the sleeping king who resembles her father. Having sustained her weaker husband, her own strength gives way: and in sleep, when her will cannot control her thoughts, she is piteously afflicted by the memory of one stain of blood upon her little hand. At last her thread of life snaps suddenly. Macbeth, whose affection for her was real, has sunk too far in the wretchedness of joyless crime to feel deeply her loss. Banquo, the loyal soldier, praying for restraint against evil thoughts which enter his mind as they had entered Macbeth's, but which work no evil there, is set over against Macbeth, as virtue is set over against dissipation. The witches are the supernatural beings of terror, in harmony with Shakespeare's tragic period, as the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the supernatural beings of his days of fancy and frolic, and as Ariel is the supernatural genius of his latest period. There is at once a grossness, a horrible reality about the witches, and a mystery and grandeur of evil influence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } generals of the king's army.
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.
MENFEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of
the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murder-
ers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland: England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of
-sun.

First Witch. Where the place ?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon. 10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarm within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that ? He can
report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
wald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore ; but all's too
weak :

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that
name—

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave ; 20

† Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell
to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !
Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd
to come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark :

No sooner justice had with valor arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels, 30

But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Ser. Yes ;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
so they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as
thy wounds ;

They smack of honor both. Go get him sur-
geons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here ?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king !

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthythane ?

Ross. From Fife, great king ;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50
With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness !

Ross. That now

Sveno, the Norways' king, craves composition :
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disburs'd at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall
deceive

Our bosom interest : go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth
hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister ?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou ?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts
in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd, —
'Give me,' quoth I ;

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid: 20
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee,thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear God's
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70

By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And,thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.
Who's here?

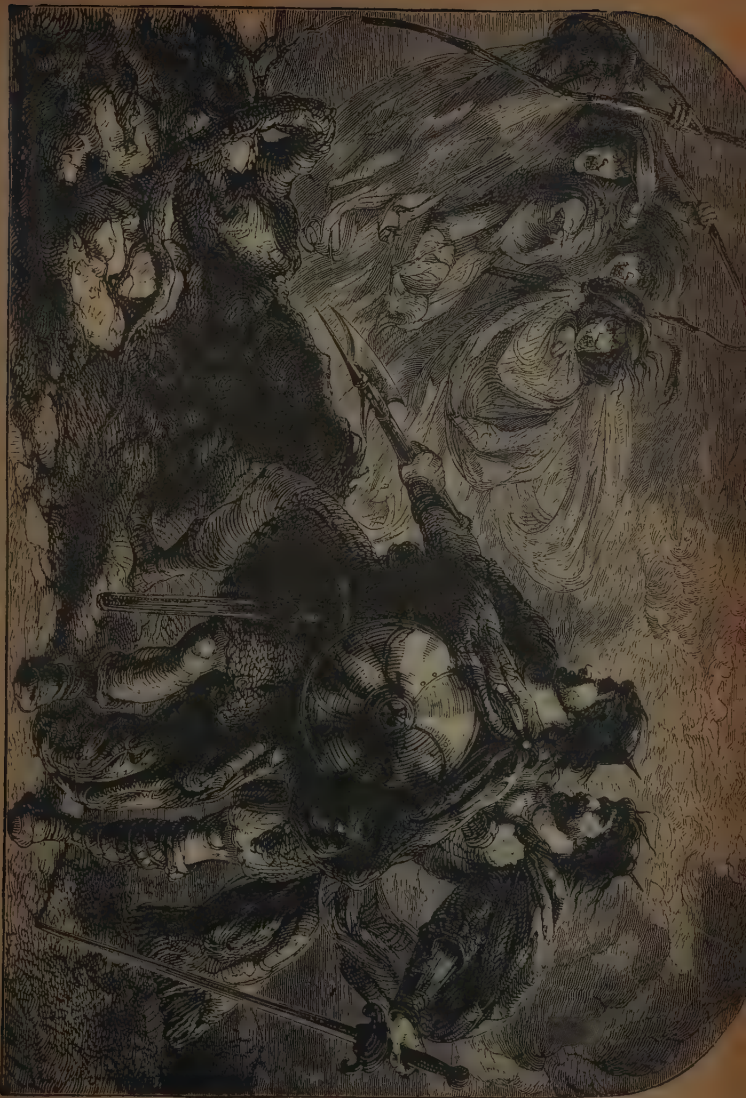
Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 91
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;



Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with
both

He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Caw-
dor !

The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
Thanks for your pains.

[To Ban.] Do you not hope your children
shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
to me

Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That trusted home 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill, cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Caw-
dor :

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
should

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor : my dull brain
was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the

king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are
not

Those in commission yet return'd ?
Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die : who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.
O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
served,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment 19

Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and
servants,

Which do but what they should, by doing
every thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Ban-
quo,

That hast no less deserved, nor must be
known

No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name here-
after
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor
must

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservings. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used
for you :

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !
Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland !
that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ;
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]
Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so
valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of suc-
cess ; and I have learned by the perfectest re-
port, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burned in desire to ques-
tion them further, they made themselves air,
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from
the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Caw-
dor ;" by which title, before, these weird sis-
ters saluted me, and referred me to the com-
ing on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt
be!" This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that
thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by
being ignorant of what greatness is promised
thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised : yet do I fear thy
nature ;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be
great ;

Art not without ambition, but without 20
The illness should attend it : what thou
wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou'ldst
have, great Glamis,

That which cries 'Thou must do, if thou
have it ;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our thane
is coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending ;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*]

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-
tween

The effect and it ! Come to my woman's
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold !'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your
eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the inno-
cent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to
come

70

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favor ever is to fear :
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the
air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's
breath
Smells woefully here : no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle :

Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honor'd hostess ! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point 'twice done and then done
double

Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad where-
with

Your majesty loads our house : for those of
old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a pur-
pose

To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
help him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hos-
tess,

We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in
compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleas-
ure,

Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him
highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.* 31

SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and
divers Servants with dishes and service, and
pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these
cases

We still have judgment here ; that we but
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, re-
turn

To plague the inventor : this even-handed
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against

The deep damnation of his taking-off ; 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,
horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd : why have
you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business ;

He hath honor'd me of late ; and I have
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest
gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valor 40
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would 50

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor
place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both :

They have made themselves, and that their
fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me :

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard jour-
ney

Sonndly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber and used their very dag-
gers,

That they have done't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's hus-
bandry in heaven ;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there? 10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
a-bed :

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut
up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth. 21

Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
when 'tis,

It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink
is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates 51
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he
lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives. [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them
drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho! 9

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have
awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the
deed

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers
ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resem-
bled

My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou
not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and
'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry
'Sleep no more!'

Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent
sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's

bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second

course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all
the house: 41

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor [more.]

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no
more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainlessly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there : go carry them ; and
sneak

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more : 50
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the
dead

Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals
me ?

What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out
mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will
rather 61

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color ; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]
I hear a knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]

Hark ! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost 71
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not
know myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would
thou couldst ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed ! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have
old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*]
Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the
name of Beelzebub ? Here's a farmer, that
hanged himself on the expectation of plenty :
come in time ; have napkins enow about you ;
here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*]
Knock, knock ! Who's there, in the other
devil's name ? Faith, here's an equivocator,
that could swear in both the scales against
either scale ; who committed treason enough
for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking*
within.] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there ?
Faith, here's an English tailor come hither,
for stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ;
here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking*
within.] Knock, knock ; never at quiet ! What
are you ? But this place is too cold for hell.

I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought
to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon ! I pray you,
remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith sir, we were carousing till the
second cock : and drink, sir, is a great provo-
ker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink es-
pecially provoke ? 30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance : therefore, much drink
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery :
it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on,
and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and
disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and
not stand to ; in conclusion, equivocates him
in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night. 41

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat 'on
me : but I requited him for his lie ; and, I
think, being too strong for him, though he
took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift
to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him ; here
comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthythane ?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely
on him :

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to
you ;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we
lay,

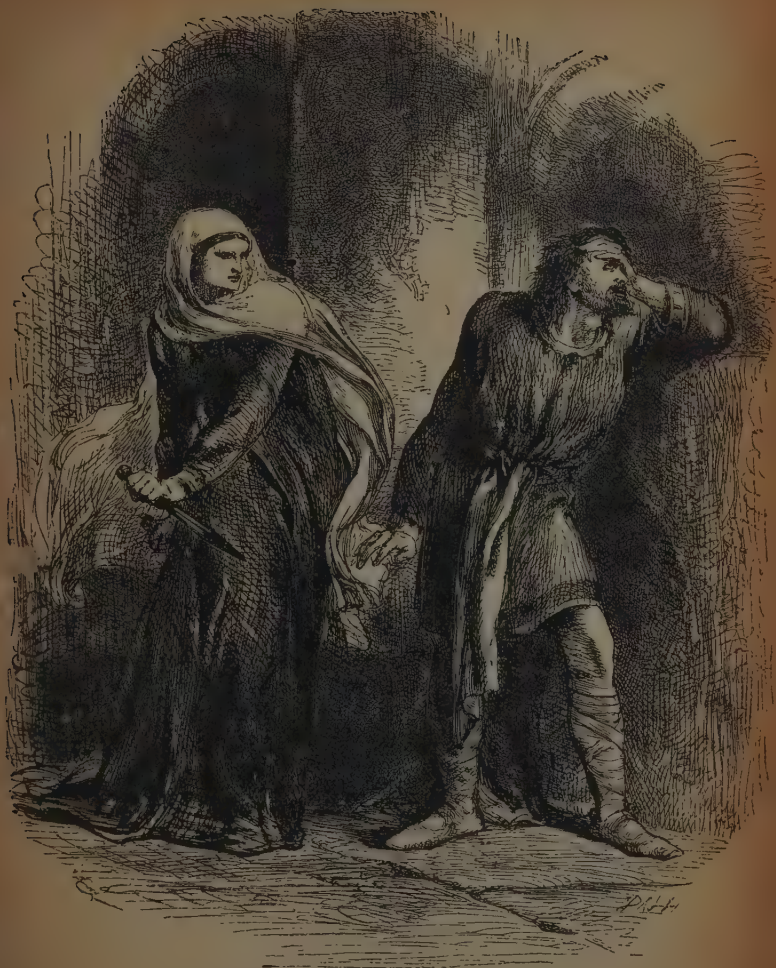
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they
say, 60

Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams
of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure
bird

Clamor'd the livelong night : some say, the
earth



MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot par-

allal
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue
nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. } What's the matter. 70

Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-
feit, 81

And look on death itself! up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear, 90

Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this

chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this in-

stant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of. 101

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,
had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with
blood;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we
found

Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's
life 110

Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
derers, [daggers]

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could

refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our

tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken

here, where our fate,

Hid in an anger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let 's away; 129

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake

us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence

Against the uninvaded pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet 't the hall together.

All. Well contented. 140

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort

with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-

land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood.

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy
left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with
man's act.

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of
mine eyes
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff. 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon
them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to
Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and
with those 40
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was
said

It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well, 9
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king,
LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS,
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And a blemish unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,
sir,
And I'll request your presence.

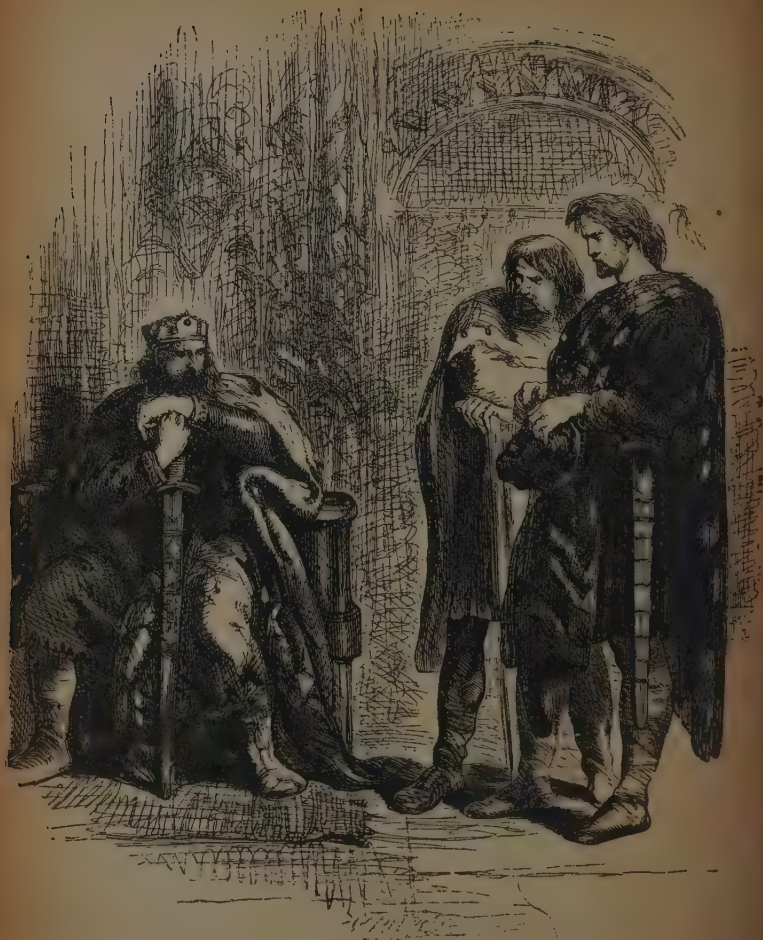
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your
good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosper-
ous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-mor-
row.

Is't far you ride?



MACBETH AND THE MURDERERS.

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd. 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention : but of that to-morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of state
 Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. *Exit Banquo.* 40

Let every man be master of his time
 Till seven at night : to make society
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
 Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men—
 Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature 50
 Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
 My Genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him : then prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings : 60
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Pnt rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings ! 70

Rather than so, come fate into the list,

And champion me to the utterance ! Who's there !

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you

In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature
 That you can let this go ? Are you so gossell'd

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever ?

First Mur.

We are men, my liege. 91

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs : the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed ; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill 100

That writes them all alike : and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't ;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur.

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110
 I do to spite the world.

First Mur.

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur.

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my
sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall my lord,
Perform what you command us

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-
night, 131

And something from the palace; always
thought

That I require a clearness: and with him
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work.
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide
within. [*Exeunt Murderers.* 140

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-
night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend
his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed
have died 10

With them they think on? Things without
all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is
done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the
dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to
peace, 20

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on,

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks.

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be
you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue:

†Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering

streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives. [eternae.]

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are as-
sailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's

summons 41

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hume
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall

be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dear-
est chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and
the crow 50

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse.

While night's black agents to their preys do
rouse. 10

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
still: [ill.]

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with
me?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since
he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now upurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does
usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the
son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how
much is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and At-
tendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit
down: at first

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks. 9

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth: anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.]

There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he
within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped. 20

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound
in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's
safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's
fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at
home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor
roof'd, 40

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your
highness

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that

moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never
shake 50

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth : pray you,
keep seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff ! 60
This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces ? When all's
done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there ! behold ! look !
lo ! how say you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too. 70

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly ?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame !
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man

would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again, 80

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more

strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health

to all ;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill

full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the
earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with !
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare : 99

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble ; or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so : being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth,
broke the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows

worse and worse ;
Question enrages him. At once, good night :

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night ; and better health 120
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood
will have blood :

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak ;

Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought

forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the

night ?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,

which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff de-

nies his person
At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?
Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :

There's not a one of them but in his house 131
I keep a servant feed'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to

know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own

good,
All causes shall give way : I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :

Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand ;

Which must be acted ere they may be scan'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,

sleep. 141
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange

and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death ; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art ?

And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now : get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning : thither he Will come to know his destiny : Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air ; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end : Great business must be wrought ere noon : Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound ; I'll catch it ere it come to ground : And that distill'd by magic sleights Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion : He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear :

And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within : ' Come away, come away,' &c.*

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret further : only, I say, Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead ; And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father ? damned fact ! How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight In pious rage the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?

Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well : and I do think That had he Duncan's sons under his key— As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find

What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.

But, peace ! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace

That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect : thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward :

That, by the help of these—with Him above To ratify the work—we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody

knives, Do faithful homage and receive free honors : All which we pine for now : and this report Hath so exasperate the king that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?
Lord. He did : and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say ' You'll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ; In the poison'd entrails throw.

†Tand, that under cold stone Days and nights has thirty-one

Sweeter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ; 10
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing,
For a charin of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains ; 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song : ' Black spirits,' &c.*
[*Hecate retires.*]

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and
midnight hags !
What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess, 50

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken ; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,
Or from our masters ?

Macb. Call 'em ; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that
hath eaten

Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. *First Apparition : an armed
Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !
beware Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.
Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good
caution, thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : but one
word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded :
here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second Apparition : ' A bloody
Child.*

Sec. App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ;
laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.* 81

Macb. Then live, Macduff : with need I
fear of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure.
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. *Third Apparition : a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and
take no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are :

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bode-
ments ! good !

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, if your art



WITCHES, "Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

MACBETH, p. 872

Can tell so much : shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me
know.

Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is
this ? [*Hautboys.*]

First Witch. Show !

Sec. Witch. Show !

Third Witch. Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart ! 111

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in
his hand, Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Ban-
quo : down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And
thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ? A fourth ! Start,
eyes !

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?

Another yet ! A seventh ! I'll see no more :
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry :

Horrible sight ! Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions van-
ish.*] What, is this so ?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights :

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round : 130

That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The witches dance and then
vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ? Let this
pernicious hour

Stand aye accus'd in the calendar

Come in, without there !

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they
ride ;

And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did
hear

The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word 141

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England !

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread
exploits ;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it ; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ; 150
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like
a fool ;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights !—Where are these gen-
tlemen ?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II, Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him
fly the land ?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :
His flight was madness : when our actions do
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to
leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us
not ;

He wants the natural touch : for the poor
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself : but for your hus-
band,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further ;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold
rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we
fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fa-
therless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discom-
fort :

I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ; 30

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, I' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honor I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; 70

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur.

He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Mur.

What, you egg!

[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

Son.

He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you

[Dis.]

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!']

Ezeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose: 20

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd.

I have lost my hopes.

Mal.

Perchance even there where I did

find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of

love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly
just, 30

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny ! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou
thy wrongs ;

The title is affeer'd ! Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's
grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
is added to her wounds : I think withal 41
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted 51
That, when they shall be open'd, black Mac-
beth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : but there's no bottom,
none, 60

In my voluptuousness : your wives, your
daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill
up

The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so
hookwink.

We have willing dames enough : there cannot
be

That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,

I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house : 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should
forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious
root

Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will.
Of your mere own : all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland ! 100
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou repeat thy wholesome days
again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king : the queen that
bore thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my
breast,

Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my
thoughts [beth

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Mac-
By many of these trains hath sought to win
me [me

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks
From over-credulous haste : but God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now 121
I put myself to thy direction, and

Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight [speaking
No less in truth than life : my first false

Was this upon myself : what I am truly, 131
Is thine and my poor country's to command :
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together ; and the chance of good-
ness

Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you
silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome
things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you ? 140

Doct. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of
wretched souls

That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but at his touch—
Such scantity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in Eng-
land,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited-
people, 150

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him
not. 160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome
hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, be-
times remove

The means that makes us strangers !

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend
the air

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's

lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker :

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace ?

Ross. No ; they were well at peace when
I did leave 'em.

Macd. But not a niggard of your speech :
how goes't ? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a ru-
mor

Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scot-
land

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither : gracious England
hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;

An older and a better soldier none 191

That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have
words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast ?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main

part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever, 201

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife
and babes

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows ;

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not
speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too? 210
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
 My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted:
 Let's make us medicines of our great re-
 venge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty
 ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven
 look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Mac-
 duff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I
 am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest
 them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
 let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage
 it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with
 mine eyes 230

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
 heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he

'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
 Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
 you may:

The night is long that never finds the day. 240
 [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-
 Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you,
 but can perceive no truth in your report.
 When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the
 field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw
 her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet,
 take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it,
 afterwards seal it, and again return to bed;
 yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to
 receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the
 effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agita-
 tion, besides her walking and other actual
 performances, what, at any time, have you
 heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report
 after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 'tis most meet
 you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having
 no witness to confirm my speech. 21

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very
 guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Ob-
 serve her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light
 by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how
 she rubs her hands. 31

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her,
 to seem thus washing her hands: I have
 known her continue in this a quarter of an
 hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down
 what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-
 brance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—
 One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.—Hell
 is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
 afeard? What need we fear who knows it,
 when none can call our power to account?—
 Yet who would have thought the old man to
 have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife:
 where is she now?—What, will these hands
 ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord,
 no more o' that: you mar all with this start-
 ing. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what
 you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not,
 I am sure of that: heaven knows what she
 has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood
 still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not
 sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is
 sorely charged. 60

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my
 bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice:
 yet I have known those which have walked in
 their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your
 nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet
 again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out
 on's grave. 71

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ! there's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed ! *[Exit.]*

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets : 81

More needs she the divine than the physician. God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night :

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff : Revenges burn in them ; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a film

Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths that even now 10 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :

Some say he's mad ; others that lesser hate him

Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands ; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;

Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love : now does he feel his title 20 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly owed : Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we in our country's purge Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?

Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :

'Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !

Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain !

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ? Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *[Exit Servant.]*

Seyton !—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push 20

Will cheer me ever, or dissect me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;

And that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor,

breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton !

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ? 30

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor,

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses; skirr the country
round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none
of it.

Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, 50
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, 'cyme, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-
paration

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away
and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old Si-
ward and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Sol-
diers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at
hand

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough

And bear't before him: thereby shall we
shadow

The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siv. We learn no other but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal.

'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained
things

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
industrious soldieriship.

Siv. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with
drum and colors.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls;

The cry is still 'They come: ' our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forced with those that should
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
What is that noise?

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears; 10

The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in't: I have supp'd full with hor-
rors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, 20
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
quickest.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be
not so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam
wood

Do come to Dunsinane: ' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SI-
WARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy
uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I can-
not fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's
he

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn.
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. 'This way, my lord; the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die

On mine own sword? - whiles I see lives, the
gashes

Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much

charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier vil-
lain

Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ; 11
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells
me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse. 29
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough !' [*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and
colors, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the
other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Siv. Some must go off : and yet, by these
I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a sol-
dier's debt :

He only lived but till he was a man ; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your
cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he !

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more :
They say he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :

Hail, King of Scotland !

Mal. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time 60

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scot-
land

In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;

Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent
hands 70

Took off her life ; this, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place :

So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1607.)

INTRODUCTION.

This play, though by the person of Antony it connects itself with *Julius Cæsar*, is a striking contrast to it in subject and style, and is separated from it in the chronological order by a wide interval. In May of the year 1608, Blount (afterwards one of the publishers of the First Folio) entered in the Stationers' register *A Book called Antony and Cleopatra*. This was probably Shakespeare's tragedy. The source of the play is the life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch*. Shakespeare had found in *Plutarch* his Brutus almost ready made to his hand; he deemed it necessary to transform and transfigure the Antony of his story, stained as he is not only by crimes of voluptuousness but of cruelty. "Of all Shakespeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "*Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful," and he calls attention to what he terms its "happy valiancy" of style. Shakespeare, indeed, nowhere seems a greater master of a great dramatic theme. The moral ideals, the doctrines, the stoical habits and stoical philosophy of Brutus and Portia, are as remote as possible from the sensuous splendors of the life in Egypt, from Antony's careless magnificence of strength, and the beauty, the arts, and the endless variety of Cleopatra. Yet, though the tragedy has all the glow and color of oriental magnificence, it remains true at heart to the moral laws which govern human life. The worship of pleasure by the Egyptian queen and her paramour is, after all, a failure, even from the first. There is no true confidence, no steadfast strength of love possible between Antony and his "serpent of old Nile." Each inspires the other with a mastering spirit of fascination, but Antony knows not the moment when Cleopatra may be faithless to him, and Cleopatra weaves her endless snares to retain her power over Antony. The great Roman soldier gradually loses his energy, his judgment, and even his joy in life; at last, the despair of spent forces settles down upon him, and it is only out of despair that he snatches strength enough to fight fiercely when driven to bay. He is the ruin of Cleopatra's magic. Upon Cleopatra herself the genius of Shakespeare has been lavished. She is the most wonderful of his creations of women, formed of the greatest number of elements—apparently conflicting elements, yet united by the mystery of life. While creating, with so much imaginative ardor, his Cleopatra, Shakespeare yet stands away from her, and, in a manner, criticises her. Enobarbus, who sees through every wile and guile of the Queen, is, as it were, a chorus to the play, a looker-on at the game; he stands clear of the golden haze which makes up the atmosphere around Cleopatra; and yet he is not a mere critic or commentator (Shakespeare never permitting the presence of a person in his drama who is not a true portion of it). Enobarbus himself is under the influence of the charm of Antony, and slays himself because he has wronged his master. The figures of Antony and the Queen are ennobled and elevated by the strong power of attraction, even of devotion, which they exert over those about them—Antony over Enobarbus, Cleopatra over her attendants, Charmian and Iras.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,	} triumvirs.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	} friends to Antony.
VENTIDIUS,	
EROS,	
SCARUS,	
DERCETAS,	
DEMETRIUS,	
PHILO,	
MECENAS,	} friends to Cæsar.
AGRIPPA,	
DOLABELLA,	
PROCULEIUS,	
THYREUS,	
GALLUS,	} friends to Pompey.
MENAS,	
MENEGRATES,	
VARRIUS,	

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS,	} attendants on Cleopatra.
MARDIAN, a Eunuch.	
SELEUCUS,	
DIOMEDES,	
A Soothsayer.	
A Clown.	

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS, }

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: In several parts of the Roman empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,

The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, And is become the bellows and the fan To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come : 10
Take but good note, and you shall see in him. The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me : the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows 20
His scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this ;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ; Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance ! nay, and most like :

You must not stay here longer, your dismission Is come from Caesar ; therefore hear it, Antony. Where's Fulvia's process ? Caesar's I would say ? both ?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine 30
Is Caesar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weep We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood ! 40
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?

I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch

Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen ! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep ; whose every passion fully strives 50
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !

No messenger, but thine ; and all alone To-night we'll wander through the streets and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen ; Last night you did desire it : speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-sayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer !

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ? Is't you, sir, that know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush ! 21

Sooth. You shall be more beloved than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve. 31

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs. [former fortune]

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes. 41

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 50

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worst follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly! 79

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.

Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches. 90

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [Exit.]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—bath, with his Parthian force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome, 110 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ill told us

Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicily, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicily,—is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. 121

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicily:

Her length of sickness, with what else more
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; 130

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women:
we see how mortal an unkindness is to them;
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 140

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. 150

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to

take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If then, were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. [state

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
Cannot endure my absence. 179

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius 190

Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,

Whose love is never link'd to the deservert
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going

on,
The sides of the world may danger: much is

breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but

life, 200
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him
what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love
him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross
him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way
to lose him. 10

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish
forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall fall :

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me,

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman ? You may go : 20

Would she had never given you leave to come !

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here :
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, [ness,

Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous mad-
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing ! 31

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going.

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words : no going then ;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows bent ; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pom-
peius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction : the hated, grown
to strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace, 50
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state whose numbers
threaten

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would
purge

By any desperate change : my more partic-
ular,

And that which most with you should save my
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness : can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen : 59

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read

The garbolls she awaked ; at the last, best :

See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice. By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war 70

As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;

But let it be : I am quickly ill, and well.

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;

And give true evidence to his love, which
stands

An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her ;

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look

Life perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends ;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it ;

That you know well : something it is I would,

O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;

Since my becomings kill me, when they de-
not

Eye well to you : your honor calls you hence,

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.

And all the gods go with you ! upon your
sword

Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,
LEPIDUS, and their Train.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and hence-
forth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor : from Alexandria
This is the news : he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he ; hardly gave au-
dience, or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners : you
shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased ; what he cannot
change,

Than what he chooses.

-Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant,
it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the
buffet 20

With knaves that smell of sweat : say this be-
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet
must Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vachney with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid 30
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowl-
edge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleas-
ure,

And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done ; and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears he is beloved of those

That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less. 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er
worth love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound 49

With keels of every kind : many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth re-
volt :

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes
more

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou
once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st
against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more 60

Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate
then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets, [Alps

The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : and all this—
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and to that
end

Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord : what you shall
know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mur. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,
or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom
thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgoonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old
Nile?'

For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted

Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I
was 30

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS, from CÆSAR.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath

With his tinct glided thee.

How goes it with my brave Mar'-Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my
heart. 41

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex.

'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the
east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he
nodded,

†And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? 50

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note
him,

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not
merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60

So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messen-
gers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emph-
asis!

Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,

When I was green in judgment: 80
blood,

To say as I said then! But, come, away;

Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS,
in warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great gods be just they shall
assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene.

Know, worthy Pompey.

That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers

Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring
hope 10

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Caesar gets money
where

He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they
carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in
Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of
love, 20

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with
both !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming : Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his
honor

Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius !
Var. This is most certain that I shall de-
liver :

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected : since he went from Egypt 'tis 30
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd
his helm

For such a petty war : his soldiery
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-last-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I
think, 40

Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between
themselves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't ! It only stands 50
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must
give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here
comes

The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter CESAR, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

Ces. I do not know,
Mecenas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble
partners,

The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight.
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Ces. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are
not so,

Or being, concern you not.

Ces. I must be laugh'd at, 30
If, or for nothing or a little, I

Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world ; more laugh'd at, that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound
your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at
Rome

Might be to you in Egypt : yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised ? 40

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine
intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of
war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my
brother never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;

And have my learning from some true re-
ports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours ; 49

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those
wars 60

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another .

The third o' the world is yours ; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that
the men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils,
Cæsar,

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet : for that you must
But say, I could not help it. 71

Cæs. I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria ; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts

Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He tell upon me ere admitted : then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' the morning : but next day
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend, 90
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken

The article of your oath ; which you shall
never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak :

The honor is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar ;

The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I
required them ;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me
up 90

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may,

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my

power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;

For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honor

To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need 101

Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenæas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again : you
shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no
more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had al-
most forgot. 110

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore
speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then ; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for't cannot be

We shall remain in friendship our condi-
tions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge
to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's
side, 126

Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony

Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa

If Cleopatra heard you. your reproof

Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar* : let me hear

Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims 130 No worse a husband than the best of men ; Whose virtue and whose general graces speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be tales, Where now half tales be truths : her love to both

Would, each to other and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 140 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*, If I would say, ' *Agrippa*, be it so,' To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of *Cæsar*, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never. To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment ! Let me have thy hand :

Further this act of grace : and from this hour The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150 And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly : let her live To join our kingdoms and our hearts ; and never

Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great Of late upon me : I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ; At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's : 160 Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing : but by sea He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we

The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness :

And do invite you to my sister's view, 170 Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Execute Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas* ! My honorable friend, *Agrippa* !

Agr. Good *Enobarbus* !

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there ; is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed ; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 200

The water which they beat to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description : she did lie In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue— O'er-picturing that Venus where we see

The fancy outwork nature : on each side her Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

And what they undid did.

Arg. O, rare for Antony ! 210

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their bends adornings : at the helm A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast Her people out upon her ; and Antony, 219

Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too

And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard

speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart 230
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed :
He hop'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street ;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and

panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hun-

gry
Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
Become themselves in her : that the holy

priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can set-
tle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here. 250

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between*
them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will
sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
dear lady.

Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah ; you do wish yourself in
Egypt ? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue : but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee,
is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy
angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd : there-
fore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but
when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get the gone : 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my
peace,

I'll the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia : your commission's ready ;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray
you, hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter ;
My purposes do draw me much about :

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. }

Agr. }

Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 10]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now: Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there, My music playing far off, I will betray 11 Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up, I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say 'Ah, ha! your caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!— I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn, Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed; Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that, The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony Be free and healthful,—so tart a favor

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well, Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him, I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'! 51 'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar:

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free [report:

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence, [Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: [Sne hutes him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine, Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee, [badst

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; And I will boot thee with what gift beside 71 Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents' escape not the thunder-bolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again: I though I am mad, I will not bite him: call, 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good.

To bring bad news : give to a gracious messenger.

An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do, 90
If thou again say ' Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou
hold there still ?

Mess. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes ! Go, get thee
hence :

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not
offend you :

To punish me for what you make me do. 100
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of ! Get thee
hence :

The merchandise which thou hast brought
from Rome

Are all too dear for me : lie they upon thy
hand,

And be undone by 'em ! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence :

I faint : O Iras, Charmian ! 'tis no matter. 110
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The color of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go :—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*]

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me,
Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my
chamber. [*Ezeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and MENAS at one
door, with drum and trumpet : at another,
CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS,
MÆCENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you
mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words ; and therefore
have we

Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends ; since Julius Caesar.
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire ; and what
Made the all-honor'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers and beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol ; but that they would
Have one man but a man ? And that is it 19
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful
Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails ; [*know'st*]

We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—

For this is from the present—how you take 30
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but
weigh

What it is worth embraced

Cæs. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome ; this 'greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then, 40

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer : but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience : though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;

And am well studied for a liberal thanks

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:

I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my
face;

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are
agreed:

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do. 60

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? 70

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-
tress.

Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as
much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have
known, sir,

Eno. At sea, I think

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land. 90

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety: you have been a great thief by
sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing. 101

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has
a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh
away his fortune. 110

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back
again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for
Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married
to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? 120

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit
together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose
made more in the marriage than the love of
the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find,
the band that seems to tie their friendship to-
gether will be the very strangler of their
amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still
conversation. 131

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish
again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow
the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before,
that which is the strength of their amity shall
prove the immediate author of their variance.
Antony will use his affection where it is: he
married but his occasion here. 140

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's galley, off
Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with
a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some of
their plants are ill-rooted already: the least
wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sit. Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 11

Sec. Serv. Why, this is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. 31

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till anon. This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, 61

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad.

The matter? *[Rises, and walks aside.]*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world. 71

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. Now, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove: What'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats. All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany; In thee't had been good service. Thou must know, 81

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor; Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this, I'll never follow thy pal'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd.

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! 90

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome?

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho?

Here is to Cæsar?

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.

It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier. 111

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud
music:

The while I'll place you: then the boy shall
sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them
hand in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120
Plumply Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey,
good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong
Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own
tongue 130

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,

You have my father's house,—But, what? we
are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*

Menas. I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd,
sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 141

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with
SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Sol-
diers; the dead body of PACORUS borne be-
fore him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's
body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this,

Silius;

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's
away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown, 19
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his
favor. [can

Who does 't the wars more than his captain
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony! 29

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither,
with what haste

The weight we must convey with 's will per-
mit,

We shall appear before him. On there; pass
along! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. A ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

*Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS
at another.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey,
he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lep-
idus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves
Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of
men.

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ! the non-
pareil ! 11

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar :'
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with ex-
cellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ; yet he loves
Antony ;

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho !

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their
beetle. [*Trumpets within*] So ; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and
farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTA-
VIA.*

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my-
self ;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble
Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it ; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least

For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep
you, [ends !]

And make the hearts of Romans serve your
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well :

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother !

Ant. The April's in her eyes : it is love's
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be
cheerful. [and—

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;

Cæs. What,

Octavia ?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's
down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide, 50
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's
face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for
that, were he a horse ;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he
was troubled with a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound he wall'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall

not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ; 60
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :

Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give
light

To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewell, farewell ! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound. Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have : but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it ? Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia ?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where ?

Mess. Madam, in Rome ;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? is she shrill-
tongued or low ?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is
low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good : he cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her ! O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue,
and dwarfish !

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember, 20
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps :

Her motion and her station are as one ;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing ;
I do perceive 't : there's nothing in her yet :

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow ! Charmian, hark. 30

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is't
long or round ?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are fool-
ish that are so.

Her hair, what color ?

Mess. Brown, madam : and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : go make thee ready ; 40

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by

him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty,
and should know. [*fend,*]

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else de-
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian :

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.* 51]

SCENE IV. Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—

That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and
read it

To public ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly

He vented them ; most narrow measure lent
me :

When the best hint was given him, he not
took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord, 10

Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts :

The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and hus-
band !'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother !' Husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20

Let your best love draw to that point, which
seeks

Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honor,

I lose myself : better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,

Yourself shall go between 's : the mean time,
lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother : make your soonest
haste ;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would
be 30

As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-
gins,

Turn your displeasure that way ; for our
faults

Can never be so equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your
going ;

Choose your own company, and command
what cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The same. Another room.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros !

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old : what is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius,

My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't: I the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus

Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received

His accusations.

Arg. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abused,

And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I

Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away! 40

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus! You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Raised by your populous troops: but you are

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

Is often left unloved; we should have met you By sea and land; supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens,

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister: Cleopatra 70 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings of the earth for war; he hath assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king 70
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong
led, 80
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your
heart ;

Be you not troubled with the time, which
drives

O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high
gods,

To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of com-
fort ;

And ever welcome to us. 90

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray
you,

Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these
wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why
should not we

Be there in person ?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply.

If we should serve with horse and mares to-
gether,

The horse were merely lost ; the mares would
bear

A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say ? 10

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle
Antony ;

Take from his heart, take from his brain,
from's time,

What should not then be spared. He is already

Traduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i'
the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. 20
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne ? You have heard on't,
sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of
men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! what else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. 30

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Phar-
salia.

Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd ;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people

Ingross'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey

fought :
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : no dis-
grace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 40
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego

The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,

From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea. 49

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head
of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is
descried ;

Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;

Strange that his power should be, Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship ;

Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ! 61

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the

Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well : away !

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't : so our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justelius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. 80

Can. With news the time's with labor, and
throes forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus !

Taur. My lord ?

Cæs. Strike not by land ; keep whole : provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll : our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Another part of the plain.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. Another part of the plain.

CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army on way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught all, naught ! I can behold no longer :

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder :
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt,— 10

Whom leprosy o'ertake !—i' the midst o' the fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,

The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,

Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could
not

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting malar-
lard, 20

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :

I never saw an action of such shame ;

Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of
breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,

Most grossly, by his own !

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ?

Why, then, good night indeed. 30

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse : six kings already

Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my

Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY with Attendants.*

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
it is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:

I am so lated in the world, that I have lost my way for ever: I have a ship laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;

I have myself resolved upon a course Which has no need of you; be gone: 10
My treasure's in the harbor, take it. O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall

Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Now make replies of loathness: take the hint Which my despair proclaims; let that be left Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight-way: 20

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now: Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,

Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why: what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir? 30

Ant. O fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Irás. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I That the mad Brutus ended: he alone Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him: He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain him: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,

A most un noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen. 50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?

See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought

You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the

strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my

spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me. 61

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness; who

With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I

pleased,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know

How much you were my conqueror; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obeey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70

Even this repays me. We sent our school-

master;

Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.

Some wine, within there, and our viands!

Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers

blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither

He sends so poor a pinion off his wing,

Which had superfluous kings for messengers

Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office. 10
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens: this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen 20
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
 time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
 And in our name, what she requires; add
 more,

From thine invention, offers: women are not
 In their best fortunes strong; but want will
 perjure 30

The ne'er touch'd vestal: try thy cunning,
 Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his
 flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
 palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
 and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his
 will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several
 ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The timor'd question: 'twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the
 Ambassador.*

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
 so she

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the
 rose 20

Of youth upon him; from which the world
 should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would
 prevail

Under the service of a child as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him
 therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declined, sword against
 sword,

Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-
 battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the
 show, 30

Against a sworder! I see men's judgments
 are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things out-
 ward

Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast
 subdued

His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See,
 my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their
 nose 39

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
 [*Exit attendant.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to
 square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are thy friends to An-
 tony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar
 has;

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our mas-
 ter 50

Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know

Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar en-
treats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not

Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honor, there-
fore, he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right: mine honor was not
yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
†And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation

I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am
prompt

To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to
kneel:

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,

If that the former dare but what it can, 80

No chance may shake it. Give me grace to
lay

My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath misused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd his kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I
cried 'Ho!' 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start
forth,

And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I

Ant.
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a
lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest
tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find
them

So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exit Attendants with Thyreus.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a
fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter
hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, 120

Though you can guess what temperance
should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman
thank

For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd? 131

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

First Att. He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be
thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him :
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to
Cæsar, 139

Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say
He makes me angry with him ; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have even left their orbs, and shot their
fires

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone !

[Exit Thyreus.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
eyes

With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first
stone 160

Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too 170
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most
sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart ? Dost thou
hear, lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,
breathed,

And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to
me

All my sad captains ; fill our bowls once
more ;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :

I had thought to have held it poor : but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-
night I'll force 190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on,
my queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To
be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear ; and in that
mood

The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see
still,

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : when valor preys on rea-
son,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS, with
his Army ; CÆSAR reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he
had power

To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to per-
sonal combat,

Cæsar to Antony : let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die ; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads 13

Know, that to-morrow the last of many bat-
tles

We mean to fight : within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done :

And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor

Antony ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said ; come on.
Call forth my household servants : let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this ?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid !
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night : 20

Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean ?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be it is the period of your duty :
Haply you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense ;
For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you 40
To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honor. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

First Sold. Nothing. What news ?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we : and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Peace ! what noise ?

First Sold. List, list !

Sec. Sold. Hark !

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not ?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say !

What should this mean ?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom
Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do ?

[*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters !

All. [*Speaking together*] How now !

How now ! do you hear this ?

First Sold. Ay ; is't not strange ? 20

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;

Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and others attending.

Ant. Eros ! mine armor, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come ; mine armor, Eros !

Enter EROS with armor.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart: false, false; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good
fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. 10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge:

To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early thought't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well
said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable 30

[*Kisses her.*]

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and
Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;
a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have
still!

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do
it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—Enobar-
bus!

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENO-
BARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the
fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agri. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-hoof'd
world

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry
on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the
rest

That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold.

Enobarbus, Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : best you safed the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows
my heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't,
I feel.

I fight against thee ! No : I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. *Enter*
AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too
far :

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarums. *Enter* ANTONY and SCARUS
wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed !

Had we done so at first, we had droven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I
have yet

Room for six scotches more. 10

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir : and our ad-
vantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter* ANTONY, in a march ; SCARUS,
with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : run
one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all ;

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joy-
ful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds,
and kiss 10
The honor'd gashes whole. *[To Scarus]* Give
me thy hand ;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. *[To Cleo.]* O
thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and
all, [there

Through proof of harness to my heart, and
Ride on the pants triumphing !

Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl !
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;

Command unto his lips thy favoring hand :
Kiss it, my warrior : he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' ear. Give me thy hand :
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them :

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,

Applauding our approach. *[Exeunt.]* 39

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this
hour,

We must return to the court of guard : the
night

Is shiny ; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

Enter ENOBAREUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this ?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold. *Enobarbus!*

Third Sold. Peace! 10

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O *Antony!* O *Antony!* [*Dies.*]

Sec. Sold. Let's speak
To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things
he speaks

May concern *Cæsar*.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a
prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to
us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught
him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Denurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear
him 31

To the court of guard; he is of note: our
hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X. Between the two camps.

Enter *ANTONY* and *SCARUS*, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i'
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our
foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
†They have put forth the haven. . . .

Where their appointment we may best dis-
cover,

And look on their endeavor. *Exeunt.* 9

SCENE XI. Another part of the same.

Enter *CÆSAR*, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by
land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. Another part of the same.

Enter *ANTONY* and *SCARUS*.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond
pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Re-enter *ANTONY*.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The
hearts 20

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm.—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crown, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter *CLEOPATRA*.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30
Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his
love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy de-
serving,
And blemish *Cæsar's* triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor st diminutives, for doits: and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

Might have prevented many. Eros, ho !
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heav-
 est club,
 subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
 die :
 the young Roman boy she hath sold me,
 and I fall
 under this plot ; she dies for't. Eros, ho !
 [Exit.

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more
 mad
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of
 Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument !
 There lock yourself, and send him word you
 are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say, that the last I spoke was ' Antony ;'
 And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mar-
 dian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To
 the monument ! [Exit. 10

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*

Enter Antony and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dra-
 gonish ;

A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen
 these signs ;

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord,

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with
 a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, 10
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain
 in

Even such a body : here I am Antony :

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt : and the queen,—

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had
 mine ;

Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has

Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my
 glory

Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady !

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
 My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes
 mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace!
 She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
 once,

And that she has discharged : what thou
 wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake

Was ' Antony ! most noble Antony !' 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony ; it was divided

Between her heart and lips : she render'd
 life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is
 done,

And we must sleep. [To *Mar.*] That thou
 depart'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labor richly ; go. [Exit *Mardian*.
 Off, pluck off :

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
 sides !

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
 Crack thy frail case ! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier : bruised pieces, go ;

You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
 [Exit *Eros*.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture : since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no farther : now all labor

Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.

Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for
 me : 50

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand
 in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
 gaze :

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,

And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonor, that the gods

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's

back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to
 lack

The courage of a woman ; less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells

'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,
 Eros, [now
 That, when the exigent should come, which
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is
 come:

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and
 see [down
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.
 Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must
 be cured. [worn
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
 Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80
 Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest
 thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
 tenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
 My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
 Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
 now?

Ant. Now, Eros.
 Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape
 the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and

Eros
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in record: but I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,
 make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I. 109

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy fol-
 lowers fly. [tidings,

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
 sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
 My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
 prophesying fear 120

Of what hath come to pass: for when she
 saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect
 She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your
 rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she
 was dead; [sent

But, fearing since how it might work, hath
 Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard,
 I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The
 guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls! 130

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleo-
 patra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you
 may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
 sharp fate [come

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel-
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
 I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all. 140

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XV. The same. A monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with
 CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from
 hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ! is he dead ?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument ;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in ! dark-
ling stand 10
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
help ;

Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace !
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until 20
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me. But come, come, An-
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up :
Assist, good friends. 31

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed ! How heavy
weighs my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : had I great Juno's
power, [up,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a
little,—

Wishes were ever fools,—O, come, come, come ;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast
lived ;

Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight ! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so
high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,

Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :

Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety. O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll
trust ;

None about Cæsar. 50

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your
thoughts

In feeding them with those my former for-
tunes [world,

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ? O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord !
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and
girls

Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Irás. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Irás. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Irás. Royal Egypt, 70

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras !

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but
naught ;

Patience is scottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin 80
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ? How do you,
women ?

What, what ! good cheer ! Why, how now,
Charmian !

My noble girls ! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out ! Good sirs, take
heart :

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away :

This case of that huge spirit now is cold :
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end. 91

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off
Antony's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECE-
NAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his
council of war.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou
that darest
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served : whilst he stood up and
spoke,

He was my master ; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing
should make

A greater crack : † the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens : the death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice, 20
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,

Split the heart. This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors 30
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give
us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set
before him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : but yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetest season.

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him ; 50
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you ?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen
my mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.* 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]

Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius ?

All. Dolabella ! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monu-
ment.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will : and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCU-
LEIUS, GALLUS and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt ;

And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; 'out
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need : let me report to him
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it. [*Prised :*

Gal. You see how easily she may be sur-
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard*
ascend the monument by a ladder placed
against a window, and, having descend-
ed, come behind Cleopatra. Some of
the Guard unbarr and open the gates.

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her
till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !
Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd. 41

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undking of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a
queen

Worthy many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither : this mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make 60
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you
shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you
shall please.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. 70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*
Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard
of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known. [*dreams :*

You laugh when boys or women tell their
is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor
Antony :

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd
arm

Crested the world : his voice was property'd

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping : his delights

Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back
above

The element they lived in : in his livery 90

Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and

islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra !

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be,
such a man

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,

It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants

stuff [*agine*

To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to im-

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might
never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir,
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would
you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honorable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. 110

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*]

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS; MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, 120
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking 129
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours; and we,
Your scutechons and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in that place you please. Here, my
good lord. [patra.]

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleo-

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleu-
cus? 140

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be
yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou
back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
eyes, [lain, dog!]

Though they had wings: slave, soulless vil-
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is
this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honor of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170

With one that I have bred? The gods! it
smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [To Seleucus] Prithée,
go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldest have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit Seleucus.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest,
are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,

Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what ac-
knowledge'd, 180

Put we! the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no,
dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and
sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so. Adieu. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself : but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finist, good lady ; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella !

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey ; and within three days

You with your children will he send before :

Make your best use of this : I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant,

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : sancy

litors

Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald

rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall

see

Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness

I' the posture of a whore. 220

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't ; for, I am sure, my

nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, *Charmian* !

Show me, my women, like a queen : go fetch

My best attires : I am again for *Cydnus*,

To meet *Mark Antony* : sirrah *Iras*, go.

Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed ;

And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave 231

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

Wherefore's this noise ?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow

That will not be denied your highness' presence :

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me : now from head to foot

I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine. 241

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,

That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly, I have him : but I would not

be the party that should desire you to touch

him, for his biting is immortal ; those that do

die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't ? 249

Clown. Very many, men and women too.

I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday :

a very honest woman, but something

given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but

in the way of honesty : how she died of the

biting of it, what pain she felt : truly, she

makes a very good report o' the worm ; but

he that will believe all that they say, shall

never be saved by half that they do : but this

is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell. 250

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that

the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be

trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for,

indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray

you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple

but I know the devil himself will not eat a

woman : I know that a woman is a dish for

the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,

these same whoreson devils do the gods great

harm in their women ; for in every ten that

they make, the devils mark five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell. 280

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ;
I have

Immortal longings in me : now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Methinks I
hear

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath : husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life. So ; have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my
lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian ; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie
still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. 301

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that
I may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :-

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou
mortal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass 310
Unpoliced !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too .

[Applying another asp to her arm.]
What should I stay— 315

Char. In this vile world ? So, fare thee
well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld 320
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch ! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho ! All's not
well : Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from
Cæsar ; call him.

First Guard. What work is here ! Charmian, is this well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a
princess

Descended of so many royal kings. 330

Ah, soldier ! *[Dies]*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[Within 'A way there, a way for Cæsar !']

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer ;

That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She leav'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their
deaths ? 340

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that
brought her figs :

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood and
spoke :

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 350
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail : and
these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp
leaves

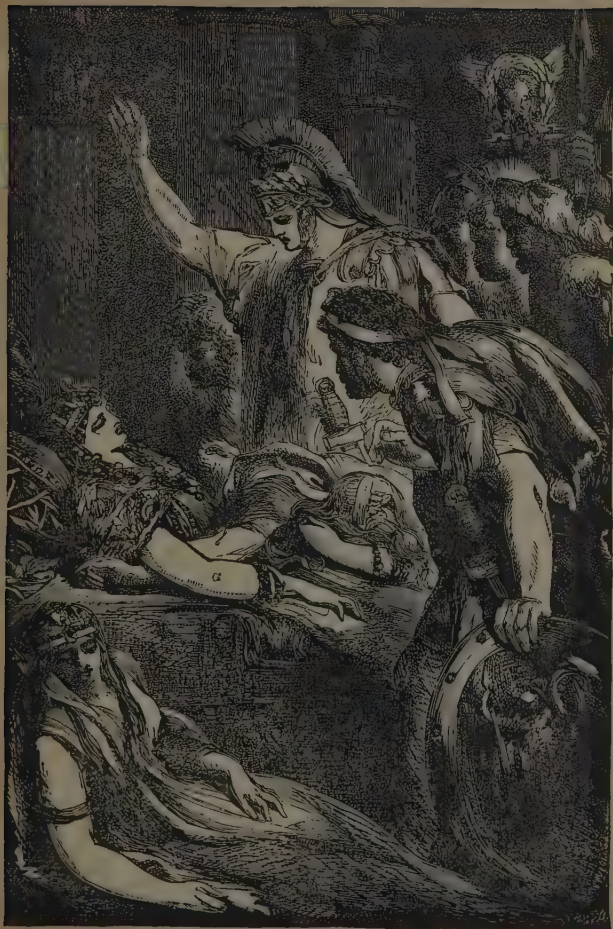
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable

That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :
She shall be buried by her Antony : 361
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story
is

No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army
shall

In solemn show attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt.]*



The Death of Cleopatra.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, p. 918

CORIOLANUS.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1608.)

INTRODUCTION.

The metrical test places *Coriolanus* next after *Antony and Cleopatra*, and it is probable that such is its actual place in the chronological order. Having rendered into art the history of the ruin of a noble nature through voluptuous self-indulgence, Shakespeare went on to represent the ruin of a noble nature through haughtiness and pride. From Egypt, with its splendors, its glow, its revels, its moral license, we pass back to austere republican Rome. But, although free from voluptuousness, the condition of Rome is not strong and sound; there is political division between the patricians and plebeians. Shakespeare regards the people as an overgrown child with good and kindly instincts; owning a basis of untutored common-sense, but capable of being led astray by its leaders; possessed of little judgment and no reasoning powers, and without capacity for self-restraint. It is not for the people, however, that he reserves his scorn, but for their tribunes, the demagogues, who mislead and pervert them. Although nobler types of individual character are to be found among the patricians than the plebeians, the dramatist is not blind to the patrician vices, and indeed the whole tragedy turns upon the existence and the influence of these. *Coriolanus* is by nature of a kindly and generous disposition, but he inherits the aristocratical tradition, and his kindness strictly limits itself to the circle which includes those of his own rank and class. For his mother, he has a veneration approaching to worship; he is content to be subordinate under Cominius; for the old Menenius he has an almost filial regard; but the people are "slaves," "curs," "minnows." His haughtiness becomes towering, because his personal pride, which in itself is great, is built up over a solid and high-reared pride of class. When he is banished, his bitterness arises not only from his sense of the contemptible nature of the adversaries to whom he is forced to yield, but from the additional sense that he has been deserted by his own class, "the dastard nobles." And it is in this spirit of revolt against the bonds of society and of nature, that he advances against his native city. But his haughtiness cannot really place him above nature. In the presence of his wife, his boy, and his mother, the strong man gives way and is restored once more to human love. And so his fate comes upon him. To the last something of his pride remains, and the immediate occasion of his death, is an outbreak of that sudden passion, springing from his self-esteem, which had already often and grievously wronged him. The majestic figure of Volumnia is Shakespeare's ideal of the Roman matron. The gentle Virgilia is the most beautiful and tenderly loyal of wives, and her friend Valeria is

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS
CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the Vol-
COMINIUS, } scians,
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians,
Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messen-
gers, Servants to Aufidius, and other At-
tendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli
and the neighborhood; Antium.*
(919)

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you.

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them

Against the Roman state, whose course will

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack,

You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you, and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it: 100 That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labor with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, 120
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then? What then?
Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then?
what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly
be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents, if they did
complain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you have
little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer. 130

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain; 140

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at
once,

You, my good friends,—this says the belly,
mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you
to't? 150

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply
you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly.

And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall
find

No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you
think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?
First Cit. I the great toe! why the great
toe? 160

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest,
basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore,
most:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcus!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dis-
sentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter 171

Beneath abhorring. What would you have,
you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one af-
frights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness 180

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favors swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; where-
of, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to
rise,

Who thrives and who declines ; side factions
and give out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough ! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'll make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly
persuaded ;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I be-
seech you,

What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : hang 'em !
They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs
must eat, 210

That meat was made for mouths, that the
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only : with these
shreds

They vented their complainings ; which be-
ing answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms, 219

Of their own choice : one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time

Win upon power and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger, hastily

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : what's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscres are in
arms.

Mar. I am glad on't : then we shall ha'
means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have
lately told us ; 231

The Volscres are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,

And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, 240
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with
t'other,

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred !

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol ;
where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To *Com.*] Lead you on.
[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius ; we must follow
you ; 250

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius !

First Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your
homes ; be gone !

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volscres have much corn ; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valor puts well forth : pray, follow.

[Citizens steal away. *Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this
Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to
gird the gods. 260

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the
shadow

Which he trends on at noon : but I do won-
der

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, can not
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he per-
form 271

To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O if he
Had borne the business !'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not, and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not. 279

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I
think

I have the letter here ; yes, here it is.
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is
not known

Whether for east or west : the dearth is great ;
The people mutinous ; and it is rumor'd, 11
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent : most likely 'tis for you :
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was
ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves ; which in
the hatching, 21
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis-
covery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ; 30
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honors safe

First Sen.

Sec. Sen.

All. Farewell.

Farewell.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : they set them
down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or ex-
press yourself in a more comfortable sort : if
my son were my husband, I should freelier re-
joice in that absence wherein he won honor
than in the embracements of his bed where he
would show most love. When yet he was but
tender-bodied and the only son of my womb,
when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze
his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a
mother should not sell him an hour from her
beholding, I, considering how honor would
become such a person, that it was no better
than picture-like to hang by the wall, if re-
nown made it not stir, was pleased to let him
seek danger where he was like to find fame.
To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he
returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell
thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at
first hearing he was a man-child than now in
first seeing he had proved himself a man. 19

Vir. But had he died in the business,
madam ; how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been
my son ; I therein would have found issue.
Hear me profess sincerely : had I a dozen
sons, each in my love alike and none less dear
than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather
had eleven die nobly for their country than
one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to
visit you

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire
myself. 30

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him :

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus :
'Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome : ' his bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
goes,

Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire. 40

Vir. His bloody brow ! O Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a
man

Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not love-
lier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth
blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee

And tread upon his neck. 50

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master. 61

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant it, how he mammocked it! 71

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon. [doors.]

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall. 80

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love. 91

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief war. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithae, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, 11

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. [Drums afar off.]

Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [Alarum afar off.]

Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army. 21

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho !

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows :

He that retires I'll take him for a Volscer, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. *Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen and one infect another

Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you

run From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !

All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear ! Mend and charge

home, Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe And make my wars on you : look to't : come

on ; 40 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope : now prove good seconds :

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcus is shut in.*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him. [*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcus ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, 49

With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd to their gates : he is himself alone.

To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow ! Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcus :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou madst thine enemies shake, as if the

world 60 Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcus ! Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't ! I took this for silver. [*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base

slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up : down with

them ! And hark, what noise the general makes ! To him ! 10

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus,

take Convenient measures to make good the city ;

Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ; Thy exercise hath been too violent for

A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ; My work hath yet not warm'd me : fare you

well : The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me : to Aufidius thus 20

I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great

charms Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentle-

man, Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus ! [*Exit Marcus.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ; Call thither all the officers o' the town,

Where they shall know our mind : away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends : well fought ; we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs, We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods ! Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ? 9

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle : I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth, Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late ?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, 20 Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods ! He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [Within] Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius tongue From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart 30 As merry as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to bedward !

Com. Flower of warriors, How is it with Titus Lartius ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees : Condemning some to death, and some to exile ; Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other ;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave

Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ? 40

Where is he ? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone ; He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen, The common file—a plague ! tribunes for them !— [budge

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think.

Where is the enemy ? are you lords o' the field ? If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius.

We have at disadvantage fought and did Retire to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle ? know you on which side

They have placed their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius, Their bands i' the award are the Antiates, Of their best trust, o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates ; And that you not delay the present, but, 60 Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking : take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing. If any such be here— As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting Wherein you see me smear'd ; If any fear Lesser his person than an ill report ; 70 If any think brave death outweighs bad life And that his country's dearer than himself ; Let him alone, or so many so minded, Wave thus, to express his disposition, And follow Marcius.

[They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O, me alone ! make you a sword of me ? If these shows be not outward, which of you But is four Volsces ? none of you but is Able to bear against the great Aufidius A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80 Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight, As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows :

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : keep
your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dis-
patch

Those centuries to our aid : the rest will serve
For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp con-
duct us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite
sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave,

And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased : 'tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest

Auf. Wert thou the Hector 11
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the
aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they
be driven in breathless.]

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded.
Flourish. Enter, from one side, COMINIUS
with the Romans ; from the other side, MAR-
CIUS, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
Thon'ldst not believe thy deeds : but I'll re-
port it

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire, where ladies shall be fright-
ed,

And, gladly quaked, hear more ; where the
dull tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine hon-
ors, [gods
Shall say against their hearts ' We thank the
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet earnest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully dined before,

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from
the pursuit.

Lart. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have
done

As you have done ; that's what I can ; induced
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving ; Rome must
know 20

The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
ment,

To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech
you

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done—before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store,
of all

The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[A long flourish. They all cry ' Marcius !
Marcius ! ' cast up their caps and lances :
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane,

Never sound more ! when drums and trum-
pets shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and
cities be

Made all of false-faced soothing !

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars !
No more, I say ! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile
wretch,—

Which, without note, here's many else have done,—

You shout me forth 50

In exclamations hyperbolical ;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;

More cruel to your good report than grateful

To us that give you truly : by your patience,

If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,

Like one that means his proper harm, in man-

Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius

Wears this war's garland : in token of the which, 60

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,

With all the applause and clamor of the host,

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS ! Bear

The addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you.

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times

To undercrest your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now

Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg

Of my lord general. 81

Com. Take't ; 'tis yours. What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :

He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;

But then Aufidius was within my view,

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should

Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter ! forgot.

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tired. 91

Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent .

The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time

It should be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,

Being a Volscce, be that I am. Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee : so often hast thou beat me,

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat. By the elements, 10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his : mine emulation

Hath not that honor in't it had ; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way

Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city ;

Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must

Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove : I pray you— 30

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither

How the world goes, that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night

Brut. Good or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 11

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men : tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 21

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now : do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file ? do you ?

Both. Why, how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry ?

Both. Well, well, sir, well. 30

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too. 50

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't ; said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint ; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning : what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worship have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables : and though I must be content to hear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too ? what harm can your bisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange wife and a fosset-seller ; and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers ; set up the bloody flag against all patience ; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 89

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worship : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast ? 109

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home !

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

Vol. Vir. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him : the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 120

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night : a letter for me !

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me ! it gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded. 131

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded ; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much : brings a' victory in his pocket ? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows : Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes ; the senate has letters from the general, where-in he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! pow, wow.

Men. True ! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded ? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships ! Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm : there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, —there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

Men. Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ;

Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general, and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates : where he hath won, 180 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these In honor follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this ; it does offend my heart :

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother !

Cor. O, You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity ! [*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honor newly named, — 190 What is it ? — Coriolanus must I call thee ? —

But, O, thy wife !

Cor. My gracious silence, hail ! Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ay, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn : O, welcome home :

And welcome, general : and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep 200

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begin at very root on's heart, That is not glad to see thee ! You are three That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :

We call a nettle but a nettle and The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and go on !

Cor. [*To Volumentia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours : 210

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited ; From whom I have received not only greetings,

But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes And the buildings of my fancy : only There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol ! 220 [*Flourish.* Cornets. *Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights

Are spectacl'd to see him : your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.

Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
windows,
Are another'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges
horsed

With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown fla-
mens

Do press among the popular throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station : or veil'd dames 231
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton
spoil.

Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were silly crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honors 240

From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honors,
which

That he will give them make I as little ques-
tion

As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility ; 250

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it
rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to
him

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to put
it

In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good
wills,

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out

To him or our authorities. For an end, 260

We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenced their plead-
ers and

Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them,

In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world

Than camels in the war, who have their pro-
vand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows

For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence 270
Shall touch the people—which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon 't ; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought

That Marcius shall be consul :

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him
and

The blind to hear him speak : matrons flung
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
chers, 280

Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made

A shower and thunder with their caps and
shouts :

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;

And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost
here. How many stand for consulships ?

Sec. Off. Three, they say : but 'tis thought
of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow ; but he's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there had been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them ; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if
they love they know not why, they hate upon
no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him
manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition ; and out of his noble carelessness
lets them plainly see't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt
doing them neither good nor harm : but he
seeks their hate with greater devotion than
they can render it him ; and leaves nothing
undone that may fully discover him their op-
posite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and
displeasure of the people is as bad as that
which he dislikes, to flatter them for their
love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country : and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those who, having been supple and
courtious to the people, bonneted, without any
further deed to have them at all into their es-

timation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming. 40

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volscos and

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom 50
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think

Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*]

Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common
body,

To yield what passes here
Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance 60
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please
you

To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers
to go away.*] Nay, keep your place. 70

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame
to hear

What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honor's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet off,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You soothed not, therefore hurt not: but your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my
head i' the sun

When the alarm were struck than idly sit 80
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you
now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Cori-
olanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 90
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's
view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his
meed 701

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For
this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the
fliers;

And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd 110

And fell below his stem: his sword, death's
stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every mo-
tion

Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shameless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his:

When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled
spirit 120

Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigatè,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit
the honors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets
less 130

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus are well
pleased

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 140
Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat
them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is apart
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? 150
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and
thus;

Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honor.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and
honor! [*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all
but Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will
require them, 160

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-
place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices,
we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to
do it, but it is a power that we have no power
to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell
us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into
those wounds and speak for them; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him
our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is
monstrous, and for the multitude to be in-
grateful, were to make a monster of the mul-
titude: of the which we being members,
should bring ourselves to be monstrous mem-
bers.

First Cit. And to make us no better
thought of, a little help will serve; for once
we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck
not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many;
not that our heads are some brown, some
black, some auburn, some bald, but that our
wits are so diversely colored: and truly I
think if all our wits were to issue out of one
skull, they would fly east, west, north, south,
and their consent of one direct way should be
at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do
you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out
as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged
up in a block-head, but if it were at liberty,
'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where
being three parts melted away with rotten
dews, the fourth would return for conscience
sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:
you may, you may. 39

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give
your voices? But that's no matter, the
greater part carries it. I say, if he would in-
cline to the people, there was never a worthier
man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility,
with MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility:
mark his behavior. We are not to stay all
together, but to come by him where he stands,
by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make
his requests by particulars; wherein every
one of us has a single honor, in giving him
our own voices with our own tongues: there-
fore follow me, and I'll direct you how you
shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Men. O sir, you are not right : have you
not known

The worthiest men have done't ?

Cor. What must I say ?
I pray, sir—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace :—'Look, sir, my
wounds !

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.' 60

Men. O me, the gods !
You must not speak of that : you must de-
sire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ! hang 'em !
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all :
I'll leave you : pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
you,

In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of
the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.
[*Re-enter a third Citizen.*]

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir ; tell us what hath
brought you to't. 70

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert.

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you
any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the
counsellship ? 80

First Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly ! Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I
have wounds to show you, which shall be
yours in private. Your good voice, sir ; what
say you ?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two
worthy voices begged. I have your alms :
adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but
'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the three Citizens.* 90

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with
the tune of your voices that I may be consul,
I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of
your country, and you have not deserved
nobly.

Cor. Your enigma ?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to
her enemies, you have been a rod to her
friends ; you have not indeed loved the com-
mon people. 99

Cor. You should account me the more vir-
tuous that I have not been common in my

love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother,
the people, to earn a dearer estimation of
them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle ;
and since the wisdom of their choice is rather
to have my hat than my heart, I will practise
the insinuating nod and be off to them most
counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit
the bewitchment of some popular man and
give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore,
beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend ;
and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds
for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with
showing them. I will make much of your
voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heart-
ily ! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices !
Better it is to die, better to starve, 120

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches ? Custom calls me to't :
What custom wills, in all things should we
do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it
so,

Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. I am half through :
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do. 131

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices

Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of ; for your voices
have

Done many things, some less, some more :
your voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot
go without any honest man's voice. 140

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul :
the gods give him joy, and make him good
friend to the people !

All Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee,
noble consul ! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices !

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and
SICINIUS.*

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and
the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have dis-
charged : 150

The people do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]

He has it now, and by his looks methink 'Tis warm at 's heart. 160

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.

Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly

He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd

His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices, 180

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him As you were less'n'd, when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, ever spake against Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving A place of potency and sway o' the state, 190

If he should still malignantly remain Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said That as his worthy deeds did claim no less Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature Would think upon you for your voices and Translate his malice towards you into love, Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit 190

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive He did solicit you in free contempt

When he did need your loves, and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you, 210

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you Ere now denied the asker? and now again

Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em. 220

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice Than dogs that are as often beat for barking

As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble, And on a safer judgment all revoke

Your ignorant election; enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you; besides, forget

not With what contempt he wore the humble weed,

How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves, 230

Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance,

Which most giblyngly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'd,

No impediment between, but that you must Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections, and that your minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain 241

To voice him consul : lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you.

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king ;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ; 250

And [Censorinus,] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on ; 260
And presently, when you have drawn your number,

Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
We'll be there before the stream o' the people ; 269

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own.
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscies stand but as at first,

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,

That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town : he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword ;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, 19

To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth : I do despise them ;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on : no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ? 30

First Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now

And straight disclaim their tongues ? What are your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?

Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility :

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule 40
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot :

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined ;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that For which the people stir: if you will pass To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely 'T the plain way of his merit. 61

Cor. Tell me of corn! This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again, In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honor'd number,

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people, 80 As if you were a god to punish, not A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark

you

His absolute 'shall'?

Com. 'Twas from the canon. 'Shall'! 90

Cor. O good but most unwise patricians! why, You grave but reckless senators, have you thus Given Hydra here to choose an officer, That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd, Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less, When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrature,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,' His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!

It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches To know, when two authorities are up, Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110 May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons, More worthy than their voices. They know

the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assured That ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd, They would not thread the gates. This kind

of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they

show'd

Most valor, spoke not for them: the accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bisson multitude digest The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

The nature of our seats and make the rabble

Call our cares fears ; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more : 140

What may be sworn by, both divine and
human,

Seal what I end withal ! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other [wisdom,

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, be-
seech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish

†To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue ; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dis-
honor

Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough. 161

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee !
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes ?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen : in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason !

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho !

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people : [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal : obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

Senators, &c. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing ! or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens ! 180

*Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with
the Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you
all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles !

Citizens. Down with him ! down with him !
Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons !

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*
'Tribunes !' 'Patricians !' 'Citizens !'

'What, ho !'

*'Sicinius !' 'Brutus !' 'Coriolanus !' 'Citi-
zens !'*

'Peace, peace, peace !' 'Stay, hold, peace !'

Men. What is about to be ? I am out of
breath ;

Confusion's near ; I cannot speak. You, trib-
unes 190

To the people ! Coriolanus, patience !

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ; peace !

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune : peace !
Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcus would have all from you ; Marcus,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay
all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people ?

Citizens. True, 200
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were estab-
lish'd

The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, 209
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from
thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him !

Citizens. Yield, Marcus, yield !

Men. Hear me one word ;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace !

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly
your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220
That seem like prudent helps, are very poi-
sonous

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands
upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here.
[Drawing his sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Com. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the *Ædiles*,
and the People, are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230

All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. Would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not.

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—

Men. Be gone; 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Com. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes:

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone; 250
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.
[Exeunt *Coriolanus*, *Cominus*, and others.
A *Patrician*. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever 259
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.

Here's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

Citizens. No, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 290
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
bath, 300

By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his
country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,

A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : when he did love his country,
It honor'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him
thence ;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further. 311

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process ;

Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ? Come.

Men. Consider this : he has been bred i'
the wars 320

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill
school'd

In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me
leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be ye then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend
you there : [ceed

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll pro-
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
[To the Senators] Let me desire your com-
pany : he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears,
present me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare
heads 10

In congregations, to yawn, be still and won-
der,

When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :
Why did you wish me milder ? would you
have me

False to my nature ? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,

With striving less to be so ; lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if 21
You had not show'd them how ye were dis-
posed

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.
A Patrician. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too
rough, something too rough ;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd :
† I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman ?
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor
on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ! I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard
you say,

Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and
tell me.

In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !
Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to
speak

To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,

But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syl-
lables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood. 61

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the
nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon
em,

For the inheritance of their loves and safe-
guard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve
so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with
them—

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry

That will not hold the handling: or say to
them, 80

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost con-
fess,

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt
frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst
rather 90

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Comin-
ius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and,
sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed
sconce? 99

Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it

And throw't against the wind. To the mar-
ket-place! [never

You have put me now to such a part which
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me 111
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lull asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth 121
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130
Mother, I am going to the market-place;

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home
beloved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let
us go :

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that
he affects
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators

That always favor'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready. 10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither ;
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them

If I say fine, cry 'Fine ;' if death, cry 'Death.'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them, be strong and ready for
this hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight : he hath been used
†Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : being once chafed, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there which
looks

With us to break his neck

Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. The
honor'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love
among 's !

Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace,

And not our streets with war !

First Sen.

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience !
peace, I say ! 40

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than
this present ?

Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be proved upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard. 51

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier : do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonor'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor !

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the
people !

Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hand clutch'd as many millions, in 71

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say

'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even
this, 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Br. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Br. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this the promise that you made
your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, faying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying ' Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pres-
ence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; in the name o' the
people

And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates : i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so . let
him away :

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my com-
mon friends,—

Sic. He's sentenced ; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love 111
My country's good with a respect more ten-
der,

More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would
Speak that,—

Sic. We know your drift : speak what ?

Br. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country :
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose
breath I hate 120

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;

And here remain with your uncertainty !

Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Mene-
nius, Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !
Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is
gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow
him,

As he hath followed you, with all despite ;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come ; let's see him out at
gates ; come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, ME-
NENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility of
Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears : a brief fare-
well : the beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage ? you were
used

To say extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could
bear ;

That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating ; fortune's
blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wound-
ed, craves

A noble cunning : you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that could't them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay,
mother.

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,

Droop not ; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother : 20

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

Heart-hardening spectacles ; tell these sad women

'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes, As tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well

My hazards still have been your solace : and Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,

Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son

Will or exceed the common or be caught

With cautious baits and practice.

Vol. My first son.

Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius With thee awhile : determine on some course,

More than a wild exposure to each chance That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us

And we of thee : so if the time thrust forth 40 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send

O'er the vast world to seek a single man, And lose advantage, which doth ever cool

I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. While I remain above the ground, you shall

Hear from me still, and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep. If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :

Come. [Exeunt.]

• SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided

In his behalf.

Br. Now we have shown our power,

Let us seem humbler after it is done

Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home :

Say their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Br. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.] Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Br. Why ?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Br. They have ta'en note of us : keep on your way. 10

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [To Brutus]

Will you be gone ?

Vir. [To Sicinius] You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome

Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wisest words ; 21

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what ; yet go :

Nay, but thou shalt stay too : I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then ! He'll make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country 30

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Br. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had' ! 'Twas you incensed the rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Br. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone : You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :— 39

As far as doth the Capitol exceed The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—

This lady's husband here, this, do you see— Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you

all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's
go:

Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsc, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know
me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw
you; but your favor is well approved by your
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have
a note from the Volscian state, to find you out
there: you have well saved me a day's jour-
ney.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange in-
surrections; the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our
state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike
preparation, and hope to come upon them in
the heat of their division. 19

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a
small thing would make it flame again: for
the nobles receive so to heart the banishment
of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a
ripe aptness to take all power from the people
and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever.
This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost
mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir. 29

Vol. You will be welcome with this intel-
ligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now.
I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt
a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her
husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will
appear well in these wars, his great opposer,
Coriolanus, being now in no request of his
country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortu-
nate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you
have ended my business, and I will merrily
accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
you most strange things from Rome; all tend-
ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you
an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions
and their charges, distinctly billeted, already
in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an
hour's warning. 50

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,
and am the man, I think, that shall set them
in present action. So, sir, heartily well met,
and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I
have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's house. *Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me
not,

Least that thy wives with spits and boys with
stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the
state

At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now
fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep,

To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What ser-
vice is here! I think our fellows are asleep.
[*Exit.*]

Enter a second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him. Cotus ! *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : the feast smells well ;
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend ?
whence are you ? Here's no place for you :
pray, go to the door. *[Exit.]*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertain-
ment,
In being Coriolanus. 11

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir ? Has the
porter his eyes in his head, that he gives en-
trance to such companions ? Pray, get you
out.

Cor. Away !

Sec. Serv. Away ! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave ? I'll have you
talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servingman. The first meets
him.*

Third Serv. What fellow's this ? 20

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked
on : I cannot get him out of the house : pri-
thee, call my master to him. *[Retires.]*

Third Serv. What have you to do here,
fellow ? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand ; I will not hurt
your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you ?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one. 30

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman,
take up some other station ; here's no place
for you ; pray you, avoid : come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten
on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*

Third Serv. What, you will not ? Prithee,
tell my master what a strange guest he has
here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou ? 40

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy !

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that ?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows !
What an ass it is ! Then thou dwellest with
daws too ?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir ! do you meddle with
my master ? 51

Cor. Ay ; 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress.

Thou pratest, and pratest ; serve with thy
trencher, hence !

[Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow ?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir : I'd have beaten him
like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
[Retires.]

Auf. Whence comest thou ? what wouldst
thou ? thy name ?

Why speak'st not ? speak, man : what's thy
name ?

Cor. If, Tullus, *[Unmuffling.]* 60
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me,
dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name ?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians'
ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name ?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't ; though thy tackle's
torn, *[name ?]*

Thou show'st a noble vessel : what's thy

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown : know'st
thou me yet ?

Auf. I know thee not : thy name ? 70

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly and to all the Volscies
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness
may

My surname, Coriolanus : the painful service,
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are required
But with that surname ; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me : only that name
remains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of
hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast 90
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those
main

Of shame seen through thy country, speed
thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am 100
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice ;
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's
 breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius !
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
 my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
 And say ' 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them
 more 111

Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters : here I
 clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married : never man 120
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I
 tell thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly
 since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep, 130
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy
 Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself. 141

Cor. You bless me, gods !
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
 wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set
 down—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou
 know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine
 own ways ;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand wel-
 comes ! 151

And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius,—that was much. Your hand :
 most welcome !

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The
 two Servingmen come forward.*]

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration !

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to
 have stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my
 mind gave me his clothes made a false report
 of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has ! he
 turned me about with his finger and his
 thumb, as one would set up a top. 161

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that
 there was something in him : he had, sir, a
 kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to
 term it.

First Serv. He had so ; looking as it
 were—would I were hanged, but I thought
 there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn : he is
 simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is : but a greater sol-
 dier than he you wot on. 171

Sec. Serv. Who, my master ?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither : but I take
 him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell
 how to say that : for the defence of a town,
 our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too. 180

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—
 news, you rascals !

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what ?
 let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all
 nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore ? where-
 fore ?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont
 to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say 'thwack our
 general' ? 191

Third Serv. I do not say 'thwack our gen-
 eral ;' but he was always good enough for
 him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends :
 he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard
 him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him di-
 rectly, to say the troth on't : before Corioli he
 scotched him and notched him like a carbon-
 ado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given,
 he might have broiled and eaten him too. 201

First Serv. But, more of thy news ?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here
 within, as if he were son and heir to Mars ;
 set at upper end o' the table ; no question
 asked him by any of the senators, but they
 stand bald before him : our general himself
 makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself

with's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears : he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

Sec. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't ! he will do't ; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies ; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude ! what's that ?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward ?

Third Serv. To-morrow ; to-day ; presently ; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. 241

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising. 250

All. In, in, in, in ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Rome. A public place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold

Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see

Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going

About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. [Enter Menenius.] Is this Menenius ? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind of late.

Both Tri. Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus

Is not much miss'd, but with his friends : The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,

Were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing : his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. God-den, our neighbors. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors : we wish'd Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent, 30 O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volscians with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40 And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ; Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome.

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumorer whipp'd. It
cannot be

The Volscs dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been 53
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your infor-
mation

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are
going

All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:—
Go whip him, 'fore the people's eyes:—his
raising; 60

Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many
mouths—

How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort
may wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius

Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already

O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and
took

What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news? 80

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,

To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses,—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement,
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray,
your news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing 91
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work! 100

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale

Before you find it other. All the regions

Do smilingly revolt; and who resist

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him

Men. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the peo-
ple

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110

Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they— [him even

Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand

That should consume it, I have not the face

To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not we brought it. 120

Men. How! Was it we? we loved him;
but, like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer: desperation

Is all the policy, strength and defence,

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.

And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast 130

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I. 141
Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the
truth, so did very many of us: that we did,
we did for the best; and though we willingly
consented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not
dismay'd: 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go
home,

And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come,
masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the
wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's
home. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my
wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance
from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more
prouddier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not

Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things

fairly.

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian
state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone

That which shall break his neck or hazard
mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits
down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too: 30
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances 40

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war; but one of these—

As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 50

Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,

†Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one
nail;

Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRU-
TUS, and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he
hath said.

Which was sometime his general ; who loved
his

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father :
But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him ;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy : nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name :

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so : you have made good work !
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory !

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to par-
don

When it was less expected : he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff : he said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two !
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his
child, 29

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might step our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can
do 40

For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard : what then ?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness ? say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't :

I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts
me.

He was not taken well ; he had not dined : 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pont upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowl-
edge

Of my success.

[Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise ;' dismiss'd
me

Thus, with his speechless hand : what he
would do,

He sent in writing after me ; what he would
not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain, 70

Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's

hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Entrance of the Volsian camp
before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

First Sen. Stay : whence are you ?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well : but,
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must re-
turn : our general

Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You'll see your Rome embraced
with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Me-
nenius. 11

First Sen. Be it so ; go back : the virtue
of your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
The general is my lover : I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have
^{read}

His name unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
 For I have ever † verified my friends,
 Of whom he's chief, with all the size that
 verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, some-
 times,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
 I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his
 praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore,
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as
 many lies in his behalf as you have uttered
 words in your own, you should not pass here ;
 no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
 chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name
 is Menenius, always factionary on the party of
 your general. 31

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar,
 as you say you have, I am one that, telling
 true under him, must say, you cannot pass.
 Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I
 would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am, as thy general is. 39

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as
 he does. Can you, when you have pushed
 out your gates the very defender of them, and
 in a violent popular ignorance, given your
 enemy your shield, think to front his revenges
 with the easy groans of old women, the vir-
 ginal palms of your daughters, or with the
 pulsed intercession of such a decayed dotant
 as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow
 out the intended fire your city is ready to
 flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No,
 you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome,
 and prepare for your execution : you are con-
 demned, our general has sworn you out of re-
 priev and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were
 here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you.
 Back, I say, go ; lest I let forth your half-pint
 of blood ; back,—that's the utmost of your
 having : back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men. Now, your companion, I'll say an
 errand for you : you shall know how that I am
 in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack
 guardant cannot office me from my son Corio-
 lanus : guess, but by my entertainment with
 him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging,
 or of some death more long in spectatorship,
 and crueller in suffering ; behold now pres-
 ently, and swear for what's to come upon

thee. [To Cor.] The glorious gods sit in
 hourly synod about thy particular prosperity,
 and love thee no worse than thy old father
 Menenius does ! O my son, my son ! thou art
 preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water
 to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to
 thee ; but being assured none but myself could
 move thee, I have been blown out of your
 gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon
 Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The
 good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the
 dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who,
 like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away !

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
 affairs

Are servanted to others : though I owe
 My revenge properly, my remission lies 90
 In Volscian breasts. That we have been fami-
 liar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
 Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved
 thee,

Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.
 And would have sent it. Another word,

Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
 Was my beloved in Rome : yet thou behold'st !

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 100

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Mene-
 nius ?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much
 power : you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent
 for keeping your greatness back ?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have
 to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your
 general : for such things as you, I can scarce
 think there's any, ye're so slight. He that
 hath a will to die by himself fears it not from
 another : let your general do his worst. For
 you, be that you are, long ; and your misery
 increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was
 said to, Away ! [Exit.

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general :
 he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The tent of Coriolanus

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
 morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action,
 You must report to the Volscian lords, how
 plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf.

Only their ends
 You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against

The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father ; 10
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him ; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept ; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to. Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOL-
LUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA,
and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honor'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her
hand

The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affec-
tion !

All bond and privilege of nature, break !
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves'
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn ? I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother
bows ;

As if Olympus to a molehill should 30

In supplication nod : and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volscies

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy : I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,

As if a man were author of himself

And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore
in Rome,

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus
changed

Makes you think so

Cor. Like a dull actor now, 40

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say

For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that

kin

I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world

Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show 51

Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee ; and unproperly

Show duty, as mistaken all this while

Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach

Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'against the fiery sun ;

Murdering impossibility, to make 61

What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow

And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

Which by the interpretation of full time

May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, 70

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform

Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst

prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,

And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy !

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and

myself,

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before :

The thing I have forsworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me' 81

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not

To ally my rages and revenges with

Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !

You have said you will not grant us any thing ;

For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90

May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear

us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark ; for

we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your

request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our

raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-

self

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither : since that thy sight,

which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance

with comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and

sorrow ; 100

Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy
victory,

Whereto we are bound ? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy per-
son, 110

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade
thee 120

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's
womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
Living to time.

Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.* 131

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honor : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscies
May say ' This mercy we have show'd ; ' the
Romans,

' This we received ; ' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry ' Be blest
For making up this peace ! ' Thou know'st,
great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ : ' The man was
noble,

But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. ' Speak to me,
son :

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods ; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak ?

Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak
you :

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy :

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the
world

More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one! the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
life 160

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our
knees. 169

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
This is the last : so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. Nay, be-
hold's :

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dis-
patch : 180

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[*He holds her by the hand, silent.*
Cor. O mother, mother !

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens
do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him pre-
vail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-
fidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
sir,

What peace you'll make, advise me : for my
[*Exit.*
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy
 mercy and thy honor 200
 At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall
 bear

A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.* 209

SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol,
 yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
 with your little finger, there is some hope the
 ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
 prevail with him. But I say there is no hope
 in't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon
 execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can
 alter the condition of a man! 10

Men. There is differency between a grub
 and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
 This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:
 he has wings; he's more than a creeping
 thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more re-
 members his mother now than an eight-year-
 old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe
 grapes: when he walks, he moves like an en-
 gine, and the ground shrinks before his tread-
 ing: he is able to pierce a corslet with his
 eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a bat-
 tery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for
 Alexander. What he bids be done is finished
 with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god-
 but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
 what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
 there is no more mercy in him than there is
 milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
 find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
 be good unto us. When we banished him, we
 respected not them; and, he returning to break
 our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to
 your house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
 And hale him up and down, all swearing, if 40
 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
 They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the la-
 dies have prevail'd,
 The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius
 gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
 Art thou certain this is true? is it most cer-
 tain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is
 fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
 of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
 tide, 50

As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
 hark you! [*Trumpets; hautboys; drums
 beat; all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have pray'd well
 to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
 joy! [*Music still, with shouts.* 60

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tid-
 ings; next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all.
 Great cause to give great thanks.

Sec. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter two Senators with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
 VALERIA, &c. passing over the stage, fol-
 lowed by Patricians and others.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of
 Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers be-
 fore them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;
 Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies,
 Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trum-
 pets. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Antium. A public place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome !

First Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so 10
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :

We must proceed as we do find the people

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst

'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I raised him, and I
paw'n'd

Mine honor for his truth : who being so
heighten'd, ^{tery,}
He water'd his new plants with dews of flat-
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of : 29
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him
way

In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; served his design-
ments

In mine own person ; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it :
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd ! upon
him

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*]

First Con. Your native town you enter'd
like a post, 50
And had no welcomes home : but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base
throats tear

With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more : 60
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear't.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him. 70

Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colors ; commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your sol-
dier,

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made
peace

With no less honor to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans : and we here de-
liver,

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor ! how now !

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcus !

Cor. Marcus !

Auf. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus : dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli ? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own no-
tion—

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him;
that

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me
speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and
lads,

Stain all your edges on me. Boy! false
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

Alone I did it. Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for't. 120

All the people. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do
it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My
daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.'
'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufid-
ius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Corio-
lanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
valor will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters
all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as
in this rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great dan-
ger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 141

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;

And mourn you for him: let him be regarded

As the most noble corse that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;

And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Corio-
lanus. A dead march sounded.*]

TIMON OF ATHENS.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1607-1608.)

INTRODUCTION.

This play is, beyond reasonable doubt, only in part the work of Shakespeare. Whether Shakespeare worked upon materials furnished by an older play, or whether he left his play a fragment to be completed by another hand, is uncertain: the former supposition is perhaps the correct one, and the older writer may possibly have been George Wilkins. There is a substantial agreement among the best critics as to what portions of the play are Shakespeare's and what are not. The following may be distinguished, with some confidence, as the non-Shakespearean parts: Act I., Sc. i., L. 189-210, 258-273 (or? from entrance of Apemantus to end of scene), ii. (certainly); Act II., Sc. ii., L. 45-124; all Act III., except Sc. vi., L. 98-115; Act IV., Sc. ii., L. 30-50, (?) iii., L. 292-362, 309-413, 454-543; Act V. (?) Sc. i., L. i.-59, ii., iii. There is no external evidence which helps to determine the date at which Shakespeare wrote his part of the play, but it was probably later than *Macbeth* and earlier than *Pericles*. The year 1607 is a date which cannot be very far astray. The sources of the play were Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a passage in Plutarch's Life of Mark Antony, and in particular, a dialogue of Lucian. But if Shakespeare worked upon an older play, it may have been through it that he obtained the materials which appear to come through Lucian. Although only a fragment, Shakespeare's part of *Timon* is written with the highest dramatic energy. Nothing is more intense than the conception and rendering of Timon's feelings when he turns in hatred from the evil world. The rich Lord Timon has lived in a rose-colored mist of pleasant delusions. The conferring of favors has been with him a mode of kindly self-indulgence, and he has assumed that every one is as liberal-hearted and of as easy generosity as himself. Out of his pleasant dream he wakes to find the baseness, the selfishness, the ingratitude of the world; and he passes violently over from his former lax philanthropy to a fierce hatred of mankind. The practical Alcibiades sets at once about righting the wrongs which he has suffered; but Timon can only rage and then die. His rage implies the elements of a possible nobleness in him; he cannot acclimatize himself, as Alcibiades can, to the harsh and polluted air of the world; yet the rage also proceeds from a weakness of nature. The dog-like Apemantus accepts, well-contented, the evil which Alcibiades would punish, and from which Timon flies: he barks and snarls, but does not really suffer. The play is a painful one, unrelieved by the presence of beauty or human worth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS, } flattering lords.
LUCULLUS, }
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian

FLAMINIUS, } servants to Timon.
LUCILIUS, }
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } servants to Timon's creditors.
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }

HORTENSIVS, }

And others, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, }

TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE : Athens, and the neighboring woods.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.**Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.**Poet.* Good day, sir.*Pain.* I am glad you're well.*Poet.* I have not seen you long : how goes the world ?*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.*Poet.* Ay, that's well known :*But what particular rarity ? what strange, Which manifold record not matches ? See, Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.**Pain.* I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord.*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.*Mer.* A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10*To an untirable and continue goodness : He passes.**Jew.* I have a jewel here—*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't : for the Lord Timon, sir ?*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate : but, for that—*Poet.* [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.'*Mer.* 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]*Jew.* And rich : here is a water, look ye.*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication*To the great lord.**Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20 Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourish'd : the fire i' the flint*Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame Provokes itself and like the current fires**Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?**Pain.* A picture, sir. When comes your book forth ?*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.*Let's see your piece.**Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.*Poet.* So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.*Pain.* Indifferent.*Poet.* Admirable : how this grace 30 Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power*This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture**One might interpret.**Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch ; is't good ?*Poet.* I will say of it,*It tutors nature : artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.**Enter certain Senators, and pass over.**Pain.* How this lord is follow'd !*Poet.* The senators of Athens : happy man !*Pain.* Look, more ! 41*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.*I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug**With amplest entertainment : my free drift**Halts not particularly, but moves itself**In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice**Infects one comma in the course I hold ;**But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,**Leaving no tract behind. 50**Pain.* How shall I understand you ?*Poet.* I will unbolt to you*You see how all conditions, how all minds,**As well of glib and slippery creatures as**Of grave and austere quality, tender down**Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune**Upon his good and gracious nature hanging Subdues and properties to his love and tendance**All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer**To Apemantus, that few things loves better**Than to abhor himself : even he drops down**The knee before him and returns in peace 61**Most rich in Timon's nod.**Pain.* I saw them speak together.*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill*Feign'd Fortune to be throned : the base o' the mount**Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures, That labor on the bosom of this sphere**To propagate their states : amongst them all,**Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,**One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,**Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ; 70**Whose present grace to present slaves and servants**Translates his rivals.**Pain.* 'Tis conceived to scope.*This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,**With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount**To climb his happiness would be well express'd**In our condition.**Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.*All those which were his fellows but of late, Some better than his value, on the moment**Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, 80**Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,**Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him**Drink the free air.*

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood

Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants

Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help:

Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;

And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon: 130
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may

The state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jeo. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear
lord, 171

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be
chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape-
mantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy
good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest. 180

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves?
thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by
thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus:

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am
not like Timon. 190

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains. 199

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apeman-
tus? 199

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the
painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of
work.

Patn. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation:
what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger
ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by
great bellies. 210

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for
thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-
mantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which
will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now,
poet! 220

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last
work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy
fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so. 230

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to
pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be
flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens,
that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate
a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore? 240

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a
lord.

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods
will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god con-
found thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty
horse, 250

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide
to us. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me: go not you
hence

Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your
sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves, [*bred out*]

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's
Into baboon and monkey. 260

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and
I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apeman-
tus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence! 281

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [Exit.]

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290 All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping, after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honor'd Timon,

It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents;

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:

I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10

Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me. [They sit. 20]

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humor there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame. They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't, indeed. 31

Apem. Let me stay at thine apparel, Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithe, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 51

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round. [lord.]

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state loose ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: 60

This and my food are equals; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping :
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70
Amen. So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good tidich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now. [Lord.]

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 79

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em !

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 90

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes

And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much ! [Tucket, within.]

Tim. What means that trumpet ?

Enter a Servant.

How now ? 120

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste ! The five best

Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely 130

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : th' ear, Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome ! [Exit Cupid.]

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter CUPID with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift ?

I should fear those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been

dear ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON ; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the haut-boys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;

You have added worth unto 't and lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device ;

I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you : 160

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord ?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet !
There is no crossing him in 's humor ;

[*Aside*
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an
he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his
mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men ? 171

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses !

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you : look you, my
good lord,

I must entreat you, honor me so much
As to advance this jewel ; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your
gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of
the senate 180

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you
near. [*hear thee :*

Tim. Near ! why then, another time I'll
I prithee, let's be provided to show them
entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honor, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly ; let the
presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ! what news ? 191

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that
honorable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats
your company to-morrow to hunt with him,
and has sent your honor two brace of grey-
hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be
received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer :

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is, 201
Being of no power to make his wishes good :
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
For every word ; he is so kind that he now

Pays interest for 't ; his land's put to their
books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits :

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks
I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of
bounty ! [*gave*

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you liked it.

Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me,
my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I
know, no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visita-
tions

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my
friends,

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou
hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord. 231

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights !

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honor and fortunes, keep with you, Lord
Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil's here !
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have
sound legs,

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on
court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not
sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing : for if I should be
bribed too, there would be none left to rail
upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the
faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me
thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
what need these feasts, pomps and vain-
glories ? 249

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell ; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So :
Thou wilt not hear me now ; thou shalt not then :

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Senator's house.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand : to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10

But rather one that smiles and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold : no reason

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !

Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir ; what is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon ;

Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceased

With slight denial, nor then silenced when—

'Commend me to your master'—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus : but tell him,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20

Out of mine own ; his days and times are past

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit : I love and honor him,

But must not break my back to heal his

finger ;

Immediate are my needs, and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone :

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, 31

Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir !'—Take the bonds along

with you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account How things go from him, nor resumes no care

Of what is to continue : never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done ? he will not hear, till feel :

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro : what, You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ? 10

Caph. It is : and yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades. With me ? what is your will ?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ! Whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month : 20

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varric's servant, my good

lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my mas-

ter's wants—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my

lord, six weeks 30

And past. [Lord ;]

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*]

[*To Flav.*] Come hither : pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encount-

ter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke

bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, 40
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunity cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well
entertain'd. *[Exit.]*

Flav. Pray, draw near. *[Exit.]*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus : let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog ! 50

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. *[To the Fool]*
Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not
on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor
rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between
gold and want !

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and
do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool : how does
your mistress ? 70

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald
such chickens as you are. Would we could
see you at Corinth !

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'
page.

Page. *[To the Fool]* Why, how now, cap-
tain ! what do you in this wise company ?
How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth,
that I might answer thee profitably. 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the
superscription of these letters : I know not
which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then,
that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord
Timon ; this to Alcibiades. Go ; thou wast
born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd. 89

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou
wast a dog's death. Answer not ; I
am gone. *[Exit.]*

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace.
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home, You three
serve three usurers ?

All Serv. Ay ; would they served us !

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as
ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men ?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to
his servant : my mistress is one, and I am
her fool. When men come to borrow of your
masters, they approach sadly, and go away
merry ; but they enter my mistress' house
merrily, and go away sadly : the reason of
this ?

Var. Serv. I could render one. 109

Apem. Do it then, that we may account
thee a whoremaster and a knave ; which
notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less es-
teemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something
like thee. 'Tis a spirit : sometime't appears
like a lord ; sometime like a lawyer ; some-
time like a philosopher, with two stones moe
than's artificial one : he is very often like a
knight ; and, generally, in all shapes that
man goes up and down in from fourscore to
thirteen, this spirit walks in. 121

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a
fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as
much foolery as I have, so much wit thou
lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become
Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside ; here comes Lord
Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder
brother and woman ; sometime the philoso-
pher. *[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.]* 131

Flav. Pray you, walk near : I'll speak with
you anon. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Tim. You make me marvel : wherefore ere
this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means ?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back :
And that unaptness made your minister, 140
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw
them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid
me

Return so much, I have shook my head and
wept ;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd
you

To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
† Though you hear now, too late—yet now's a
time—

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and
gone ;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a
word : 161

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or false-
hood,

Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless
me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have
wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every
room

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with min-
strelay, 170

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord ! [ants

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peas-
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but
is Lord Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is
made :

Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter
showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further :
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my
heart ;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the con-
science lack,

To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy
heart ;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrow-
ing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts !

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of
mine are crown'd, 190

That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends : you shall perceive how
you

Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there ! Flaminius ! Servilius !

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.*

Servants. My lord ? my lord ?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally ; you to
Lord Lucius ; to Lord Lucullus you : I hunt-
ed with his honor to-day : you, to Sempro-
nius : commend me to their loves, and, I am
proud, say, that my occasions have found
time to use 'em toward a supply of money :
let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus ?
hum !

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I
have

Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the
instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corpor-
ate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, can-
not

Do what they would ; are sorry—you are hon-
orable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know
not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity ;—

And so, intending other serious matters, 220
After distasteful looks and these hard frac-
tions,

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Pri-
thee, be not sad, 229

Thou art true and honest ; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventid-
ius lately

Buried his father ; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : greet him
from me ;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered

With those five talents [Exit Serv.] [To Flav.]

That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 240

Flav. I would I could not think it : that thought is bounty's foe ;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A room in Lucullus' house.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men ? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius ; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant.] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master ? 11

Flam. His health is well sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir : and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 21

Lucul. La, la, la, la ! ' nothing doubting,' says he ? Alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his : I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't. 31

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you gone, sirrah [Exit Serv.]. Draw nearer,

honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidaires for thee : good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that lived ? Fly, damned base-ness,

To him that worships thee ! 51

[Throwing the money back.]

Lucul. Ha ! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion ! this slave, 59

Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him :

Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison ?

O, may diseases only work upon't !

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! [Exit.]

SCENE II. A public place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon ? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors : now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it ; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How !

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man ! there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honor. My honored lord,— [To Lucius.]

* *Luc.* Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well : commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : how shall I thank him, thinkest thou ? And what has he sent now ?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord : requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. 41

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me ;

† He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor ! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say :—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ! but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind : and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [Exit Servilius.
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ; and he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit.
First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well. 70
First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish ? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse, Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ; And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !— He does deny him, in respect of his, 81
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue And honorable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, 90 And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart : but, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense ; For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't.— hum !—'bove all others ?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for They have all denied him.

Sem. How ! have they denied him ? Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ? And does he send to me ? Three ? hum ! 9 It shows but little love or judgment in him : Must I be his last refuge ! His friends, like physicians,

† Thrive, give him over : must I take the cure upon me ?

Has much disgraced me in't ; I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,

But his occasion might have woo'd me first ; For, in my conscience, I was the first man That e'er received gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite its last ? No :

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20 To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ; I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join ; Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic ; he crossed himself by't : and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire :

Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,

Save only the gods : now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master. 40
And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants of TIMON's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met ; good morrow,
Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Laboring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine
at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd
shorter with him :

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recover-
able.

I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's
purse ;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
gift,

For which I wait for money. 20

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich
jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods
can witness :

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than
stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns : what's yours ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep : and it
should seem by the sun, 30

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! Sir, a word : pray,
is my lord ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; pray, signify
so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows
you are too diligent. [Exit. 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward
muffled so ?

He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and
bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's
meat ? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his
debts

And take down the interest into their glutton-
ous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;

Let me pass quietly :

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end ;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not
serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as
you ;

For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

First Var. Serv. How ! what does his cash-
iered worship mutter ? 61

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what ; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
broader than he that has no house to put his
head in ? such may rail against great build-
ings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know
some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to
repair some other hour, I should derive much
from't ; for, take't of my soul, my lord lends
wondrously to discontent : his comfortable
temper has forsok him ; he's much out of
health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers
are not sick :

And, if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within] Servilius, help ! My lord !
my lord !

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage ? 80

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills. 90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours ?—and yours ?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you ! [Exit. 100

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money : these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors ? devils !

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord. 110

Tim. So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius :

All, sirrah, all :

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul ;

There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care ; go,

I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. The senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault's

Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate !

First Sen. Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—

An honor in him which buys out his fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe : 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :

Your words have took such pains as if they labor'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valor ; which indeed

Is valor misbegot and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born : 30

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outsiders, to wear them like his raiment,

carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins

look clear :

To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me, 40

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats ? sleep upon't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy ? If there be

Such valor in the bearing, what make we

Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good :

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impiety ;

But who is man that is not angry ?

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies :

How full of valor did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;

He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner :

If there were no foes, that were enough 70

To overcome him : in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions : 'tis infer'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :

And, for I know your reverend ages love 80

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honors to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure : friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,

I do beseech you, know me. 90

Sec. Sen. How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What !

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,

To sue, and be denied such common grace :

My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;

We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money and let out

Their coin upon large interest, I myself Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ? Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110 Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment ! It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ; It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds ; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out : Servants attending.

Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered : I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting. 9

First Lord. I should think so : he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

Sec. Lord. Every man here's 'so. What would he have borrowed of you ?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces !

First Lord. What of you ?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both ; and how fare you ?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound ; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger. 41

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,— 51

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. *[The banquet brought in.]* Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it? 61

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold? 70

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. † The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of month-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 100
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces.]

Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek
bears, 115

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-
jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and
thou;— 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no
feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated
be

Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord
Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 120

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and
nought but humor sways him. He gave me a
jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it
out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones. 130

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds,
next day stones. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou
wall,

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incon-
tinent!

Obedience fall in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the
bench,

And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold
fast;

Rather than render back, ont with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound ser-
vants, steal! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping
sire,

With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live ! Plagues, incident to
men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
strive,

And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from
thee,

But nakedness, thou detestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than man-
kind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods
all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may
grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
Amen. [Exit. 41]

SCENE II. Athens. A room in Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,
where's our master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say
to you ?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke !
So noble a master fall'n ! All gone ! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him !

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd
house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery ;

That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst
you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads,
and say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take
some ;

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more :

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings
us ! 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth ex-
empt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to
live

But in a dream of friendship ?

To have his pomp and all what state com-
pounds

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own
heart,

Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good !

Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ? 40
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind
lord !

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out :

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. 50

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Woods and cave, near the sea-
shore.

Enter TIMON, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from
the earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several
fortunes ;

The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
The beggar native honor.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
I see want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man's a flatterer ?' if one be,
So are they all ; for every guise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me
roots ! [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sance his palate
With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No,
gods,

I am no idle votarist : roots, you clear heav-
ens ! [fair,

Thus much of this will make black white, foul
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward
valiant.

Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you
gods ? Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads :

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions, bless the ac-
cursed,

Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench : this is it

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices 40

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st
white

Among the route of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March afar off.] Ha !

a drum ? Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee : thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Keeping some gold.]

Enter ALCEBIADES, with drum and fife, in
warlike manner ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there ? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker
gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man ! 50

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hate-
ful to thee,

That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well ;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too ; and more than that

I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules :

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ; 60

Then what should war be ? This fell whore

of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee ; then the rot
returns

To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light
to give ;

But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to. 70

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none : if thou wilt not promise, the gods

plague thee, for thou art a man ! if thou dost
perform, confound thee, for thou art a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy
miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had pros-
perity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed
time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world 80

Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not
that use thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their
lust.

Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked
youth.

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for
his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and
grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor
states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
them,—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get
thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest ;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Alcib. Why me, Timon ?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold : go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honor'd age for his white beard ; 111

He is an usurer : strike me the counterfeit matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors : spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 110

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : swear against objects ;

Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse up on thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon : hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

† And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable, Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly

swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, 149

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs

With burthens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,

No matter :—wear them, betray with them :
whose still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold : what then ?

Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,

Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foreseee,

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you.

And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens !
Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take

Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !
[Drum beats. *Exeunt Alcibiades,*

Phrynia, and Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou, [Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, 180

Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
shine ;

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears ;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marbled mansion all above

Never presented !—O, a root,—dear thanks !—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas ;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
draughts

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? plague, plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep
a dog,

Whom I would imitate : consumption catch
thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade ?
this place ?

This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft ;

Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent : thou wast told thus ;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid
welcome

To knaves & d all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth
again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my
likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away
myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamber-
lain,

Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd
hees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out ? will the
cold brook,

Candied with ice, candle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the crea-
tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements exposed,

Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee : depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not ; but say thou art a
cattiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?
Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.
Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold
habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly ; thou'ldst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :

The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : best state, content-
less,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Tim. Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more misera-
ble.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged
thyself

In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary,

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden :

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst

thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou
given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff

To some she beggar and compounded these
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 231
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the
lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but
botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or,
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and
knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 299

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for
the contrary. There's a medal for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medal?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers
sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better
now. What man didst thou ever know un-
thrif that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk-
est of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are
the things themselves. What wouldst thou do
with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy
power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion,
the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the

lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-
venture thou wert accused by the ass: if thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,
and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the
wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,
pride and wrath would confound thee and
make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:
wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by
the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be
seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard,
thou wert german to the lion and the spots of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy
safety were remotion and thy defence absence.
What beast couldst thou be, that were not
subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou
already, that seest not thy loss in transforma-
tion! 349

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speak-
ing to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here:
the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest
of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that
thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter:
the plague of company light upon thee! I will
fear to catch it and give way: when I know
not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 359

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a
beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad
to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are
pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them
off! 370

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love
nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold.*] O thou sweet king-killer, and
dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright de-
filer

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That soldier'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with
every tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy vir-
tue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Apem. Would 'twere so !
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !
Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit Ape-
mantus.*] I am quit.

Moe things like men ! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold ?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of
his remainder : the mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of
treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon
him : if he care not for't, he will supply us
easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's
get it ?

Sec. Ban. True ; for he bears it not about
him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he ? 410
Banditti. Where ?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much
of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth
bath roots ; 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred
springs ;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each
bush [want ?

Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on ber-
ries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the
birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work
not 429

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the

grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physi-
cian ;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob : take wealth and lives to-
gether ;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thiev-
ery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attrac-
tion 439

Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing's a thief :
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves :
away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut
throats :

All that you meet are thieves : to Athens go,
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal, 450
But thieves do lose it : steal no less for this
I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from
my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind
that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive
in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade. 460

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens :
there is no time so miserable but a man may
be true. [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods !
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and falling ? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !
What an alteration of honor

Has desperate want made ! 469

What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies !
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that
do !

Has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest mas-
ter !

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot
all men ; 480

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to vil-
lains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 490
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleep-
ing :

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
lord,

To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth
lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man 500
Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one ;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind !
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save
thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 510
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me
true—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master ; in
whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late :
You should have fear'd false times when you
did feast : 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
My most honor'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ! Thou singly hon-
est man, 530

Here, take : the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and
happy ;

But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from
men ;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swal-
low 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing ; be men like
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, 540
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses,
Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON watching
them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? does
the rumor hold for true, that he's so full of
gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phry-
nia and Timandra had gold of him : he like-
wise enriched poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity : 'tis said he gave unto his
steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been
but a try for his friends. 11

Pain. Nothing else : you shall see him a
palm in Athens again, and flourish with the
highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender
our loves to him, in this supposed distress of
his : it will show honestly in us ; and is very
likely to load our purposes with what they
travell for, if it be a just and true report that
goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto
him ?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visita-
tion : only I will promise him an excellent
piece. 21

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of
an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the
very air o' the time : it opens the eyes of ex-
pectation : performance is ever the duller for
his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler
kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of
use. To promise is most courtly and fashion-
able : performance is a kind of will or testa-

ment which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. [*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*
[*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.
Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.

What a god's gold, 50
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 60
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures--O abhorred spirits!--
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence,

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better! 70

You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travaill'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. Wl at we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men. 80

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st at most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault: 90
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 100
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in company;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 110
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not re-

sist
But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist; make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself 120
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'twas time and
griefs
That framed him thus : time, with his fairer
hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon !
Timon ! 130

Look out, and speak to friends : the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet
thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !
Speak, and be hang'd :
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as cauterizing to the root of the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet
thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them
back the plague, 140
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have
thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross :
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon ;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd
render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the
dram ;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :

Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy sena-
tors. 161

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to re-
turn with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good
name

Live with authority : so soon we shall drive
back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 170
Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ;
thus :

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it,

In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives
care not, 181

While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow : my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live
still ;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am
not

One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

First Sen. These words become your lips
as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them, 200
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain.

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath [again.]

First Sen. I like this well ; he will return

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down, And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends, 210

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree From high to low throughout, that whoso please

To stop affliction, let him take his waste, Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe, And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further ; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ; Who once a day with his embossed froth 220 The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let sour words go by and language end : What is amiss plague and infection mend ! Graves only be men's works and death their gain !

Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign. [Retires to his cave.]

First Sen. His discontents are unremovable Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead : let us return,

And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril. 231

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his files

As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least : Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;

Whom, though in general part we were opposed,

Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends : this man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10 With letters of entreaty, which imported

His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him except.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare : Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here ? speak, ho ! No answer ! What is this ?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span : Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.

Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax : Our captain hath in every figure skill,

An aged interpreter, though young in days : Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time With all licentious measure, making your wills [such

The scope of justice ; till now myself and As slept within the shadow of your power Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed

Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush, When crouching marrow in the bearer strong Cries of itself 'No more : ' now breathless wrong 10

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, And pury insolence shall break his wind With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love

By humble message and by promised means : We were not all unkind, nor all deserve 21

The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands from whom

You have received your griefs ; nor are they such

That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall

For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went
out ;

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread : 30
By decimation, and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the des-
tined tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like
lands,

Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy
rage :

Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended : like a
shepherd,

Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall
ope ;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own

Whom you yourselves shall set out for re-
proof

Fall and no more : and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds, 61
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[The Senators descend, and open the gates.]

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft im-
pression

Interprets for my poor ignorance. 69

Alcib. [Reads the epitaph] 'Here lies a
wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : a plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left !

Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men
did hate :

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human
griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon : of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1608.)

INTRODUCTION.

Shakespeare's portion of this play has something of the slightness of a preliminary sketch. The first two Acts are evidently by another writer than Shakespeare, and probably the scenes in Act IV. (Sc. II., V., and VI.), so revolting to our moral sense, are also to be assigned away from him. What remains (Acts III., IV., V., omitting the scenes just mentioned) is the pure and charming romance of Marina, the sea-born child of Pericles, her loss, and the recovery of both child and mother by the afflicted Prince. Whether Shakespeare worked upon the foundation of an earlier play, or whether the non-Shakespearean parts of *Pericles* were additions made to what he had written, cannot be determined with certainty. It is supposed by some critics that three hands can be distinguished: that of a general reviser who wrote the first two acts and Gower's choruses—possibly the dramatist, George Wilkins; that of a second writer who contributed the offensive scenes of Act IV.; and thirdly the hand of Shakespeare. *Pericles* was entered in the Stationers' register in 1608 by the book-seller Blount, and was published with a very ill arranged text the next year (1609) by another book-seller who had, it is believed, surreptitiously obtained his copy. It was not included among the plays given in the first or second folios, but appeared, with six added plays, in the third folio (1683). The story upon which *Pericles* was founded is that given in Lawrence Twine's *L'atlerne of Painfull Adventures* (1607), itself a reprint of an early printed version from the French; given also in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and originally written about the fifth or sixth century of our era, in Greek. Both Twine and Gower appear to have been made use of by the writers of *Pericles*, and the debt to Gower is acknowledged by his introduction as the "presenter" of the play. The drama as a whole is singularly undramatic. It entirely lacks unity of action, and the prominent figures of the opening scenes quickly drop out of the play. Most of the story is briefly told in rhymed verse by the presenter, Gower, or is set forth in dumb show. But Shakespeare's portion is one and indivisible. It opens on ship board with a tempest, and in Shakespeare's later play of storm and wreck he has not attempted to rival the earlier treatment of the subject. "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea," a living poet writes, "has ever equalled the great scene of *Pericles*; no such note of music was ever struck out of the clash and contention of tempestuous elements." Cerimon, who is master of the secrets of nature, and who is liberal in his "learned charity," is like a first study of Prospero. In the fifth act Marina, so named from her birth at sea, has grown to the age of fourteen years, and is, as it were, a sister of Miranda and Perdita (note in each case the significant name). She, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers—only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a clear-obscure of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter; but the scene in *Pericles* is filled with a rarer, keener passion of joy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESTANES, }
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshall.
A Poet.
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: Dispersed in various countries.

ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.**Before the palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales ;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes.
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat :
The fairest in all Syria,

I tell you what mine authors say :

This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,

And her to incest did provoke :
Bad child ; worse father ! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none :
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent he made a law,

To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,

His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,

As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your
eye

I give, my cause who best can justify.

*[Exit.]*SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.**Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and followers.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at
large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself ;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,

Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,

To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like
the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the
king

Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in
love,

That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesper-
ides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be
touch'd ;

For death-like dragons here affright thee
hard :

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must
die.

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Teli thee, with speechless tongues and sem-
blance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's
wars ;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath
taught

My frail mortality to know itself, 41
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must ;

For death remember'd should be like a mir-
ror,

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do

Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling
woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you

And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they
came ;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the daughter of Antiochus.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion
then :

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove
prosperous !

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness ! 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father :
He's father, son, and husband mild ;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read
it ?

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could
still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill :
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait 79
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods,
to hearken :

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
life,

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's ex-
pired :

Either expound now, or receive your sen-
tence. 90

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell
it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown :
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
mole casts 100

Consp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth
is throng'd

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's
their will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth
ill ?

It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my
head.

Ant. *[Aside]* Heaven, that I had thy head !
he has found the meaning :
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of
Tyre, 110

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honor and your worth. 120

[Exeunt all but Pericles.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover
sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !
If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child,
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they
feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the
light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke :
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame : 140
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you
clear,

By-flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.
[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which
we mean

To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner ;
And therefore instantly this prince must die :
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ? 150

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind par-
takes

Her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance
you.

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him ;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your
haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*]

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after : and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell to
your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! [*Exit Thal.*] Till
Pericles be dead, 170
My heart can lend no succor to my head.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none dis-
turb us.—Why should this change of
thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed
me quiet ?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine
eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here :
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me : the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence ;

Nor boots it me to say I honor him. 20
If he suspect I may dishonor him :
And what may make him blush in being
known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be
known ;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by and
defend them, 30
Makes both my body pine and soul to lan-
guish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your
sacred breast !

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you
return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing ; 41

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a
peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our
haven,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]
Helicanus, thou 50

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes'
frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our
face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to
heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe
myself ;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.

Sit down : thou art no flatterer : 60
I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid !

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy ser-
vant,

What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-
self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-
canus,

That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then : I went to Antioch, 70
Where as thou know'st, against the face of
death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,
 †Are arms to princes, and bring joys to sub-
 jects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
 The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as
 incest : [father

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth : but thou
 know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector ; and, being
 here,

Bethought me what was past, what might
 succeed.

I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :
 And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening air
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope,
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
 arms, 90

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
 him :

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not in-
 nocence :

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
 Whel now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir !
 Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
 from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given
 me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by public war or private treason
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any ; if to me. 109

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
 Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my ab-
 sence ?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in
 the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.
 Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
 to Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects' good
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
 bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine
 oath : 120

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack
 both :

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-
 vince,
 Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true
 prince. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the
 palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
 Here must I kill King Pericles ; and if I do it
 not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis dan-
 gerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow,
 and had good discretion, that, being bid to
 ask what he would of the king, desired he
 might know none of his secrets : now do I see
 he had some reason for 't ; for if a king bid a
 man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture
 of his oath to be one ! Hush ! here come the
 lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other
 Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers
 of Tyre. 10
 Further to question me of your king's depart-
 ure :

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
 Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How ! the king gone !

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
 Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
 He would depart, I'll give some light unto
 you.

Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch ?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I
 know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him ; at least he
 judged so :

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
 To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself ;
 So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or
 death.

Thal. [Aside] Well, I perceive
 I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;
 But since he's gone,† the king's seas must
 please :

He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
 I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of
 Tyre ! 30

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-
 come.

Thal. From him I come
 With message unto princely Pericles ;
 But since my landing I have understood
 Your lord has betook himself to unknown
 travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
 Commended to our master, not to us :
 Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Exeunt. 40

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with DIONYZA, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a
higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs
are;

Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher
rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants
it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep

Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
them louder;

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And wanting breath to speak help me with
tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the
government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the
sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,

The name of help grew odious to repeat. 31

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
our change,

These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea,
and air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abund-
ance,

As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:

Those palates who, not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:

Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they loved.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and
wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weep-
ing;

Here many sink, yet those which see them
fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do wit-
ness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neigh-
boring shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighboring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down al-
ready;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the
semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favorers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most de-
ceit.

But bring they what they will and what they
can,

What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half
way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes, 80

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace con-
sist;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you
are,

Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy
bread,

And give them life whom hunger starved
half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise :
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and
men. 100

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils !

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast
here awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and
word.

Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison, 10
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with
CLEON ; all the train with them. Enter at
another door a Gentleman, with a letter to
PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to
CLEON ; gives the Messenger a reward, and
knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door,
and CLEON at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labors ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ; 20
And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin

And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. 40
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the
sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly
man

Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you :
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery
grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch !

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the
nets !

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say !

First Fish. What say you, master ?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now !
come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking
of the poor men that were cast away before
us even now. 20

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to
us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could
scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as
much when I saw the porpus how he bounced
and tumbled ? they say they're half fish, half
flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come but
I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how
the fishes live in the sea. 30

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land ; the
great ones eat up the little ones : I can com-
pare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a
whale ; a' plays and tumbles, driving the
poor fry before him, and at last devours them
all at a mouthful : such whales have I heard

on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too : and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides ! 49

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect !
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? If it be a day fits you, I search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast. 60

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg ? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then ? 70

Per. I never practiced it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know ;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on :
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend ; you said you could not beg. 90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave ! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then ?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labor !

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are ? 101

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you : this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him.

First Fish. Ay, sir ; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore ? 111

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey : and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—this wife's soul. 121

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help ! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends ! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself ; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, 129

Which my dead father did bequeath to me. With this strict charge, even as he left his life, 'Keep it, my Pericles ; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death ;'—and pointed to this brace ;—

'For that it saved me, keep it ; in like necessity—

The which the gods protect thee from !—may defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it ; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again :

I thank thee for't : my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir ? 141

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king ;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it ;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ? 150

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do'e take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ; 160
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm :
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

First Lord. They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight ; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun ; 20
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza.'

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.' 30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down ;

The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectandus fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*]

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral ;

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears 50
To have practiced more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honor'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armor rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us see

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming : we will
withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.
[Great shouts within and all cry 'The mean
knight!']

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state : a
banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants,
and Knights, from tilting.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's
fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are princes and my guests.

Thal. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by
merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours ;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed ;
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you are her labor'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your
place :

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honor'd much by good
Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days : honor
we love ;

For who hates honor hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are
gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thal. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory, 31
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant
gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman ;
Has done no more than other knights have
done ;

Has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass.

Thal. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was ;

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence ; 40

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy :
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What are you merry, knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal
presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto
the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile :

You knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thal. What is it

To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter :

Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes 60
To honor them :

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd
at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine
to him

Thal. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How ! 70

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thal. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could
not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire
to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage

Thal. The king my father, sir, has drunk
to you.

Per. I thank him. [Life.]

Thal. Wishing it so much blood unto your

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thal. And further he desires to know of
you, 79

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre ; my name,
Pericles ;

My education been in arts and arms ;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And a'ter shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thal. He thanks your grace : names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfor-
tune, 90

And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other
revels.

Even in your armors, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well per-
form'd.

Come, sir; 100

Here is a lady that wants breathing too :

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip ;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practice them they are,
my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be de-
nied

Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp :

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,
[*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and lights,
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings ! [*To*
Per.] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love ;

And that's the mark I know you level at :

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;

To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free :
For which, the most high gods not minding

to requite
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter
with him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so
stunk, 10

That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escan. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice ; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no
guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Escan. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private con-
ference

Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without
reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not
second it. 20

First Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Heli-
cane, a word.

Hel. With me ? and welcome : happy day,
my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen
to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs ! for what ? wrong not
your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble
Helicane ;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;

And be resolved he lives to govern us, 31

Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death indeed's the strong-
est in our censure :

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head,—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof

Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,

That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane ! 40

Hel. For honor's cause, forbear your suf-
frages :

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to

Forbear the absence of your king :

If in which time expired, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50

And in your search spend your adventurous
worth ;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. 'To wisdom he's a fool that will
not yield ;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavor us.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands :

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door :
the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Si-
monides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know, [take

That for this twelvemonth she'll not under-

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her,
my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she has so
strictly tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we
take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with
mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding
to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous
fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of
you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar: therefore look
to it. 39

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing
else.

Per. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honor her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,
and thou art

A villain. 50

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the
king—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent. 60

I came unto your court for honor's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you. 70

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me
glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I
know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself. — 80

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife:

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it
too:

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters
it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed? 90

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see
you wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to
bed. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now crouches fore the mouse's hole ;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 E'er the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche :
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter : PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES takes leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coigns
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence
 That horse and sail and high expense 20
 Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenor these :
 Antiochus and his daughter dead ;
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress ; 30
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 'Our heir-apparent is a king !
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?'
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen with child makes her desire— 40
 Which who shall cross ?—along to go :
 Omit we all their dole and woe :
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
 Varies again ; the grisly north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives : 50
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey ;

Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck 59
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
 these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou,
 that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O, still
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ; gently
 quench
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes ! O, how,
 Lychorida,
 How does my queen ? Thou stormest venom-
 ously ;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ? The seaman's
 whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the
 pangs
 Of my queen's travails !

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida !

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
 place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do : take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the
 storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20
 A little daughter : for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away ? We here
 below

Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Use honor with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
 Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
 For a more blustrous birth had never babe :
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! for 29
 Thou art the rudest welcome to this world
 That ever was prince's child. Happy what
 follows !

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can
 make,

To herald thee from the womb : even at the
 first

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
 With all thou canst find here. Now, the good
 gods

Throw their best eyes upon't !

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed: and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy

corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,

My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe

Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath

the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what

coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner.

Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus.* A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men: 'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,

And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow, 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple: pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well, 28

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former, 30

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,

Together with my practice, made familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetables, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which

doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honor, 40

O'er tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restored:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest : 50
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open
straight :

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches
upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed !
Did the sea cast it up ?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow,
sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ;
Soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with
it.
O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a
corse !

First Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd
and entreaured

With full bags of spices ! A passport too !
Apollo, perfect me in the characters !

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost 70
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe ! This chanced to-
night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;
For look how fresh she looks ! They were
too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire
within : 80

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. ¶ I heard of an Egyp-
tian

That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and
fire.*

Well said, well said ; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more : how thou stirr'st, thou
block ! 90

The music there !—I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen.

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a
warmth

Breathes out of her : she hath not been en-
tranced

Above five hours : see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame forever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, 100
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.

Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture,

Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world
is this ?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange ?

First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbors !
Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber
bear her.

Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ; 110
And Æsculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LY-
CHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone ;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus
stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The
gods

Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they
hurt you mortally,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleased you had
brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end 11
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,
whom,

For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn,

For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,

Must in your child be thought on. If neglec-
tion 20

Should therein make me vile, the common
body,

By you relieved, would force me to my duty :

But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,

To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;

Your honor and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honor, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge
o' the shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no
tears,

Lechorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's
house.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,

A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.

His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.

Now to Marina bend your mind,

Whom our fast-growing scene must find

At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd

In music, letters ; who hath gain'd

Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place 11

Of general wonder. But, alack,

That monster envy, oft the wrack

Of earned praise, Marina's life

Seeks to take off by treason's knife.

And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter, and a wench full grown,

Even ripe for marriage-rite ; this maid

Hight Philoten : and it is said

For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be : 20

Be't when she weaved the sleided silk

With fingers long, small, white as milk ;

Or when she would with sharp needle
wound

The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it ; or when to the lute

She sung, and made the night-bird mute,

That still records with moan ; or when

She would with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian ; still

This Philoten contends in skill 30

With absolute Marina : so

With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Vie feathers white. Marina gets

All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so darks

In Philoten all graceful marks,

That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,

A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter

Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40

The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,

Lechorida, our nurse, is dead :

And cursed Dionyza hath

The pregnant instrument of wrath

Prest for this blow. The unborn event

I do commend to your content :

Only I carry winged time

Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;

Which never could I so convey,

Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50

Dionyza does appear,

With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the
sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn
to do't :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a th'ng in the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be

A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature. 9

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. †Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor
maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you
have

A nurse of me. Lord, how your favor's
changed

With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar
it.

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; 31
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; 32
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voy-
age;

[taken
Blame both my lord and me, that we have
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while:

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. 50
[Exit Dionysa.

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never
fear,

But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, gall-
ing

His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, claspings to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt
out?'

And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste. 71

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; as come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker. 91

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [He seizes her.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain!

[Leonine runs away.
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates with Marina.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the
great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her, 101

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be
slain. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't !

Boul't. Sir ?

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this morn'g by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten. 9

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true : 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven ; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden. 21

Pand. Thou sayest true ; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over. 30

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? is it a shame to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger : therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over. 39

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boul't. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin ?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see : if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities ? 50

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes : there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't ?

Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in ; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Ezeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity ; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow !

He should have struck, not spoke ; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother !

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one ?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions : you shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What ! do you stop your ears ?

Mar. Are you a woman ?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman ?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman. 90

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me !

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort ?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 109

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress,

do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Baud. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Baud. [To *Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Baud. Thou sayest true, I' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant. 139

Boul. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,— [spit.]

Baud. Thou mayest cut a morsel off the *Boul.* I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Baud. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160
Diana, aid my purpose!

Baud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Tarsus.* A room in *Cleon's* house.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionyzza*, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth

I' the justice of compare! O villain *Leonine*!

Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say When noble *Pericles* shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent, And for an honest attribute cry out 'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20

Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think The petty wrens of *Tarsus* will fly hence, And open this to *Pericles*. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his prime consent, he did not flow From honorable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then: Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. 30 She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on *Marina's* face; Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find It greets me as an enterprise of kindness Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, 40 What should he say? We wept after her

harse, And yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face, Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies: 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't ;
 Making, to take your imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language in each several clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
 you [teach you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanced in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have

brought
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts
 grow on,— 19

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
 Like motes and shadows see them move
 awhile ;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train ;
 CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON
 shows PERICLES the tomb ; whereat PERICLES
 makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in
 a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON
 and DIONYZA.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
 o'er shower'd.

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He hears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit.
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's
 monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaugh-

ter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'
 the earth :

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
 stow'd : [stint,

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must
 play

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like ?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a
 place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached
 there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
 bawdy-houses : shall's go hear the vestals sing ?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is
 virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting
 for ever. [Exeunt. 10

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
 worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fic, fie upon her ! she's able to
 freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole
 generation. We must either get her ravished,
 or be rid of her. When she should do for clients
 her fitment, and do me the kindness of our
 profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons,
 her master reasons, her prayers, her knees ;
 that she would make a puritan of the devil, if
 he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
 disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make
 our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-
 ness for me !

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't
 but by the way to the pox. Here comes the
 Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,
 if the peevish baggage would but give way to
 customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ! How a dozen of virgini-
 ties ?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor !

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good
 health.

Lys. You may so ; 'tis the better for you
 that your resorters stand upon sound legs.
 How now ! wholesome iniquity have you that
 a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would
 —but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness,
 thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say
 well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
 red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose
 indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee ? 40

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. *[Exit Boult.]*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you : leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently. 51

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. *[To Marina]* First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honorable he is in that, I know not. 61

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet : you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together. Gothy ways.

[Exit Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young ? Were you a gamester at five or at seven ? 81

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't ? I hear say you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am ? 90

Mar. Who is my principal ?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place : come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now ;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. 101

Lys. How's this ? how's this ? Some more ; be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air !

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee :

Persever in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The good gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent ; for to me The very doors and windows savor vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost

Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper ! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink and overwhelm you. Away ! *[Exit.]*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ? 140

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball ; saying his prayers too. 149

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at

thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures : away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry, hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! *[Exit.]*

Boult. Come, mistress ; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change : Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Colstrail that comes inquiring for his Tib ; To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such 178 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman : Any of these ways are yet better than this ; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the World safely deliver me from this place ! 191 Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home And prostitute me to the basest groom 201 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going

but by their consent : therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays ; Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her need composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or That even her art sisters the natural roses ; Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry : That pupils lacks she none of noble race, 9 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;

And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost ;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ; And to him in his barge with fervor hies. 20 In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark : Where what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit and hark. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I. On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it ; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge ; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you.

O ; here he is. Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene, And in it is Lysimachus the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ? *[Gentlemen.]*

Hel. That he have his. Call up some *Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call ?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard ;

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10 *[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.]*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you. [you !]

Lys. Hail, reverend sir ! the gods preserve

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place ? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief. [perature ?]

Lys. Upon what ground is his distem-

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat ;

But the main grief springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him ?

Hel. You may ;

But bootless is your sight : he will not speak To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*]

This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,

Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !

Hail, royal sir ! 40

Hel. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager, Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet harmony

And other chosen attractions, would allure,

And make 'a battery through his deafen'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd :

She is all happy as the fairest of all,

And, with her fellow maids, is now upon 50

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you That for our gold we may provision have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,

But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60

And so afflict our province. Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you : But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one ! Is't not a goodly presence ?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely

wed. 69

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay

As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her ; And the gods make her prosperous ! 80

[*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha !

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gazed on like a comet : she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist ;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.' [age—

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent—To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. [woman ?]

You are like something that—What country—Here of these shores ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
a one

My daughter might have been : my queen's
square brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like 111

And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes
them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
you live ? [deck

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments,
which

You make more rich to owe ?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak : 120
Falseness cannot come from thee ; for thou
look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I will be-
lieve thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou
look'st

Like one I loved indeed. What were thy
friends ? [back—

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou
camest

From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most
kind virgin ? 141

Recount, I do beseech thee : come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,

My father, and a king. 151

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
Motion ! Well ; speak on. Where were you
born ?

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! what mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a
king ;

Who died the minute I was born, 160

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !
[Aside] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be :
My daughter's buried. Well : where were you
bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn : believe me, 'twere best I
did give o'er. 169

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :
How came you in these parts ? where were you
bred ? [me]

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to
do't,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you
weep ? It may be,

You think me an impostor : no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but
Hero is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud 200

As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you mid

Thou hast been godlike perfect,
† The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father. 210

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou
art my child. *[canus ;*

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus ;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowl-
edge

She is thy very princess. Who is this ? 220

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you. *[ing.*
Give me my robes. I am wild in my behold-
O heavens bless my girl ! But, hark, what
music ?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what
music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ! 230
The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

Lys. My lord, I hear. *[Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music !

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. *[Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head :

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. 240

[Exeunt all but Pericles.

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus : hie
thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice. *[gether,*
There, when my maiden priests are met to-
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ;
Do it, and happy ; by my silver bow !

Awake, and tell thy dream. *[Disappears. 250*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus !

*Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and
MARINA.*

Hel. Sir ?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to
strike

The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee
why.

[To Lysimachus] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir, 260

With all my heart ; and, when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter GOWER, before the temple of
DIANA at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,

For such kindness must relieve me, 270

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mytilene

To greet the king. So he thrived,

That he is promised to be wived

To fair Marina ; but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade : whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound. 280

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus ;*

THAISIA standing near the altar, as high

priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ;

CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus

attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his train ; LYSIMACHUS,

HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just com-
mand,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus

Was nursed with Cleon ; who at fourteen years

He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene ; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us, [she
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favor !
You are, you are—O royal Pericles ! *[Faints.]*

Per. What means the nun ? she dies ! help,
gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no ;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain. 20

Cer. Look to the lady ; O, she's but o'er-
joy'd.

Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and
placed her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you
to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look !
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles ? Like him you spake,
Like him you are : did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this : no more, you gods ! your
present kindness 40
Makes my past miseries sports : you shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa.]

Per. Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa ;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Best, and mine own !
Mar. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did
fly from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute :
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :
Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.
Now do I long to hear now you were found ;
How possibly preserved ; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown the
power ; that can 60
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her ;

How she came placed here in the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision ! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, 70
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daugh-
ter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet
there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days : 81

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold : sir, lead's the way.

[Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
keen, [blast
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at
last : 90

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of tri'b, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Simon there well appears

The worth that learned charity aye wears :
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honor'd
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn ;
The gods for murder seem'd so content
To punish them ; although not done, but
meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has
ending. *Exit.*

CYMBELINE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1609.)

INTRODUCTION.

Cymbeline interweaves with a fragment of British history taken from Holinshed, a story from Boccaccio's *Decameron* (9th Novel of 2nd Day), the Geneva of the Italian novel corresponding to Shakespeare's Imogen. The story is told in a tract called *Westward for Smelts*, 1620 (stated by Steevens and Malone to have been published as early as 1603); but Shakespeare appears in some way, directly or indirectly, to have made acquaintance with it as given by Boccaccio. The names of the two princes Shakespeare found, as well as the king's name, in Holinshed; but the incidents of their having been stolen, and their life, among the mountains of Wales, appear to have been invented by the dramatist. Dr. Forman records in his *MS Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof* that he saw *Cymbeline* acted; but he gives no date. His book, however, belongs to the years 1610-1611, and the metrical and other internal evidence point to that time as about the period when the drama must have been written. It is loosely constructed, and some passages possess little dramatic intensity. Several critics have questioned whether the vision of Posthumus (Act V. Sc. iv.) is of Shakespeare's authorship, and it is certainly poorly conceived and written. Nevertheless, the play is one of singular charm, and contains in Imogen one of the loveliest of Shakespeare's creations of female character. Except grandeur and majesty, which were reserved for Hermione and Queen Katherine, every thing that can make a woman lovely is given by the poet to Imogen: quick and exquisite feelings, brightness of intellect, delicate imagination, energy to hate evil and to right what was wrong, scorn for what is mean or rude, culture, dainty womanly accomplishments, the gift of song, a capacity for exquisite happiness and no less sensitiveness to the sharpness of sorrow, a power of quick recovery from disaster when the warmth of love breathes upon her once more, beauty of a type which is noble and refined. And her lost brothers are gallant youths, bred happily far from the court, in wilds where their generous instincts and love of freedom and activity find innocent if insufficient modes of gratification. As in all the works of this period, an open-air feeling pervades a great part of the drama; nature, itself joyous and free, ministers to what is beautiful, simple, or heroic in man, while yet by Shakespeare nature alone is never anywhere conceived as sufficient to satisfy the heart or the imagination of a human being. With reconciliation and reunion this, like the other Romances, closes. The faith of Posthumus in Imogen is of a half-romantic kind, unconcerned by calm and deep acquaintance with her heart: that faith is not subtly poisoned, like the love of Othello, but suddenly, in one brief and desperate encounter, overthrown. His jealousy is not heroic, like Othello's; it shows something of grossness, unworthy of his true self. In due time penitential sorrow does its work, his nobler nature reasserts itself, and in the final reunion of parent and lost children, the erring husband is also restored to the quick-beating, joyous heart of his wife.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised
ARVIRAGUS, { under the names of Polydore
and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaioliers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain; Rome.
(1011)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter ?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's solo son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she's wedded ;

Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king ? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too ; so is the queen,

That most desired the match ; but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so ?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her—

I mean, that married her, alack, good man !
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such 19
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something
failing

In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,

Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth ?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root :
his father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30

But had his titles by Tenantius whom

He served with glory and admired success,

So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus ;

And had, besides this gentleman in question,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand ; for which
their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,

Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased

As he was born. The king he takes the babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leon-
atus, 41

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of ; which he
took,

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in
court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most
loved,

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature

A glass that feated them, and to the graver

A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress,

For whom he now is banish'd, her own price

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue ;

By her election may be truly read

What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honor him

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell
me,

Is she sole child to the king ?

First Gent. His only child.

He had two sons : if this be worth your hear-
ing,

Mark it : the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in
knowledge 60

Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago ?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be
so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

First Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear : here comes
the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find
me, daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you : you're my prisoner, but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
mus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet

The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what

patience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

The pangs of barr'd affections, though the
king

Hath charged you should not speak together.
[Exit.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath · but nothing—

Always reserved my holy duty—what His rage can do on me : you must be gone ,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress ! O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth : My residence in Rome at one Philario's, Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter : thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you : 101 If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move him

To walk this way : I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ; Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little : Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ; This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;

But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another ? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*]

Remain, remain thou here While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles, 120 I still win of you : for my sake wear this ; It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]
Imo. O the gods ! When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !

If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away ! Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you ! And bless the good remainders of the court ! I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation : I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen !

Imo. O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus You bred him as my playfellow, and he is A man worth any woman, overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !

Would I were A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbor shepherd's son !
Cym. Thou foolish thing ! 150

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together : you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged, Die of this folly !

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

Queen. Fie ! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought And had no help of anger : they were parted By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !

I would they were in Afric both together ;

Myself try with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your
master?

Pis. On his command : he would not suffer
me 170

To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave
me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift
a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you
reek as a sacrifice : where air comes out, air
comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome
as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift
it. Have I hurt him ?

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No, 'faith ; not so much
as his patience. 9

First Lord. Hurt him ! his body's a passable
carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare
for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt ;
it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No ; but he fled forward
still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you ! You have land
enough of your own : but he added to your
having ; gave you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you
have oceans. Puppies ! [us.]

Clo. I would they had not come between

Sec. Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the
ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow
and refuse me !

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a
true election, she is damned. 30

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her
beauty and her brain go not together : she's a
good sign, but I have seen small reflection of
her wit.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] She shines not upon
fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would
there had been some hurt done !

Sec. Lord. [Aside] I wish not so ; unless it
had been the fall of an ass, which is no great
hurt. 40

Clo. You'll go with us ?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores
o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should
write

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen !

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but
had

Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor, or have charged
him, 30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
dispatch'd.

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt. 40]

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by theirs.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colors are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. 40

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did stonify my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an

argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy. 71

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustrs many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen. 109

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something; but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I do not attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

P-st. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 149

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring. 150

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me die'ty to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 181

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Britain.* A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have

Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human, 20

To try the vigor of them and apply Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master, An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio! Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30 Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she

has

Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats
and dogs.

Then afterward up higher : but there is 39
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost
thou think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou ex-
pect,

To be depend on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him ? [*The Queen
drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
Thou takest up

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy
labor :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not
know

What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take
it ;

It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't as from thy-
self.

Think what a chance thou changest on, but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the
king 70

To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaken ; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him
that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her 79
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the
palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that
husband !

My supreme crown of grief ! and those re-
peated

Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miser-
able

Is the desire that's glorious : blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest
wills,

Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ?
Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters. 11

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

[*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door
most rich !

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely
tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust—
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad ? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?
Iach. It cannot be 't the eye, for apes and
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
 and 40
 Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the
 judgment.

For idiots in this case of favor would
 Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
 Sluttish to such neat excellence opposed
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
 That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
 Both fill'd and running, ravening first the
 lamb

Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
 Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To *Pisano*]

Beseech you, sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
 Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir, 60
 To give him welcome. [Exit.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
 beseech you?

Iach. Well, inadam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
 there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
 The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
 He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
 Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
 There is a Frenchman his companion, one
 An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
 loves

A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
 The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
 Briton—

Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs,
 cries 'O, [knows]

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
 By history, report, or his own proof, 70
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be, will his free hours languish for
 Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood
 with laughter:

It is a recreation to be by
 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But,
 heavens know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty to-
 wards him might
 Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis
 much;

In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 81
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in
 me
 Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
 To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
 I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
 Deliver with more openness your answers
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do— 90
 I was about to say—enjoy your—But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: pray
 you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born—discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose
 touch, 100

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
 soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with
 hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood,
 as

With labor; then by-peeping in an eye
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your
 graces

That from my mute conscience to my tongue
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth
 strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
 Would make the great'st king double,—to be
 partner'd

With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseased
 ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
 stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
 How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
 As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130

Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your
lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have 141

So long attended thee. If thou wert honor-
able,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
from thy report as thou from honor, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150

A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound

His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who

He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160

Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your par-
don.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your

lord,

That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch

That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god;

He hath a kind of honor sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which

hath

Honor'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear

him [you,

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your

pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power I' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost
forgot 180

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your lord; myself and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jew-
els 189

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage: may it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold

To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word 200

By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise

To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material

To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.* 210]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's
palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck!
when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be
hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up
for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of
him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You
have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like
him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to
swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail
his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord ; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ? Would he had been one of my rank !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth : a pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to. 30

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends. 41

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think. 49

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son

Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, 61 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honor, keep unshaked That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! [*Exit.* 70

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace : a trunk in one corner of it*

IMOGEN in bed, reading ; a Lady attending

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?
Lady. Please you, madam

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed : Take not away the taper, leave it burning ; And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock, I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods. From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye. 10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd The chastity he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily, touch !

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do't ! 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids, 20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windows, white and azure laced With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,

To note the chamber : I will write all down : Such and such pictures ; there the window ; such

The adornment of her bed ; the arras ; figures, Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story.

Ah, those same natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand meaner moveables Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her ! And be her sense but as a monument, Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off .

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard : 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the conscience does within, To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law could make : this secret 40

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three : time, time !

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning is't not ? 10

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune ; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it : and then let her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalcid flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes :

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise

Arise, arise. 30

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved enunch to boot, can never amend

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 41

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may 50 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly soliciting, and be friended With aptness of the season ; make denials Increase your services ; so seem as if You were inspired to do those duties which You tender to her ; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, 60 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no fault of his : we must receive him

According to the honor of his sender ; And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,

Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks*] By your leave, ho ! 70

I know her women are about her : what If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief ;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man : what

Can it not do and undo ? I will make One of her women lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the case myself. 80 [*Knocks*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess! 90

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give is telling you that I am poor of thanks And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, 100

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110 By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, That I, which knew my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so near the lack of charity—

To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather

You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none: 120

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,

On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot; Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave.

A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be styled The under-hauman of his kingdom, and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio! 141

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool, Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think I saw't this morning: confident I am 150 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss ought but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clo. You have abused me: 'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too: She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be revenged: 160 'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so ^{sure} To win the king as I am bold her honor Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,

Quake in the present winter's state and wish That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company

O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do's commission thoroughly : and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear

The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known

To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you
by land ;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 31
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best ; or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not 40

Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we

Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my land
And ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength

I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : her and-irons—

I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor !
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise [tion

Be given to your remembrance—the descrip-
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Showing the bracelet.

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel ;
see !

And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir—I thank her—that: 100
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and
said

She prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?
Post. O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take
this too ; [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty ; truth, where sem-
blance ; love,

Where there's another man: the vows of
women 110

Of no more bondage be, to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues ; which is noth-
ing.

O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stol'n it from her ?

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm,

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he
swears.

'Tis true :—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I
am sure

She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn and honorable :—they induced to
steal it !

And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoyed
her :

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this : she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly. [Hell]

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient : 130
This is not strong enough to be believed

Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remem-
ber

This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?
Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count
the turns ;

Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you
lie ;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
limb-meal !

I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience ! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present
wrath 151

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another room in Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but
women

Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, ven-
geance !

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't 11
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—O, all the devils!
This yellow lachimo, in an hour,—was't
not ?—

Or less,—at first ?—perchance he spoke not,
but,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O !' and mounted ; found no opposi-
tion

But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find
out

The woman's part in me ! For there's no
motion 20

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving,
hers ;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; re-
venges, hers ;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
dain,

Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part or all ; but rather, all ;
For even to vice
They are not so constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one 31
Not half so old as that. I'll write against
them,

Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS
LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus
Caesar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Caesar, whose remem-
brance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and
tongues

Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Brit-
ain

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee
lately

Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to re-
sume.

We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies'
boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
conquest

Caesar made here ; but made not here his
brag

Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame :'
with shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was car-
ried

From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his
shipping—

Prone ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof.
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at
point— 30

O giglot fortune !—to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be
paid : our kingdom is stronger than it was at
that time ; and, as I said, there is no moe
such Caesars : other of them may have crook'd
noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 39

Clo. We have yet many among us can
gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say I
am one ; but I have a hand. Why tribute ?
why should we pay tribute ? If Caesar can
hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
the moon in his pocket, we will pay him trib-
ute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free : Caesar's
ambition,

Which swell'd so much that it did almost
stretch 50

The sides o' the world, against all color here
Did put the yoke upon 's ; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which—
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of
Caesar

Hath too much mangled ; whose repai : and
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good
deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry : Mulmu-
tius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar—
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then : war and confusion
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee :
look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Caesar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honor ;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons
cold :

So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine:

All the remain is 'Welcome!' [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another room in the palace.

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian, As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No: She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue. O my master! Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity So much as this fact comes to? [Reading]

'Do't: the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes. I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer That knew the stars as I his characters; He'd lay the future open. You good gods, Let what is here contain'd relish of love, Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:

Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,

For it doth physic love: of his content, All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be

You bees that make these locks of counsel
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods! 39

[Reads] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st, But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, 59

To the smothering of the sense—how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and by the way Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To inherit such a haven: but first of all, How we may steal from hence, and for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you: [Aside] and too much too. 71

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father: and provide me presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider. *Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee; Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way [Exeunt]

SCENE III. *Wales : a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS ; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys ;
this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and
bows you
To a morning's holy office : the gates of mon-

are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair
heaven !

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to
yond hill ; 10
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats.
Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off ;
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we,
poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known ; well correspond-

ing
With your stiff age ; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat ;
Our valor is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries

And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court
As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil o' the
war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' the name of fame and honor ; which dies i'
the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure :—O boys, this
story

The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved
me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in
one night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor !

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have
told you off— [vill'd

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans : so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty
years

This rock and these demesnes have been my
world ; 70

Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-
tains !

This is not hunters' language : he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

These boys know little they are sons to the
king ; 80

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine ; and though train'd
up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out 90

Into my story : say 'Thus, mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck ;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter? 10

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if wint'ly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man:
thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [Reads] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not
out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge.
That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me,
if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life:
I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven.
She hath my letter for the purpose:
where, if thou fear to strike and to make me
certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her
dishonor and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,
madam? 41

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be
false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed,
is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:
lachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now me-
thinks 50
Thy favor's good enough. Some jay of Italy
†Whose mother was her painting, hath be-
tray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like
false Aeneas, 60
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-
humus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou
see'st him,

A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit 69
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's
my heart. 80

Something's afore't. Soft, soft ! we'll no de-
fence ;

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corruptors of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers : though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. 89

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy
knife ?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too. 101

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action and thine own ? our horses'
labor ?

The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment ; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater
wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither : 120
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded

I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how
live ?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
†With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day,
night,

Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's
volume 140

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't ;
In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee, think
There's lovers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
†Pretty and full of view ; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience : fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish
courage : 160

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laborious and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make
him know,

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless

With joy he will embrace you, for he's honorable

And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad, 180

You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithce, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithce.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mis-
tress, 190

Here is a box ; I had it from the queen :
What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE V. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must
needs

Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir : I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your grace !

Queen. And you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office ; 10

The due of honor in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this
time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good
my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it
honors us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the
emperor 21

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in
readiness :

The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be
thus

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not ap-
pear'd 30

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty :

We have noted it. Call her before us ; for

We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my
lord,

'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no
answer

That will be given to the loudest noise we
make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit
her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great
court 50

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which

I fear

Prove false !

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old
servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*]
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !
He hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath
seized her, 60

Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus : gone she is
To death or to dishonor ; and my end
Can make good use of either : she being down
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[Exit.

Clo. I love and hate her : for she's fair and
royal, 70
And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-
quisite

Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all ; I love her therefore : but
Disdaining me and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what's else rare is choked ; and in that
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools 79
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here ? What, are you packing,
sirrah ?

Clo. Come hither : ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter ;—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness can-
not

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she
miss'd ? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word : no more of ' worthy lord !'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge 99
Touching her flight.

[Presenting a letter.

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [Aside] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum !

Pis. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's
dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but
do me true service, undergo those employ-
ments wherein I should have cause to use thee
with a serious industry, that is, what villany

soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly, I would think thee an honest man : thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief
nor my voice for thy perishment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? for since patient-
ly and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare
fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst
not, in the course of gratitude, but be a dili-
gent follower of mine : wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the
same suit he wore when he took leave of my
lady and mistress. 129

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch
that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven !—I forgot
to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—
even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill
thee. I would these garments were come.
She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I
now belch from my heart—that she held the
very garment of Posthumus in more respect
than my noble and natural person, together
with the adornment of my qualities. With
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first
kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see
my valor, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of
insultment ended on his dead body, and when
my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex
her I will execute in the clothes that she so
praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot
her home again. She hath despised me rejoic-
ingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Mil-
ford-Haven ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ;
that is the second thing that I have command-
ed thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a volun-
tary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and
true preferment shall tender itself to thee.
My revenge is now at Milford : would I had
wings to follow it ! Come, and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss : for true
to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow,
flow, [speed

You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's
Be cross'd with slowness ; labor be his need !

[Exit.

SCENE VI. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one :

I have tired myself, and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think
 Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis to
 A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
 fullness
 Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think
 on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
 Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet
 famine, 19
 Ere clean it o' throw nature, makes it valiant,
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards : hardness
 ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll
 enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
 on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit, to the cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our
 match : 30
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our
 stomachs
 Will make what's homely savory : weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be
 here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in
 appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll
 browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. *[Looking into the cave.]* Stay ; come
 not in. 40

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy !

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
 To have begg'd or bought what I have took :

good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I
 had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for
 my meat : 50

I would have left it on the board so soon

As I had made my meal, and parted

With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
 Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hun-
 ger,

I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls, nor measure our good
 minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encount-
 er'd !

'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard but be your groom. In
 honesty, 70

I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort

He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :

And such a welcome as I'd give to him

After long absence, such is yours : most wel-
 come !

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
 If brothers. *[Aside]* Would it had been so,
 that they

Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
 Been less, and so more equal ballasting

To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be, 80

What pain it cost, what danger. God's !

Bel. Hark, boys
[Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them—lay-
 ing by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me
 gods !

I'd change my sex to be companion with them.

Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth,
come in : 90

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have
supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl and morn to the
lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenor of the empe-
ror's writ :

That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends 9
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : the words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Wales : near the cave of Belarius.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly.
How fit his garments serve me ! Why should
his mistress, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather--saving
reverence of the word--for 'tis said a woman's
fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the
workman. I dare speak it to myself--for it is
not vain-glory for a man and his glass to con-
fer in his own chamber--I mean, the lines of
my body are as well drawn as his ; no less
young, more strong, not beneath him in for-
tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,
above him in birth, alike conversant in general
services, and more remarkable in single op-
positions : yet this imperceivable thing loves
him in my despite. What mortality is ! Pos-
thumus, thy head, which now is growing upon
thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ;
thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to

pieces before thy face : and all this done, spurn
her home to her father ; who may haply be a
little angry for my so rough usage ; but my
mother, having power of his testiness, shall
turn all into my commendations. My horse is
tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore pur-
pose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This
is the very description of their meeting-place ;
and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well : remain
here in the cave ;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with
him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave
me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of
custom 10

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by
me

Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here :

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards and base things sire
base : [grace,

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health. So please you, sir

Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures
Gods, what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprovest report !

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the
dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick. *Pisano,*
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arr. Thus did he answer me : yet said,
hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !
We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots
In characters,

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter. 51

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away !—
Who's there ? 61

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that
villain

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates !'
Means he not us ? I partly know him : 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some
ambush.

'I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence !

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother
search

What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]
Clo. Soft ! What are you 70

That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ?

Have not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base, 90
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal.
Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name,

I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder,
Spider, 90

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear,
the wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads :
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad ? 101

Arr. None in the world : you did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favor

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am
absolute

'Twas very Cloten.

Arr. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty
purse ;

There was no money in't . not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none :

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in 121
Displace our heads where—thank the gods !—
they grow,

And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul 130

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humor

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone ; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he
hearing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable 141
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en 150

His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged :

Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't !
though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would re-
venges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through 160

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay

Still hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : to gain his color
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gen-
tle 171

As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as
rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rude'st
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis won-
der

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor 179
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occa-
sion

Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of
my dear'st mother 190
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The mat-
ter ?

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,
bearing her in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this. 201

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so
well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crare
Might easiliest harbor in ? Thou blessed
thing !

Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;
but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at ; his
right cheek 211
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept,
and put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not
lack 220

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with
that 230

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave !

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother ; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with
thee ; 240

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ;
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : though mean and
mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither. 251
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, be-
gin. [*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head
to the east ;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning flash, 270

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have ; 280
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies : come,
lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but 'bout mid-
night, more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their
faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you
strew.

Come on, away : apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them
again : 289

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ;
which is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yond bush ?—Pray, how far
thither ?

'Ods pittikins ! can it be six mile yet ?—

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow !—O gods and goddesses !
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream ;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so ;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : our very

eyes 301
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !

The dream's here still : even when I wake, it
is

Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
A headless man ! The garments of Posthu-

mus !
I know the shape of's leg : this is his hand ;

His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ; 310
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face

Murder in heaven ?—How !—'Tis gone. Pi-
sanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,

Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top ! O Posthumus ! alas,

Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me !
where's that ? 321

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be ?

Pisanio ?
'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant !

The drug he gave me, which he said was pre-
cious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it

home :
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !

Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those 331

Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my
lord ! [Falls on the body.]

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers,
and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attend-
ing

You here at Milford-Haven with your ships :
They are in readiness.

But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the con-
furers

And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present

numbers
Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't. Now,

sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's

purpose ?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me

a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus :

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the

west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which por-
tends— 350

Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho ! what trunk is it

here
Without his top ? The ruin speaks that some-
time

It was a worthy building. How ! a page !
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead

rather ;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.

Young one, 360
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems

They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow ? Or who was

he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy
interest

In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my mas-
ter,

A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas !

There is no more such masters : I may wan-
der 371

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never

Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou movest no less with thy complaining

than
Thy master in bleeding : say his name, good

friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie

and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

Will take thy chance with me ? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth !

And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave : come, arm him. Boy, he is pre-
ferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis
with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! *Imo-*
gen,

The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful ways point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee 11

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours ;

I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here :

I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season ; but
our jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen !

I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more
you're ready : 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here. Away !

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true, to
be true.

These present wars shall find I love my coun-
try,

Even to the note 's the king, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not
steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales : before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. *Sounds.*

We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure
us.

To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not
muster'd 10

Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are. 21

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the
king

Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die I scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and ven-
ison!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I: amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you
set

So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys! 50

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long;
their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for
I wish'd

Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you should take this course, how
many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

[*love*]
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
To have them fall no more: you some permit
† To second ill with ill, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress;
peace! 20

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. 10
[*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAS.

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the ground ;
The lane is guarded : nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight !
Arv. }

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons : they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought : the king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane ; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear ; that the straight pass was damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country : athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter ;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—
Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,

'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.

Stand ;

Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may

But to look back in frown : stand, stand.

These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand,
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some,
turn'd coward

But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners !—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began

A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon

A rout, confusion thick ; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ;
slaves,

The strides they victors made : and now our
cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need : having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !

Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends

O'er borne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :

Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,

Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end ?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ;

For if he'll do as he is made to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry.
Post. Still going ? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a

lord ! O noble misery,

To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their

honors
To have saved their carcasses ! took heed to
And yet died too ! I, in mine own woe

charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him

groan,
Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,

Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will
find him ;

For being now a favorer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in : fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter

Here made by the Roman ; great the answer.
be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's
death ; 80

On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius
is taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a
silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported :
But none of 'em can be found. Stand ! who's
there ?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if
seconds

Had answer'd him. 90

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags
his service

As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present
POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him
over to a Gaoler : then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n,
you have locks upon you ;

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art
a way,

I think, to liberty : yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had
rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou
art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists : you good
gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever ! Is't enough I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement : that's not my desire :
For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
'Tween man and man they weigh not every
stamp ;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
You rather mine, being yours : and so, great
powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition,
SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus,
an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading
in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and
mother to Posthumus, with music before
them : then, after other music, follow the two
young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus,
with wounds as they died in the wars. They
circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies : 31

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending nature's law :

Whose father then, as men report

Thou orphans' father art, 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded
him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir. 51

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy ?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honor to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd ? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning,
sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunder-
bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region
low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ; 99

No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine :

And so, away : no further with your din 111
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial
breath

Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to-foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields : his royal
bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased

All. Thanks, Jupiter !
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is
enter'd. 120

His radiant roof. Away ! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a
grandsire, and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers : but, O scorn !

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were
born : [depend

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that
On greatness' favor dream as I have done,

Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130

And yet are steep'd in favors ; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not

why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O
rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and

be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and
when from a stately cedar shall be lopped

branches, which, being dead many years,
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock

and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish

in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ;

Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which 150
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for
death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if
you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you,
sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to

no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills ;
which are often the sadness of parting, as the

procuring of mirth : you come in faint for
want of meat, depart reeling with too much

drink ; sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse

and brain both empty ; the brain the heavier
for being too light, the purse too light, being

drawn of heaviness : of this contradiction you
shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny

cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you
have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of

what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :
your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters ; so
the acquaintance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one. 191

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gnomes and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart that the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked ^{breast} Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; *[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus]* which I will add To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain, By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen; Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you Companions to our person and will fit you 21 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say. *Cor.* First, she confess'd she never loved you, only

Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40 And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman? Is there more? *Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life and lingering 51

By inches waste you: in which time she purposed, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show, and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hath'd were not effected ; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?
First Lady. We did, so please your high-
ness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my
heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had
been vicious
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend
all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS
behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ;
that
The Britons have-razed out, though with the
100
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have
made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have
granted :
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the
day

Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your
highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have served a Roman : save him,
sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favor is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, where-
fore,

To say 'live, boy : ' ne'er thank thy master ;
live :

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good
lad ;

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their
joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on ? speak, 110

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy
friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness ; who, being born
your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you
please

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy
name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak
freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Aro. One sand another 120

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you ?

Gul. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes
us not ; forbear ;

Creatures may be alike : were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gul. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress :
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir,
step you forth ; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewell ;

Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quail to remember— Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength : 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will

Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour !—it was, in Rome,—accursed

The mansion where !—'twas at a feast,—O, would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heaved to head !—the good Posthumus—

What should I say ? he was too good to be Where ill men were ; and was the best of all

Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly, 160

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak, for feature, lam-ing

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva.

Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving, Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire :

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, 170

Most like a noble lord in love and one

That had a royal lover, took his hint ;

And, not dispraising whom we praised,—there-in

He was as calm as virtue—he began

His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags

Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description

Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180

And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch, Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore Upon his honor'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of's bed and win this ring

By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,

No less of her honor confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle

Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it 190

Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design : well may you, sir, Remember me at court ; where I was taught

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus

quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent :

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with similar proof enough

To make the noble Leonatus mad, 201

By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes

Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—

O cunning, how I got it !—nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—

Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend ! Ay me, most credulous fool,

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing 211

That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come ! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out

For torturers ingenious : it is I [amend

That all the abhorred things o' the earth

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,

That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie—

That caused a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief, to do't : the temple 220

Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set

The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and

Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen !

My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,

Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou

scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her : she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help !

Mine and your mistress ! O, my lord Post-

humus ! 230

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help !

Mine honor'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, 239

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio

Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that con-

fection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is served

As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned

me

To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250

The satisfaction of her knowledge only

In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,

Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would

cease

The present power of life, but in short time

All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gul. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded

lady from you?

*Think that you are upon a rock; and now

Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!

What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?

Will thou not speak to me?

Imo. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [To Guiderius and Arviragus] Though

you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her

it was

That we meet here so strangely: but her son

Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord

Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
 and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket; which directed him 280

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforced from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to vio-

late

My lady's honor: what became of him

I further know not.

Gul. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my

lips

Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,

Deny't again.

Gul. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gul. A most incivil one: the wrongs he

did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke

me

With language that would make me spurn the

sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;

And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and

must

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for. [To the Guard] Let his

arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three: 310

But I will prove that two on's are as good

As I have given out him. My sons, I must,

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gul. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who

Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath

Assumed this age ; indeed a banish'd man ;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence : 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons !

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my
knee :

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me
father

And think they are my sons, are none of
mine ;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting. 331

Cym. How ! my issue !

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan, [ish'd :
Am that Belarius whom you sometime ban-
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my pun-
ishment

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd.
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir,
as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Eur-
phile, 340

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these
children

Upon my banishment : I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then : beaten for loy-
alty

Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious
sir,

Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are
worthy.

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my chil-
dren :

If these be they, I know not how to wish

A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guide-
rius :

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was
lapp'd 360

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the
hand

his queen mother, which for more proba-
tion

I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er
mother

Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you
be, 370

That, after this strange starting from your
orbs,

You may reign in them now ! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle
brothers,

Have we thus met ? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me bro-
ther,

When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gul. And at first meeting loved ;
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how
lived you ? [tive ?

And when came you to serve our Roman cap-
How parted with your brothers ? how first met
them ?

Why fled you from the court ? and whither ?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded ;

And all the other by-dependencies, 390
From chance to chance : but nor the time nor
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy : the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[To Belarius] Thou art my brother ; so we'll
hold thee ever.

Irao. You are my father too, and did re-
lieve me, 400

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd.
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Irao. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and
graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for 409
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, be-
seech you,

Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord
of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, me-
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can 431
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthu-
mus end his miseries. Britain be fortunate and
flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier': which 'mulier' I di-
vine

Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd
about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches
point

Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now re-
vived,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar, 460
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and
hers.

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely
eagle,

The imperial Caesar, should again unite

His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let

A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town
march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter

Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.

Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace. [Exeunt]

THE TEMPEST.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1610.)

INTRODUCTION.

The Tempest was probably written late in the year 1610. A few months previously had appeared an account of the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship in a tempest off the Bermudas, entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Devils, &c.*, written by Silvester Jourdan. Shakespeare (Act I., Sc. II., L. 221) makes mention of "the still-vexed Bermoothes;" and several points of resemblance render it probable that in writing the play he had Jourdan's tract before him. Beyond the suggestions obtained from this tract no source of the story of the play can be pointed out. Mention was made by the poet Collins of a tale called *Aurelius and Isabella* containing the same incidents, but in this point he was mistaken, though he may have seen some other Italian story which resembled *The Tempest*. The name Setebos (Sycorax's god) and perhaps other names of persons Shakespeare found in Eden's *History of Travaille*, published in 1577. *The Tempest*, although far from lacking dramatic or human interest, has something in its spirit of the nature of a clear and solemn vision. It expresses Shakespeare's highest and serenest view of life. Prospero, the great enchanter, is altogether the opposite of the vulgar magician. With command over the elemental powers, which study has brought to him, he possesses moral grandeur and a command over himself, in spite of occasional fits of involuntary abstraction and of intellectual impatience; he looks down on life, and sees through it, yet will not refuse to take his part in it. In Shakespeare's early play of supernatural agencies—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—the "human mortals" were made the sport of the frolic-loving elves; here the supernatural powers attend on and obey their ruler, man. It has been suggested that Prospero, the great enchanter, is Shakespeare himself, and that when he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and dismisses his airy spirits, going back to the duties of his dukedom, Shakespeare was thinking of his own resigning of his powers of imaginative enchantment, his parting from the theatre, where his attendant spirits had played their parts, and his return to Stratford. The persons in this play, while remaining real and living, are conceived in a more abstract way, more as types than those in any other work of Shakespeare. Prospero is the highest wisdom and moral attainment; Gonzalo is humorous common-sense incarnated; all that is meanest and most despicable appears in the wretched conspirators; Miranda, whose name seems to suggest wonder, is almost an elemental being, framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, yet made substantial by contrast with Ariel, who is an unbodied joy, too much a creature of light and air to know human affection or human sorrow; Caliban (the name formed from cannibal) stands at the other extreme, with all the elements in him—appetites, intellect, even imagination—out of which man emerges into early civilization, but with a moral nature that is still gross and malignant. Over all presides Prospero like a providence; and the spirit of reconciliation, of forgiveness, harmonizing the contentions of men, appears in *The Tempest* in the same noble manner as in *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *Henry VIII.* The action of the play is comprised within three hours.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, } presented by Spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*A ship at Sea : an island.*
(1049)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the top-sail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office. 40

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox of your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning 60

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at widest to glut him.

[A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!—'

'We split, we split!—' Farewell, my wife and children!—'

'Farewell, brother!—' 'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit Ant. and Seb.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO'S*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in

her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd and The fraughting souls within her. 10

Pros. Be collected: No more amazement: tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing—

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :

[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ;
have comfort.

The dreadful spectacle of the wreck, which
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st

sink. Sit down ;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay : not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not 40

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or
person ?

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
But how is it

That this lives in thy mind ? What seest
thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time ? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest
here,

How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue,
and

She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy
father

Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence ?

Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl : 61
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please

you, farther. [tonio—

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should

Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put

The manage of my state ; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so re-
puted

In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant
suits,

How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created 81

The creatures that were mine, I say, or
changed 'em,

Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state

To what tune pleased his ears ; that now he
was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou at-
tend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90

With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false
brother

Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood in the contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like
one

{ Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe

He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitu-
tion,

And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative : hence his ambition
growing—

Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal
royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wif the King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mtr. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event;
Then tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mtr. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition. 120

The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu of the premises
O' homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honors on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of dark-
ness, 130

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mtr. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further

And then I'll bring thee to the present
business [story]
Which now's upon's; without the which this
Were most impertinent.

Mtr. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not, 140

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colors fairer painted their four ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; Where they pre-
pared

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong. 151

Mtr. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt,

Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in

An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mtr. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, 161

Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mtr. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise [Resumes his mantle.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here 171

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made the more
profit [time

Than other princesses can that have more
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mtr. Heaven's thank you for't! And now,

I pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 181

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not
choose. [Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Art. All hail, great master! grave sir,
hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding
task

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast though, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade
thee?

Art. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly, 200

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more moment-
ary

And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit !
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a sou
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the
vessel, 211

Then all afire with me : the king's son,
Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ' Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit !
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest
me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I lauded by himself ; 221
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid :

The mariners all under hatches stow'd ; 230
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labor,

I have left asleep ; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wreck'd

And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast prom-
ised,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now ? moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out ? no more !

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
served

Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst
promise

To hate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and
envy

Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot
her ?

Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born ?
speak ; tell me. 260

Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so ? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing
she did

They would not take her life. Is not this true ?
Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my
slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her ser-
vant ;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died

And left thee there ; where thou didst vent
thy groans 280

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
know'st

What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans-
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the
breasts

Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made
gape

The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master ;

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !

What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the
sea : be subject 301

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't : go, hence with dili-
gence ! *[Exit Ariel.]*

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept
well ;

Awake !

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on ;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. *[Within]* There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say ! there's other
business for thee :

Côme, thou tortoise ! when ?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the
devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth ! 320

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er !

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ;
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may
work,

All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more
stinging

Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou
camest first,

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,
wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I loved
thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile :

Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
Which first was mine own king : and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
me

The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have
used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to vio-
late

The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans. 351

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

One thing or other : when thou didst not,
savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast
thou 360

Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my
profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
you

For learning me your language !

Pros. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,
malice ?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din. 371

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave ; hence ! [*Exit Caliban.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND following.*

ARIEL's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feathly here and there ; 380
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark !

The watch-dogs bark :
Bow-wow,
Bow-wow

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air
or the earth ?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters, 391
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change 400
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burthen. Ding-dong.
Ari. Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,
bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye
advance

And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. 411

Pros. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and
hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou
seest

Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows

And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit !
I'll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here : my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

Mir. No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How ? ' the best ? 430
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that
wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear
me ;

And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, be-
held

The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke
of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight 440
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word,

good sir ;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a
word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently ?
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father
To be inclined my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you

The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir ! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers ; but
this swift business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word
more ; I charge thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not ; and hast put thy-
self

Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together : 461
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and
husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who maketh a show but darest not strike, thy
conscience 470
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as
he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban. 480
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on ; obey :
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are ;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day 490
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. 500

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have
cause,

So have we all, of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the mer-
chant

Have just our theme of woe ; but for the mir-
acle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir,
weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit ; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : tell. [offer'd,

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you
have spoken truer than you purposed. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock. 30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be
desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inacces-
sible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't. 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and
delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learn-
edly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to

life.
Ant. True ; save means to live. 50

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks !
 how green !

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth
 totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is in-
 deed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they
 were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding
 their freshness and glosses, being rather
 new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
 would it not say he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his re-
 gon. Methinks our garments are now as

fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,
 at the marriage of the king's fair daughter
 Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
 well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with
 such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ! a pox o' that ! How came
 that widow in ? widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas'
 too ? Good Lord, how you take it !

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you ? you make
 me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of
 Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage ?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous
 harp ; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make
 easy next ?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home
 in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the
 sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our gar-
 ments seem now as fresh as when we were at
 Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who
 is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

Ant. O, widow Dido ! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the
 first day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's
 marriage ?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears
 against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
 Married my daughter there ! for, coming
 thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
 Who is so far from Italy removed, 110

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee ?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him ; his bold

head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis
 bow'd, 120

As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt
 He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this
 great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your
 daughter,

But rather lose her to an African ;
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importuned
 otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself 129
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have

lost your son,
 I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making
 Than we bring men to comfort them :

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
 ness

And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly. 140

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather ?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my
 lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would
 I do ?

Seb. 'Scapè being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by con-
 traries
 Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
 Letters should not be known : riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;

No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty ;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should
produce
Without sweat or endeavor : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any en-
gine, 161
Would I not have ; but nature should bring
forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?
Ant. None, man ; all idle : whores and
knaves. [sir,
Gon. I would with such perfection govern,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. God save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk no-
thing to me. 171

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and
did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you : so you may continue and
laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given ! 180

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal ;
you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
she would continue in it five weeks without
changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowl-
ing.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adven-
ture my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. 190

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine
eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts :
I find

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your
rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them !

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why ~~not~~
Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent ;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might ?—No
more :—

And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks
thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely

It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st 211

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking,

moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ;

wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom :
you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do 220

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on :

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance,

this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-
suaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade,—the king his son's

alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd

As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you ! no hope that way
is 240

Another way so high a hope that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis ; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man if the moon's too slow—till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable ; she that—from
whom ? 250

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,

And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this ! how say you ?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis ;

So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them ; why, they were
no worse 261

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand
me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember 270
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : my brother's ser-
vants

Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ?

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a
kibe,

'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be
they

And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your
brother, 280

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead ; [of it,

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
Can lay to bed for evet ; whiles you, doing
thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the
rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, 290
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest ;

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Art. My master through his art foresees
the danger

That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me
forth—

For else his project dies—to keep them living.
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, 300
Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake, awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [They wake.

Alon. Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why
are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
repose, 310

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow-
ing

Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake
you ?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's
ear,

To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a hum-
ming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake
me :

I shaked you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes
open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard, 321

Or that we quit this place ; let's draw our
weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and
make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at
me

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount 11
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to
bear off any weather at all, and another storm
brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond
same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a
foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If
it should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head: yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by painfuls. What have
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A
fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in Eng-
land now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this mon-
ster make a man; any strange beast there
makes a man: when they will not give a doit
to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten
to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man!
and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth!
I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no
longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that
hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thun-
der.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best
way is to creep under his gaberdine; there
is no other shelter hereabouts: misery ac-
quaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I

will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be
past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his
hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate

Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery, 50.

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my com-
fort. [*Drinks.*]

Ca. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils
here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages
and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped
drowning to be afraid now of your four legs;
for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever
went on four legs cannot make him give
ground; and it shall be said so again while
Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.
Where the devil should he learn our language?
I will give him some relief, if it be but for
that. If I can recover him and keep him tame
and get to Naples with him, he's a present for
any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring
my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk
after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle:
if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go
near to remove his fit. If I can recover him
and keep him tame, I will not take too much
for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou
wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now
Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you,
cat: open your mouth; this will shake your
shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you
cannot tell who's your friend: open your
chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should
be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:
O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most deli-
cate monster! His forward voice now is to
speak well of his friend; his backward voice
is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all
the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will

"I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here, I shall die ashore——"



help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano! 100

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 121

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss. 161

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster: a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom! 191

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's

dead And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crab-

bed, And he's composed of harshness. I must re-

MAVE

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget :

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors,

† Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to
pile!

Pray, set it down and rest you : when this
burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My
father

Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me
that ;

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to
it,

And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected !
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so !

Fer. Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a
lady

I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age 41

Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I

More that I may call men than you, good friend,

And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skilless of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ; 60
I would, not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between 'em !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?
Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not
offer

What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then ?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't ; and
now farewell 90

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we
will drink water ; not a drop before : therefore

bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60 From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows And take his bottle from him: when that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off. 81

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! 90

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,

I th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log Butter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not 101 One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rooted as I. Burn but his books.

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,— Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 110 As great'st at does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat

thee ; but, while thou livest, keep a good
tongue in thy head. 121

Cal. Within this half hour will he be
asleep :

Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of
pleasure :

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do
reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let
us sing. [*Sings.*]

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em ;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in
thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take't as
thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defy
thee. Mercy upon us ! 141

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of
noises, [hurt not.

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime
voices

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in
dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show
riches 150

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to
me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's
follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would
I could see this taborer ; he lays it on. 160

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze tro! indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your
patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,

To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and
rest.

Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him
go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night : no
more. [*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this ? My good
friends, hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter
several strange Shapes, bringing in a ban-
quet ; they dance about it with gentle actions
of salutation ; and, inviting the King, &c.
to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens !
What were these ? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one
phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travellers ne'er
did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe
me ?

If I should say, I saw such islanders—

For, certes, these are people of the island—30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well ; for some of you there
present

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound,
expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind ; for we
have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom
Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]

You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done. My high charms work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,

And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above*]
Gon. F the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded 101

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate:
their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her. 11

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own
acquisition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow : but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st sug-
gestion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd, 30

Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here
I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your
last service

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this
place :

Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say ' come ' and ' go,'
And breathe twice and cry ' so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not
approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.* 50

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give
dalliance

Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are

To the fire ! the blood ; be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.

Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and
pease ;

Thy turf mountains, where live nibbling
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep ;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy-hest betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns : and
thy broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;

And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o'
the sky, 70

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers

Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost
crown 80

My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate

On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,

Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity [*son*

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be
paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is returned again ;

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with
sparrows 100

And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,

Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous

And honor'd in their issue. [*They sing :*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send
Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be
mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless
looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green
land

Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to cele-
brate

A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
in country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ;
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts
suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they
heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul con-
spiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life : the minute of their plot

Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done !
avoid ; no more !

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion

That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved
sort,

As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air : 150
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is
troubled :

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity : 160
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel : come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure ?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I pre-
sented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave
these varlets ? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot
with drinking ;

So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss
and thorns, 180

Which entered their frail shins : at last I left
them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake

O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190 And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Calibab,

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drowsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone

And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,

Make us strange stuff

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace 240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some line upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villanous low. 250

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! [*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so, When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and's followers ?

Ari. Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your
cell ;

They cannot budge till your release. The
king,

His brother and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord,
Gonzalo ;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
ing

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou
art ?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck
to the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being pen-
itent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 29
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid, 40
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thun-
der

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based prom-
ontory

Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd
up

The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, oped, and let 'em
forth

my so potent art. But this rough magic 50

I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SE-
BASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, at-
tended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all
enter the circle which PROSPERO had made,
and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO
observing, speaks :*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves
apace,

And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that man-
tle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir 69
To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh
and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature ; who, with Se-
bastian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king ; I do for-
give thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their under-
standing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of
them

That yet looks on me, or would know me :
Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan : quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :

In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

There I couch when owls do cry. 90

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I
shall miss thee .

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boat-
swain

Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee.

Art. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and
amazement

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero

Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor can-
not

Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let
you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends
all !

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace
of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon
you

And justify you traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call bro-
ther

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since

Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have
lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance
is !—

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure. 141

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft
grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, sup-
portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in
Naples,

The king and queen there ! that they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive,
these lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce
think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoever you have
Been justified from your senses, know for cer-
tain

That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely 160

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,
was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;

This cell's my court : here have I few attend-
ants

And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom. 171

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MI-
RANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful ;

I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new
world,
That has such people in't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three
hours :

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;
But by immortal Providence she's mine : 189
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown !
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that
his issue

Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your
hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be it so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boat-
swain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blas-
phemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore ?

Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the
news ? 220

Boats. The best news is, that we have
safely found

Our king and company ; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came
you hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well
awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under
hatches ; [noises]

Where but even now with strange and several
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty ;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please
you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was't well done ? 240

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod ;

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of : some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd
leisure

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
Those happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheer-
ful 250

And think of each thing well. [Aside to *Ari.*]

Come hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free :

Untie the spell. [Exit *Ariel.*] How fares my
gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-
PHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself ; for all is
but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear
in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits in-
deed !

How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?

Will money buy 'em ?

Ant.

Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen
knave,

His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs, 270

And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-
devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd 'em ?
How earnest thou in this pickle ? 281

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano !

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano,
but a cramp

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I
look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his man-
ners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise here-
after

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your
train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your
rest

For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
make it

Go quick away ; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My

Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well ! Please you,
draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell ;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands : 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

THE WINTER'S TALE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1610-11.)

INTRODUCTION.

The Winter's Tale was seen at the Globe on May 15, 1611, by Dr. Forman, and is described in his *MS. Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof*. The versification is that of Shakespeare's latest group of plays: no five-measure lines are rhymed; run-on lines and double endings are numerous. Its tone and feeling place it in the same period with *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*; its breezy air is surely that which blew over Warwick-hire fields upon Shakespeare now returned to Stratford; its country lads and lasses, and their janketings, are those with which the poet had in a happy spirit renewed his acquaintance. *The Winter's Tale* is perhaps the last complete play that Shakespeare wrote. It is founded upon Greene's *Pandosto* (or, as it was after-ward named, *Dorastus and Fawnia*) first published in 1588. The idea of introducing Time as a chorus comes from Greene, and all the principal characters, except Pauline and the incomparable rogue Autolycus. After his manner, Shakespeare drives forward to what chiefly interests him in the subject. The jealousy of Leontes is not a detailed dramatic study like the love and jealousy of Othello. It is a gross madness which mounts to the brain, and turns Leontes' whole nature into unreasoning passion. The character of the noble sufferer Hermione is that with which the dramatist is above all concerned—this first; and, secondly, the grace, beauty, and girlish happiness of Perdita; while of the subordinate persons of the drama, Shakespeare delights chiefly in his own creation, Autolycus, the most charming of rogues and rovers. Hermione may be placed side by side with the Queen Katharine of *Henry VIII.*, which play belongs to this period. Both are noble sufferers, who by the dignity and purity of their natures transcend all feeling of vulgar resentment. Deep and even quick feeling never renders Hermione incapable of an admirable justice, nor deprives her of a true sense of pity for him who so gravely wrongs both her and himself. The meeting of kindred, with forgiveness and reconciliation, if these are called for by past offences, forms the common ending of the last plays of Shakespeare. Perdita belongs to the group of exquisite youthful figures set over against those of their graver and sadder elders in the plays of this period. She is one of the same company with Miranda and Marina, and the youthful sons of Cymbeline. The shepherdess-princess, "queen of curds and cream," is less a vision than Miranda, the child of wonder, but more perhaps a creature of this earth. There is nothing lovelier or more innocently joyous in poetry than Perdita at the rustic merry-making, sharing her flowers with old and young. And in Florizel she has found a lover, full of the innocence and chivalry of unstained early manhood. Autolycus stands by himself among the creations of the dramatist. The art of thieving as practised by him is no crime, but the gift of some knavish god. He does not trample on the laws of morality, but dances or leaps over them with so nimble a foot that we forbear to stay him. In the sad world which contains a Leontes and can lose a Marullius, so light-hearted a wanderer must be pardoned even if he be light-fingered, and sometimes mistakes for his own the sheet bleaching on the hedge, which happens to be ours.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } Four Lords of Sicilia.
DION,
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.

A Gaoier.
HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.
DORCAS, }
Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers,
and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.
Time, as Chorus.

SCENE : Sicilia, and Bohemia.

(1073)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in LEONTES' palace.**Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves ; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely. 19

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius : it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 40

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : it is a gallant child ; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh : they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. 50

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burthen : time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;

And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while ; And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. 10
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say 'This is put forth too truly : ' besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so. There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, 20

So soon, as yours could win me : so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay To you a charge and trouble : to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You have drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir, Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30

All in Bohemia's well ; this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :

But let him say so then, and let him go ;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission 40

To let him there a month behind the gest Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady-she her lord. You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say ' Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's ' Verily,' 's 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread
' Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam :
To be your prisoner should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question
you 60
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
' boys :

You were pretty lordings then ?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more be-
hind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did
frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : what we
changed

Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly ' not guilty ; ' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady !
Temptations have since then been born to's ;
for

In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the
eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot ! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : yet go on ;
The offences we have made you do we'll
answer,

If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd
not

With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ! have I twice said well ? when
was't before ? 90
I prithee tell me ; cram's with praise, and
make's

As fat as tame things : one good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :
My last good deed was to entreat his stay :
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were
Grace !

But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when 101
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love : then didst thou
utter

' I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [Aside] Too hot, too hot !
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me : my heart dances ;
But not for joy ; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent ; 't may, I grant ;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as
'twere

The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertain-
ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows ! Mamil-
lius,

Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks ! 120
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose ?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, cap-
tain,

We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain :

And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm !—How now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me : yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so, 130
That will say anything : but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain !

Most dear'st ! my collop ! Can thy dam ?—
may't be ?—

Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams ;—how can this
be ?— 140

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing : then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He, something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord !

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction :
Are you moved, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest. 150
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself un-
breec'h'd,

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous :

How like, methought, I then was to this
kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest
friend, 160

Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ! why, happy man be's dole !
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childishness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood. 171

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me : we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermi-*
one,

How thou lovest us, show in our brother's
welcome ;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours ! the garden : shall's attend you
there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling
now, 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband !

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*]

Gone already !

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one !

Go, play, boy, play : thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and cla-
mor

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There
have been, 190

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's
absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor : nay, there's comfort
in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all de-
spair [kind

That have revolted wives, the tenth of man-
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
none ; 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north and south : be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly ; know't ;

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage : many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now
boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why that's some comfort.
What, Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord. 210

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an hon-
est man. [*Exit Mamillius*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his an-
chor hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions :
made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?
[*Aside*] They're here with me already, whis-
pering, rounding

'Sicilia is a so-farth : 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Ca-
millo,

That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. 220

Leon. At the queen's be't : 'good' should
be pertinent ;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind ? say.

Cam. Business, my lord ! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer. 230

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy !

The entreaties of your mistress ! satisfy !
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !
Leon. To hide upon't, thou art not honest, or,

If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required ; or else thou must be counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent ; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful ; 250
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha ! not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumor 270
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—

My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?

Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?

Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing ;

The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;

My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both : were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like a medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia : who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that

Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who
mayst see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,

How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,

But with a lingering dram that should not
work 320

Maliciously like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. †Make that thy question, and go
rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my
son, 330

Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your high-
ness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none. 341

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bo-
hemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
advised me. [Exit. 350]

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not
one, 360

Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a counte-
nance

As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met
him 370

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know,
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I
must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto 391
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech
you,

If you know aught which does behove my
knowledge

Thee to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honor and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my
counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
he swears,

As he had seen't or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his
queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night !
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ; 441
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure 450
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profes'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me :

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
†The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing 455

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : please your high-
ness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles
me,

'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to
me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows,
they say,

Become some women best, so that there be
not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle 10

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces.

Pray now

What color are your eyebrows ?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a
lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye ;

The queen your mother rounds apace : we
shall

Present our services to a fine new prince

One of these days ; and then you'd wanton
with us,

If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ?

Come, sir, now 21

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter : I have
one

Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down : come on, and do your
best 21

To fright me with your sprites ; you're power-
ful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard : I will tell
it softly ; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, Lords
and others.*

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Cam-
illo with him ?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge ! how accursed
In being so blest ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected ; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen
the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted : that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the pos-
terns

So easily open ?

First Lord. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.
Give me the boy : I am glad you did not
nurse him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet
you

Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not
come about her ;

Away with him ! and let her sport herself 60
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my say-
ing.

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable :'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and
straight 70

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will bear
Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums and
ha's,

When you have said 'she's goodly,' come be-
tween

Ere you can say 'she's honest :'
but be 't
known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake. 81

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing !
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar : I have said
She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federy with her, and one that knows 90
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerger, even as bad as hose
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve
you, [that

When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to
say

You did mistake.

Leon. No ; if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her ! to
prison !

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities : but I have
That honorable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all,
my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is't that goes with me ? Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me ; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools ;

There is no cause : when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall. My women, come ; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[Exit Queen, guarded ; with Ladies.]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest you
justice

Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir, 130
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotted

I' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
† She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust
her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves : 140

You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't ; would I knew the
villain,

† I would land-damn him. Be she honor-
flaw'd,

I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine, and some
five ;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine
honor,

I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-
heirs ;

And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue. 149

Leon. Cease ; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't and
feel't,

As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty :
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole duny earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than
I, my lord,
Upon this ground ; and more it would content
me

To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-

Imparts this ; which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approba-
tion

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this pro-
ceeding :

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in
post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : now from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel
had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good

From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*]

Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not ? Now, good sir,

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honor.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam :
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from 10
The access of gentle visitors ! Is't lawful,
pray you,

To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, prithée. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together : on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't ; says ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn :
These dangerous unsafe lures if the king, be-
shrew them ! 30

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :

If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be

Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :

The silence often of pure innocence 41
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honor, 50
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be

doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you, come something
nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb and is

By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,

If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A room in LEONTES' palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
Servants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest : it is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the

cause,

She the adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

First Serv. My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy ?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night ; 10
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,

He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely :

go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie ! no
thought of him :

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty, 20

And in his parties, his alliance ; let him be
Until a time may serve : for present venge-

ance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow :

They should not laugh if I could reach them,
nor

Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
to me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent

soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough. 30

Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-
night ; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir :
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,

Honest as either, to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful con-
fession 40

About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How !

Away with that audacious lady ! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear : 50
When she will take the rein I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come ;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours : I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen ; I say good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you. 61

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his
eyes

First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off ;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter ;

Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out !

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o'
door :

A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll war-
rant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bas-
tard.

Thou dotard ! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the prince's to that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't !

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did ; then 'twere
past all doubt 80
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and
will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
husband

And now baits me ! This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire !

Paul. It is yours ;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your
charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the val-
ley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
ger :

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all
colors

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag !
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands 110
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you
tyrant ;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something
savors

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, 120
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a
tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me

sw,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit ! What needs these
hands ?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so : farewell ; we are gone. [Exit. 130

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.

My child ? away with't ! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up
straight :

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou re-
fuse

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper
hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ; 140
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us
better credit :

We have always truly served you, and beseech
you

So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this pur-
pose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows :

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you
hither ;

You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose : at least thus much :
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou !
for the fall 170

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear
it

To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange for-
tune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it
up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present
death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
vens

To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! And,
blessing 190

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both
landed,

Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; fore-
tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most
sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it hears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the re-
verence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing. 11

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen.—O be't not—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy.

The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business : when the ora-
cle,

Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go : fresh
horses !

And gracious be the issue ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we
pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall liave due
course,

Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the
queen

Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

*Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. *[Reads]* Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused
and arraigned of high treason, in committing
adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and
conspiring with Camillo to take away the life
of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal hus-
band : the pretence whereof being by circum-
stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, con-
trary to the faith and allegiance of a true sub-
ject, didst counsel and aid them, for their
better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but
that

Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say 'not guilty : ' mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus : if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best
know,

Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne a great king's daugh-
ter, 40

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it *[honor,*

As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd to appear thus : if one jot be-
yond

The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. †More than mistress of 60
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honor he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love
had spoke, 70
Even since it could speak, from an infant,
freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man ;
And why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you
know

What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir, 80
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all
shame,—

Those of your fact are so—so past all truth :
Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for
as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou 90
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third
comfort

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet : with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this : mistake me not ; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor, 111
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law. Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge !

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just : therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my
father : 120

O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword
of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have
brought

The seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal 130
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes
blameless ; Camillo a true subject ; Le-
ontes a jealous tyrant ; his innocent babe
truly begotten ; and the king shall live with-
out an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down. 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :
The sessions shall proceed : this is mere
falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it !
The prince your son, with mere conceit and
fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone !

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens
themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]
How now there !

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :
look down

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence : 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will re-
cover :

I have too much believed mine own suspi-
cion :

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison 161

My friend Polixenes : which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and
with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing't and being done : he, most hu-
mane

And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended, 170
No richer than his honor : how he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me ?

What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ?
boiling ?

In leads or oils ? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny 180
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have
done

And then run mad indeed, stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful : nor was't much,

Thou wouldst have posion'd good Camillo's honor,

To have him kill a king : poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable
thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry ' woe ! ' the queen, the
queen, 201

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say she's dead ; I'll swear't. If word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things, for they are heav-
ier [thee]

Than all thy woes can stir ; therefore betake
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees 211
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have de-
served

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more :

Howe'er the business goes, you have made
fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them, 220

I do repent. Alas ! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd

To the noble heart. What's gone and what's
past help

Should be past grief : do not receive affliction
At my petition ; I beseech you, rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my
liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :

The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your chil-
dren ; 230

I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well

When most the truth ; which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :
One grave shall be for both : upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed
there 240

Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord : and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look

grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry

And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get
aboard ;

Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud
weather ;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe :

I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o'
the dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some an-
other ; 20

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming : in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before
me,

And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon

Did this break from her : ' Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying ; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever. Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business

Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more, And so, with shrieks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there
these;

Which may, if fortune please, both breed
thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor
wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I can-
not, 51

But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like
to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clam-
or!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between
sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth
would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing
in the between but getting wenches with
child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fight-
ing—Hark you now! Would any but these
boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty
hunt this weather? They have scared away
two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf
will sooner find than the master: if any where
I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of
ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have
we here! Mercy on's, a bawne; a very pretty
bawne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty
one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape:
though I am not bookish, yet I can read wait-
ing-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has
been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some
behind-door-work: they were warmer that
got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take
it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come;
he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hillos, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea
and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea,
for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament
and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes,
how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but
that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry

of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and
not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon
with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with
yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a
hog'shead. And then for the land-service, to
see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone;
how he cried to me for help and said his name
was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an
end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-
dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls
roared, and the sea mocked them; and how
the poor gentleman roared and the bear
mocked him, both roaring louder than the
sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now: I have not winked since I
saw these sights: the men are not yet cold
under water, nor the bear half dined on the
gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped
the old man! 111

Clow. I would you had been by the ship
side, to have helped her: there your charity
would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but
look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou
mettest with things dying, I with things new-
born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a
bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee
here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So,
let's see: it was told me I should be rich by
the fables. This is some changeling: open't.
What's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made old man: if the sins of
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to
live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairly gold, boy, and 'twill
prove so: up with't, keep it close: home,
home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and
to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.
Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next
way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your
findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from
the gentleman and how much he hath eaten:
they are never curst but when they are
hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll
bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest
discern by that which is left of him what he
is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clow. Marry, will I; and you shall help to
put him i' the ground. 141

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do
good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy
and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds
error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,

To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth
untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient st order was 10
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such grow-
ing

As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shep-
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Bohemia. The palace of POLIXENES.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more
imfortunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any
thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my
country: though I have for the most part
been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones
there. Besides, the penitent king, my master,
hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I
might besome allay, or I o'erween to think so,
which is another spur to my departure. 10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not
out the rest of thy services by leaving me
now: the need I have of thee thine own
goodness hath made; better not to have
had thee than thus to want thee: thou, hav-
ing made me businesses which none without
thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay
to execute them thyself or take away with
thee the very services thou hast done; which
if I have not enough considered, as too much
I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be
my study, and my profit therein the heaping
friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia,
prithes speak no more; whose very naming
punishes me with the remembrance of that
penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled
king, my brother; whose loss of his most pre-
cious queen and children are even now to be
afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest

thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are
no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious,
than they are in losing them when they have
approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the
prince. What his happier affairs may be, are
to me unknown: but I have missingly noted,
he is of late much retired from court and is
less frequent to his princely exercises than
formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo,
and with some care; so far that I have eyes
under my service which look upon his re-
movedness; from whom I have this intelli-
gence, that he is seldom from the house of a
most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that
from very nothing, and beyond the imagina-
tion of his neighbors, is grown into an
unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man,
who hath a daughter of most rare note: the
report of her is extended more than can be
thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelli-
gence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our
son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the
place; where we will, not appearing what we
are, have some question with the shepherd;
from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy
to get the cause of my son's resort thither.
Prithee, be my present partner in this business,
and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise
ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's
cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and
the jay, 10
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time
wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? [mine.]

Aut. [Aside] If the sprunge hold, the cock's

Clow. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-soumen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins of the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.]

Clow. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clow. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clow. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel taken from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clow. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clow. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand,

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clow. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clow. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office. 81

Clow. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clow. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. 90

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clow. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 111

Clow. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clow. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clow. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clow. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice, I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flor. These your unusual weeds to each part of you do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,



FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high
self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have ob-
scured

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly
maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our
feasts 10

In every mess have folly and the feeders

Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, sworn, I think,

To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your great-

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I
tremble

To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the
Fates! 20

How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or
how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts,
behold

The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Nep-
tune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30

As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the
king:

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change
this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken
not

The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my
fair,

Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any
thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50

We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and
others, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO dis-
guised.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife
lived, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served
all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labor and the thing she took to quench
it,

She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast:
come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome: 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Cam.]
You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Rever-
end sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season 81

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so, over that
art 90

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather,
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
vors,

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than were I painted I would wish 101
This youth should say 'twere well and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for
you ;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping : these are flow-
ers

Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas ! 110

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day ; and yours, and
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121

Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primrosea,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and

The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I

lack,

To make you garlands of, and my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and
play on ; 130

Not like a corse ; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers :

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure this robe of mine

Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,

Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish
you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,

And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present
deed,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your
youth,

And the true blood which peepeth fairly
through't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shep-
herd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come ; our dance, I
pray :

Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever

Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or
seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : good sooth,
she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,
garlic,

To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon
our manners.

Come, strike up !

[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.]

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain
is this

Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding ; but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it ; 170

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read

As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I re-
port it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.' 201

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraid'd wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

[*proach singing.*]

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him ap-

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 231

Clo.

If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars. 240

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more. 251

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 261

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonad'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old. 270

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see mee ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnessses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. 290

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts. 299

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

D. If to either, thou dost ill. 310

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Follows singing.*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler.

That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.* 330]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now. 351

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And hauded love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd 360

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 369

Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out: But to your protestation; let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't. 380

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

Without her love; for her employ them all; Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, 390

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet: Enough then for your wonder. But, come on, Contract us 'fore these witnesses. 401

Shep. Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once
more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? 410

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good
reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business. 421

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need
to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old
traitor, 431

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou,
fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must
know

The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with
briers, and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond
boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as
never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, 441
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this
time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free
thee

From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee 451
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be
gone?

I told you what would come of this: beseech
you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of
mine,— [ther,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch far-
But milk my ewes and weep. 461

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and
lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed
wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure 470

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived

To die when I desire. [Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not fol-
lowing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear: 481
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be
thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And nigh the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I 491
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my rea-
son

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or 500
The close earth wombs or the profound sea
hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved : therefore, I pray
you,

As you have ever been my father's honor'd
friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more,—cast your good coun-
sels

Upon his passion ; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may
know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And most opportune to our need I have 511
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark ; Perdita [*Drawing her aside.*]
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn, 520
Save him from danger, do him love and
honor,

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo ;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, if the
love

That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care 530
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which
is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction :
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honor,
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness ; where you
may

Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forefend !—your ruin ; marry her,
And, with my best endeavors in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?

That I may call thee something more than
man

And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do ; so we profess 550
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows, if you will not change your pur-
pose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair
princess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee the son for-
giveness, 560

As 'twere i' the father's person ; kisses the
hands

Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the
one

He hides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I.

Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing, towards him,
with 569

What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down :

The which shall point you forth at every sit-
ting

What you must say ; that ne shall not per-
ceive

But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpat'h'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain

To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another ; 580
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be : besides you
know

Prosperity's the very bond of love,

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?

There shall not at your father's house these
seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, 590
She is as forward of her breeding as
†She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir ; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !
But O, the thorns we stand upon ! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, 600
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes

Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance,
sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one
word. [They talk aside.]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I could have filed keys off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-hub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 631

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here ?
[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging. 640

Cam. How now, good fellow ! why shakest thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee : yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange ; therefore disengage thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman : though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch : the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ? [Aside] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest : but I cannot with conscience take it. 660

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.]
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your
face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming ; that you
may—

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. 670
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot !

Pray you, a word.

Cam. [Aside] What I do next, shall be to
tell the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound ;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after : in whose company

I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight 680

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot ! What a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels : if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside ; here is more matter for a hot brain : every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

709

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her : this being done, let the law go whistle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

721

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies !

Shep. Well, let us to the king : there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

731

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance ; let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics ! whither are you bound ?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your

dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying : it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odor from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt ? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier cap-a-pe ; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to help ?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant : say you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

771

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I'll warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth.

780

Aut. The fardel there ? what's i' the fardel ?

Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself : for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly : the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

799

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter ; but

those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say he shall be stoned ; but that death is too soft for him, say I : draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir ? 811

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive ; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest ; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king : being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 829

Clo. He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir. 841

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son ; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort ! We must to the king and show our strange sights : he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand : I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us : he was provided to do us good. 861

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good ; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them : there may be matter in it. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass : at the last,

Do as the heavens have done. forget your evil ;

With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of

The wrong I did myself ; which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom and

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er

man 11

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd

Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !

She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou striketh me

Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter

Upon thy tongue as in my thought : now,

good now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady : 20

You might have spoken a thousand things that

would

Have done the time more benefit and graced

Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those

Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name ; consider little

What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,

May drop upon his kingdom and devour

Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well ? 30

What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found ? which that it
shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [To *Leontes*.]

Care not for issue ;

The crown will find an heir : great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, 50
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel ! then, even
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one
worse,

And better used, would make her sainted
spirit

Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
† And begin, 'Why to me ?'

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her ; then I'd shriek, that even
your ears

Should rift to hear me ; and the words that
follow'd

Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ! Fear thou no
wife ;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave ? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be blest my
spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness
to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye,

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so
young

As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy 80

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince
Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now ! Sir, you your-
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd ;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once : 'tis shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ! not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman 110
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis
strange [*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord : there was not full a
mouth

Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock,
prince;

For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly wel-
come! 130

And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity 141
Which waits upon worn times hath something
seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome
hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he
too

Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much
less

The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from
him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence, 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
blest,

As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd
on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir, 180

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and
with

A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him:

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it
seems,

Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth; 199

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! I
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be,
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, 210

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his liking Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up: Though Fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with my father, power no jot Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time Than I do now: with thought of such affections, 220

Step forth mine advocate; at your request My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress, Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made. [To Florizel.] But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father: Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires, I am fitted to them and you: upon which errand 231

I now go toward him; therefore follow me And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before LEONTES' palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.

The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the

oracle was fulfilled : she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter ; till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 100

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No : the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer : thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access ? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen 181

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what : but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy : I am past mœe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met, sir. You denied

to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes ? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born : you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born : give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 149

Clow. So you have : but I was a gentleman born before my father ; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother ; and then the two kings called my father brother ; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father ; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clow. Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clow. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clow. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend : and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk : but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clow. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A chapel in PAULINA's house.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee !

Paul.

What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services

You have paid home: but that you have
vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your
contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to
visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much
content 11

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep
it

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis
well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers
Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my
liege,

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's ex-
cellence; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and
makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd
her!

I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore
laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone
is mine—

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest
your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
ready—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that
those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion
in't,

As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but

I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear: 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the cur-
tain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed. Descend
And take you by the hand; but then you'll
think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand
still ;

On : those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :

No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her ; strike ! [*Music.*
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; ap-
proach ; 99

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up : stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs :
[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in
age

'Is she become the suitor ?

Leon. O, she's warm !
If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she
has lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little
while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good
lady ; 120

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine
own,

Where hast thou been preserved ? where
lived ? how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina !
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
found mine ;

But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said
many 140

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother : both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens direct-
ing, 150

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Pau-
lina,

Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd : hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VIII.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1612-13.)

INTRODUCTION.

This play, as we learn from Sir Henry Wotton and from T. Lorking, was being enacted as a new play at the Globe Theatre, under the name of *All is True*, in June, 1613, when some burning paper shot off from a cannon set fire to the thatch and occasioned the destruction of the building. It has been shown conclusively by Mr. Spedding that the play is in part from Shakespeare's hand, in part from Fletcher's. The latter's verse had certain strongly-marked characteristics, one of which is the very frequent occurrence of double endings. Going over the play, scene by scene, and applying the various tests, Mr. Spedding arrived at the following result: Shakespeare's part: Act I., Sc. I. II.; Act I., Sc. III. IV.; Act III., Sc. II. (to exit of the king); Act V., Sc. I. The rest of the play is by Fletcher. A German critic (Herzberg) has described *Henry VIII.* as "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the baptism of a child." It is indeed incoherent in structure. After all our sympathies have been engaged upon the side of the wronged Queen Katharine, we are called upon to rejoice in the marriage triumph of her rival, Anne Boleyn. "The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after." But viewed from another side, that of its metrical workmanship, the play is equally deficient in unity, and indeed betrays unmistakably the presence of two writers. Nevertheless, there are three great figures in the play clearly and strongly conceived by Shakespeare: The King, Queen Katharine, and Cardinal Wolsey. The Queen is one of the noble, long-enduring sufferers, just-minded, disinterested, truly charitable, who give their moral gravity and grandeur to Shakespeare's last plays. She has clear-sighted penetration to see through the Cardinal's cunning practice, and a lofty indignation against what is base, but no unworthy personal resentment. Henry, if we judge him sternly, is cruel and self-indulgent; but Shakespeare will hardly allow us to judge Henry sternly. He is a lordly figure, with a full, abounding strength of nature, a self-confidence, an ease and mastery of life, a power of effortless sway, and seems born to pass on in triumph over those who have fallen and are afflicted. Wolsey is drawn with superb power: ambition, fraud, vindictiveness, have made him their own, yet cannot quite ruin a nature possessed of noble qualities. It is hard at first to refuse to Shakespeare the authorship of Wolsey's famous soliloquy in which he bids his greatness farewell, but it is certainly Fletcher's, and when one has perceived this one perceives also that it was an error ever to suppose it written in Shakespeare's manner. The scene in which the vision appears to the dying Queen is also Fletcher's, and in his highest style. We can see from this play that if Shakespeare had returned at the age of fifty to the historical drama, the works written then would have been greater in moral grandeur than those written from his thirtieth to his thirty-fifth years.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor
Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY
(1106)

LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey. [Fine.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter,
and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry,
afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honor, afterwards
Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows;
Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes,
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.
Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to

Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and wil-
ling,

I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we
bring, 20

To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living ; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and
sweat

Of thousand friends ; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery : 30
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the
palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door ; at
the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the
LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How
have ye done
Since last we saw in France ?

I thank your grace,

Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back ;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
clung

In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four throned ones could
have weigh'd 11

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now mar-
ried

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinkant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, 20
they

Made Britain India : every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages
were

As cherr bins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting : now this masque
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing
night

Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye, 't
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fab-
ulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing 40
Would by a good discourser lose some life.

Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie
is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays of the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends;

[Grace]
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither
allied 61

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver
eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has
he that,

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon
him,

Without the privacy of the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
fil

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know 80
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not
values

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and pur-
chased

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace, 100
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honor and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and, 't may be
said, 110

It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne be-
fore him, certain of the Guard, and two Sec-
retaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his
passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and
BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
ha?

Where's his examination?

First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.]
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I 120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber: A beggar's
book

Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled

Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : he's gone to the
king ;

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, 129
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
Their difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be
advised :

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription : but this top-proud fel-
low,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'
Buck. To the king I'll say't ; and make my
vouch as strong :

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform't ; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cun-
ning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew 169
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified
As he cried ' Thus let be ' : to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wol-
sey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the em-
peror,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—

For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180
England and France might, through their
amity, [league

Breed him some prejudice ; for from this
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd ; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus de-
sired,

That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know, 190

As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry.
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before
him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.
Serg. Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleas-
ure

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on
me

Which makes my whitest part black. The
will of heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.
The king [To Abergavenny.

Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure
By me obey'd !

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute ; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I
hope. 220

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal

Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL ; the CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,

Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's ; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying ' Room for the Queen ! '
Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the
DUKE of NORFOLK, and the DUKE of
SURREY : she kneels. The KING riseth from his
state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by
him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel : I am
a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us : half
your suit 10

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : there have been com-
missions 20
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honor heaven shield from soil !—even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear for, upon these taxations, 30

The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
roar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation !
Wherein ? and what taxation ? My lord car-
dinal,

You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others ; but you frame
Things that are known alike ; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are ['em,

Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this

Is named, your wars in France : this makes
bold mouths : 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did : and it's come to

pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave

To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly lounging. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 91
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of
each?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the
timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Vol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many: 110
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker;

To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
ers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet
see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
see, 119

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces

That once were his, and is become as black
As if be smear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Vol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit re-
late what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every
day

It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he
menaced

Revenge upon the cardinal.

Vol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point. 139
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard
him

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped
to France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand.
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words 159
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: neither the king nor's
heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.' 171

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good
heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Serv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas
dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forged him some design, which, being be-
lieved,

It was much like to do : he answer'd, 'Tush,
It can do me no damage ;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah ha !
There's mischief in this man : canst thou say
further ?

Serv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember 190
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on ; what
hence ?

Serv. 'It,' quoth he, 'I for this had been
committed, [play'd
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor !
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out
of thee ; what say'st ?

Serv. After 'the duke his father,' with
'the knife,'
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may 211
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD
SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good out
English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd
ones ;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear
directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
ones : one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?
Lov. The reformation of our travel'd

gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there : now I would
pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those rem-
nants

Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stock-
ings, 30

Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take
it,

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd
at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, thei.
diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords : the alty
whoresons 39

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad
they are going,



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song

And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's : 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great
one,

To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; has wherewithal :
in him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-
trine : 60

Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so :
But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays ;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford

This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the
CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests.
Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other
Ladies and Gentlemen as you sits, at one door ;
at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILD-
FORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace

Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry

As, first, good company, good wine, good wel-
come,

Can make good people. O, my lord, you're
tardy :

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal

But half my lay thoughts in him, some of
these 11

Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,

They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
confessor

To one or two of these !
Sands. I would I were ;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford
it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?
Sir Harry,

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of
this : 20

His grace is entering. Nay, you must not
freeze ;

Two women placed together makes cold
weather :

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em
waking ;

Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship. By your leave,
sweet ladies :

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in
love too :

But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]
Cham. Well said, my lord. 30

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and
takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests : that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my wel-
come ;

And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble :
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, 40
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbors.

Ladies, you are not merry : gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall
have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it,
madam,

For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk

[Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.]
Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
[Exit Servant.]

Wol. What warlike voice, 50
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear
not;

By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the
French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct
'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend
him.

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,
and tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it. 61

A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as
masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly
before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute
him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty.

But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for
which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

*[They choose Ladies for the dance. The
King chooses Anne Bullen.]*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! *[Music. Dance.]*
Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his per-
son,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Whispers the Masquers.]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll
make

My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, cardinal:
[Unmasking.]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardin-

nal,

I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain, 90

Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas

Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'

women.
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.

Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one:
sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you: let's be merry:
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen

healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favor. Let the music knock it.
[Exeunt with trumpets]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
A labor, sir. All's now done, but the cere-

mony
Of bringing back the prisoner

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar ; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired

To have brought vivâ voce to his face :

At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,

Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk, 21

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he That had fed him with his prophecies ?

First Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly ; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ? 30

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear [stirr'd

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience. .

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not :

He never was so womanish ; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40

By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,

Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally, whoever the king favors,

The cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as

They love and dote on ; call him bounteous

Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ;—

First Gent. Stay there, sir, And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tip-staves be're him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side : accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. *Buck.* All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day received a traitor's judgment, And by that name must die : yet, heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !

The law I bear no malice for my death ;

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice :

But those that sought it I could wish more

Christians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :

Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief, Nor build their evils on the graves of great

men ;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope, Nor will I sue, although the king have mer-

it 70

More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of our prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart 80

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ; There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ; [him

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell You met him half in heaven : my vows and

prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake. Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live 90

Longer than I have time to tell his years !

Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !

And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let ~~it~~ alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward

Bohun :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now
seal it ;

And with that blood will make 'em one day
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Rich-
ard,

Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with
him ! 111

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his
son,

Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name and all
That made me happy at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which
makes me

A little happier than my wretched father : 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
most ;

A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear
me,

This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and coun-
sels

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is
sad,

Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God for-
give me ! *[Exeunt Duke and Train.]*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it
small,

I fear, too many cursors on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall 141

Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,
sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill
require

A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it,
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hea
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not.

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the run or, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and he'd for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardi-
nal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scru-
ple

That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark :
but it's not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this ? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. An ante-chamber in the palace.

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a
letter.*

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well
chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were
young and handsome, and of the best breed in
the north. When they were ready to set out
for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by
commission and main power, took 'em from
me ; with this reason : His master would be
served before a subject, if not before the king ;
which stopped our mouths, sir.' 10
I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them
He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES
OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God he do ! he'll never know
himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !

And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair ; and all these for his marriage :

And out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : and is not this course
pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel !
'Tis most true

These news are every where ; every tongue
speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : all that
dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one
day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honors

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my
creed :

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe
in.

I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him :

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me :
The king has sent me elsewhere : besides, 60
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the
King draws the curtain, and sits
reading pensively.*]

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much
afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this
way

Is business of estate ; in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of
business :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :

Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have
great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference. 81

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy ;
go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride
in him ?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :
I would not be so sick though for his place :

But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exit Nor. and Suf.*]
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now ? what envy reach
you ? 89

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian king-

doms
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campe-
sius ;

Whom once more I present unto your high-
ness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for. 101

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my
lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their ser-
vant

In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gar-
diner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved
her 110

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law :

Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and
my favor

To him that does best : God forbid else. Car-
dinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secre-
tary :

I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand :
much joy and favor to you ;

You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be com-
manded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised
me. 120

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace

In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion
spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied
him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved
him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !

That's Christian care enough : for living mur-
murers 131

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fel-
low,

If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, bro-
ther,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the
queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning's Black-Friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness. 140

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, con-
science !

O, 'tis a tender place ; and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither : here's the pang
that pinches :

His highness having lived so long with her,
and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonor of her ; by my life,

She never knew harm-doing : O, now, after

So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the
which

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this pro-
cess,

To give her the avault ! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better
She ne'er had known pomp : though't be tem-
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing. 15
Old L. Alas, poor lady !

She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content, 20

Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead.

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy :

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts, 30

Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would re-
ceive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under
heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd
would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in trath.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck
off a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your
back

Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who
comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morning, ladies. What were't
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your ask-
ing:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and be-
coming

The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav-
enly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair
lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's maj-
esty 60

Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which
title

A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obe-
dience, 71

As from a blushing handmaid, to his high-
ness;

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have pe-
rused her well;

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who
knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honor'd lord, 80

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come put betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth
fill'd up

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
pence, no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she
not,

For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard
it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'erment the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mee thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular
fancy,

And leave me out on't. Would I had no be-
ing,

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A hall in Black-Friars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next them,
two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after
them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN,
ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next
them, with some small distance, follows a*

Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas,
sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause 19
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or
sorry

As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obe-
dience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you,
sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdi-
nand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore
I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose
counsel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers;
men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore
bootless 61

That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, mad-
am,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam? Sir,
Q. Kath. I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble;
nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and
me;

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say
again, 80

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the ef-
fects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you
do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
ing

And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd; [ing,

You sign your place and calling, in full seem-
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' fa-
vors, 111

Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you,

You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him. 121

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court.

Madam, you are call'd back.

uth. What need you note it? pray
you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you,
pass on. 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern-
ment,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble
born; 141

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question o't? or ever 151
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinas,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused: 161
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never desired

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved
me to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to't:

My conscience first received a tenderness. 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowa-
ger, 180

Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my breast ; which forced such way,

That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought

I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than 190

The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after

This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought,

This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fall ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together : that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd : first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember

How under my oppression I did reek,

When I first moved you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long : be pleased yourself to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin.

So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't

And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;

And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King.

I then moved you,

My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons : unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court ; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;

For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life .
And kingly dignity, we are contented

To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam.

So please your highness, 230

The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King.

[*Aside*] I may perceive

These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran-

mer,

Prithce, return : with thy approach, I know,

My comfort comes along. Break up the court :

I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN's apartments.*

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul
grows sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now !

Gent. An't please your grace, the two
great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favor ? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men ; their affairs as

righteous :
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend

lords ?

Wol. May it please you noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here :
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner : would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw
'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
regina serenissima, — 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more
strange, suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will
thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
make ;

Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50

I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty dif-
ference

Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause. 61

Cam. Most honor'd madam,

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] To betray me. —

My lords, I thank you both for your good
wills ;

Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye
prove so !

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor, —
More near my life, I fear, — with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids : full little, God knows,
looking

Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been, — for I feel

The last fit of my greatness, — good your
graces,

Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love
with these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not
here :

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords. 91

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
protection ;

He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
Both for your honor better and your cause ;
For if the trial of the law o'er take ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
— my ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt. 101

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye : holy
men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort ?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe
upon ye

And all such false professors ! would you have
me —

If you have any justice, any pity ;

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me ?

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your
studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long — let me
speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his
pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this
English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flour-
ish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

You'd feel more comfort: why should we,
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble
spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and,
pray, forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my
prayers. 180

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING'S
apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your com-
plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit

The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,

With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 10
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person

Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:

What he deserves of you and me I know;

What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft

Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;

His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars 21

The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:

In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears

As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came

His practices to light? Most strangely.

Suf. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope mis-
carried, 30

And came to the eye o' the king: wherein
was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness

To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death : the king already 41
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord !

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy

Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which
shall 51

In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried Ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha ! louder !

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur. 71

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Vol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Vol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed 80

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Vol. Is he ready

To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Vol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for

him !

There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen !

No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of

Pembroke ! 90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

Vol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,

a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's

queen ! it ;

This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff

Then out it goes. What though I know her

virtuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung

up 101

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would

fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart !

*Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and
LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king !

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
lated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name
of thrift,

Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal ? 111

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : some strange
commotion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then lays his finger on his temple, straight

Springing out into fast gait : then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts

His eye against the moon : in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse, 121
As I required : and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ;
which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tence to.

King. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke
together, 150

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father
loved you :

He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not
alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean ? 160

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business !

King. Have I not made you,
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true :

And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you :

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors : my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180

Therein illustrated : the honor of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
honor, more

On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own ; † that am, have, and
will be—

Though all the world should crack their duty
to you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
and

Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er
this ; [*Giving him papers.*]

And after, this : and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey : the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd
it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed
lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this
paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so :
This paper has undone me : 'tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-
 gether ²¹¹
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the pope-
 dom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence !
 Fit for a fool to fall by : what cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure
 this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this ? 'To
 the Pope !' ²²⁰

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my
 greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK
 and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and
 the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal :
 who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself ²³⁰
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :
 Where's your commission, lords ? words can-
 not carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth ex-
 pressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to
 do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, ²⁴⁰
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
 doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 Mine and your master, with his own hand
 gave me ;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters-patents : now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then. ²⁵¹

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound to-
 gether,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
 policy !

You sent me deputy for Ireland ; ²⁶⁰
 Far from his succor, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou
 gavest him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
 You have as little honesty as honor, ²⁷¹
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can
 be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou
 shouldst feel

My sword ! the life-blood of thee else. My
 lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, ²⁸⁰
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion,
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the pope against the king : your
 goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despised nobility, our issues, ²⁹¹
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen.
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown
 wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
 this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
 king's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer ³⁰⁰
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' card-
 inal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sir. I had rather want those than my
head. Have at you !
First, that, without the king's assent or knowl-
edge, 310

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome,
or else

To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the
king

To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sir. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude, 321
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sir. Then that you have sent innumerable
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 331
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self.

Sir. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleas-
ure is,

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a preamunire, 340
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my
charge. [Tations]

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me, 350

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blos-
soms,

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown
pride

At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have : 370

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell !
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you
weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cured me, 380

I humbly thank his grace ; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor :
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, me-
thinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More
is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his
bones, [sings,

When he has run his course and sleeps in bless-
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em !

What more? 400

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, Or gild again the noble troops that waited Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now To be thy lord and master: seek the king; That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him

What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell, 420

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord, Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego So good, so noble and so true a master? Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. The king shall have my service: but my pray—

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear 429

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. 439

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king; And,—prithce, lead me in: 451

There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [Exeunt. 460

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10 Pageants and sights of honor.

First Gent. Never greater, Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation. The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine, The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill where the princess lay ; to
which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen
-is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him.
4. Choristers, singing. [*Music.*
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his
head a gilt copper crown.
6. Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold,
on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With
him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod
of silver with the dove, crowned with an
earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his
coronet on his head, bearing a long white
wand, as high-steward. With him, the
Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of mar-
shalship, a coronet on his head. Collars
of SS.
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-
ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ;
in her hair richly adorned with pearl,
crowned. On each side her, the Bishops
of London and Winchester.*
9. The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal
of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing
the Queen's train.
10. Certain Ladies or Sountesses, with plain
circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me.

These I know :

Who's that that bears the sceptre ?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset :
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That
should be

The Duke of Suffolk ?

First Gent. 'Tis the same : high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that
lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent.

They that bear

The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy ; and so
are all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is ; and all the rest are count-
esses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These
are stars indeed ;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of
trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir ! where have
you been broiling ?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey
where a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw

The ceremony ?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it ? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich
-stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat
down

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the peo-
ple 70

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man liv-
ing

Could say 'This is my wife' there ; all were
woven

So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd ? 81

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and
with modest paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and
saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
voutly.

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir, 90

With all the choicest music of the kingdom, Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted, And with the same full state paced back again To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir, You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost : 'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it ; But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester, 101

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary, The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's, The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that : However, yet there is no great breach ; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell ; A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king has made him master 110

O' the jewel house, And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests : Something I can command. As I walk thither, I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death ! My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair : So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me, [*sey,*]

That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace, Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam : For after the stout Earl Northumberland Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,

Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,

With all his covent, honorably received him ; To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot, 20

An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;

Give him a little earth for charity !' So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness

Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this, About the hour of eight, which he himself

Foretold should be his last, full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

He gave his honors to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him ! 31

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,

And yet with charity. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion, Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;

His own opinion was his law : if the presence He would say untruths ; and be ever double

Both in his words and meaning : he was never, But where he meant to ruin, pitiful : 40

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ; But his performance, as he is now, nothing :

Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues

We write in water. May it please your high-

ness To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ; I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal, Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly

Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading : Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;

But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting, Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely : ever witness for him Those twins of learning that he raised in you,

Ipawich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing
God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other her-
ald,
No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made
me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor : peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Grif-
fith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep : good wench, let's sit
down quiet,

For fear we wake her : softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes,
wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and
golden vizards on their faces ; branches of
bays or palm in their hands. They first con-
gees unto her, then dance ; and, at certain
changes, the first two hold a spare garland
over her head ; at which the other four make
reverent curtsies ; then the two that held the
garland deliver the same to the other next
two, who observe the same order in their
changes, and holding the garland over her
head : which done, they deliver the same gar-
land to the last two, who likewise observe
the same order : at which, as it were by in-
spiration, she makes in her sleep signs of
rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven :
and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the
garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are
ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?
Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a
blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promised me eternal happiness ; 90
And brought megarlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, as-
suredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases.
Pat. Do you note

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes !

Grif. She is going, wench : pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow : 100
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-
ness,

To use so rude behavior ; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon ;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is stay-
ing

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[Exit Griffith and Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
peror, 109

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same ; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late ; 120

'Tis like a pardon after execution :

That gentle physic, given in time, had cured
me ;

But now I am past all comforts here, but pray-
ers.

How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.
[Giving it to Katharine.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to de-
liver

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 130

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeking him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature, I hope she will deserve well,—and a little To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity Upon my wretched women, that so long 140 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow, And now I should not lie, but will deserve, For virtue and true beauty of the soul. For honesty and decent carriage, A right good husband, let him be a noble: And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest, But poverty could never draw 'em from me; That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150

And something over to remember me by: If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus. These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, As you wish Christian peace to souls departed, Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will, Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160

In all humility unto his highness: Say his long trouble now is passing Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him.

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell, My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, You must not leave me yet: I must to bed; Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be used with honor: strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like 171

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more. [*Exeunt, leaving Katharine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy.

Gar. It hath struck.

These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights; times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero.

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov.

I must to him too, Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have In them a wilder nature than the business That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov.

My lord, I love you; And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd She'll with the labor end.

Gar.

The fruit she goes with 20 I pray for heartily, that it may find Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov.

Methinks I could Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar.

But, sir, sir, Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious; And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, 31

Sleep in their graves.

Lov.

Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,

With which the time will load him. The archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gar.

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, There are that dare; and I myself have ventured 40

To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,

Sir, I may tell it you I think I have Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is,

For so I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they
moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51
He be converted. He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the
news? 61

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her
sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady;
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen,
and 70

With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop, 80

As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the
bishop spake:

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to
stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore
frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you desire to
know 90

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being
consider'd, 100

Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must
take

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you. [highness;

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
chaff 111

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted.

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holiday,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I
look'd

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-
gether 120

Yourself and your accusers; and to have
heard you,

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh
not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices

Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries 131

The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you ? such things have been done.

You are potentially opposed ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

King. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.

Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring 151
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps !

He's honest, oh mine honor. God's blest mother !

I swear he is true-hearted ; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady, Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back : what mean you ?

Old L. I'll not come back ; the tidings that
I bring 160
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege ;
And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her ! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be 169
Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell !

Lov. Sir ?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit.*]

Old L. An hundred marks ! By this light,
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such paymaster.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late ; and yet
the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
me

To make great haste. All fast ? what means
this ? Ho !

Who waits there ? Sure, you know me ?

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Yes, my lord ;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Keeper. Your grace must wait till you be
call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I
am glad

I came this way so happily : the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician : as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For
certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts ! I never sought their
malice—

To quench mine honor : they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight—

King. What's that, Butts ? 20

Butts. I think your highness saw this
many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :
The high promotion of his grace of Canter-
bury ;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursui-
vants,

Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha ! 'tis he, indeed
Is this the honor they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favor, 30

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close :
 We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR ; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master-secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honors,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop ;
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*Crammer enters and approaches the council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty : but we all are men,
 In our own natures frail, and capable 11
 Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20

My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
 Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?

Commutations, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our

neighbors,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end

Was ever, to do well : nor is there living,
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,

A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place,

Defacers of a public peace, than I do. 41

Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to

face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be : you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business
 of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his high-
 ness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower ;

Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
 thank you ;

You are always my good friend ; if your will
 pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful : I see your end ; 61

'Tis my undoing : love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition :

Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me

modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth : your painted gloss dis-

covers, 71

To men that understand you, words and
 weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a
 little,

By your good favor, too sharp ; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honor mercy ; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer 80

Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest ! Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord : it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ; 89

There to remain till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other

Would you expect ? you are strangely trouble-
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my
lords ;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause 99

Out of the grieces of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told

ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-
rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :

How much more is his life in value with him ?

Would I were fairly out on't !

Crom. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations 110

Against this man whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at
ye !

*Enter KING, frowning on them ; takes his
seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;

Not only good and wise, but most religious :

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his honor ; and, to strenghten

That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden com-
mendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my pres-
ence ;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach, you play the span-
iel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me ;

But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To *Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now
let me see the proudest 130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at
thee :

By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee
not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of you deserve that
title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you
are ? 140

Why, what a shame was this ! Did my com-
mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your
grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
posed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of
it.

I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :

Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants
baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honor : how may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons : you shall have two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please you ? 170

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long To have this young one made a Christian. 180 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ; So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do you take the court for Paris-garden ? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue ! is this a place to roar in ? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads : you must be seeing christenings ? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ? 11

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with canons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning ; which will never be : We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— You see the poor remainder—could distribute, 20

I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, [any

To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;

And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 39

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance : that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman ; who cried out 'Clubs !' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broom-staff to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beades that is to come.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! [coming,

They grow still too ; from all parts they are As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves ? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows :

There's a trim rabble let in : are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honor, We are but men ; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done : 80 An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,

If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
 By the heels, and suddenly : and on your
 heads
 Clap round fines for neglect : ye are lazy
 knaves ;
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
 Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets
 sound ;
 They're come already from the christening :
 Go, break among the press, and find a way
 out
 To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two
 months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
 Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You'll the camlet, get up o' the rail ;
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady ; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
 send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
 the high and mighty princess of England,
 Elizabeth !

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your royal grace,
 and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye !

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
 What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10

[*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect
 thee !

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too
 prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
 When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
 For heaven now bids me ; and the words I
 utter

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
 truth.

This royal infant—heaven still move about
 her !—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall
 be— 21

But few now living can behold that good-
 ness—

A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely
 graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall
 nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall
 bless her ; 31

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good
 grows with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about
 her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by
 blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as
 when 40

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
 was,

And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to
 him : 50

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honor and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall
 flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his
 branches

To all the plains about him : our children's
 children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
 land,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more ! but she must
 die, 60

She must, the saints must have her ; yet a
 virgin,

A most unspecked lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
 her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, be-
fore

This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much behold-
ing; 71

I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must
thank ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their
ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis
clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the
city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1592.)

INTRODUCTION.

Venus and Adonis was entered in the Stationers' register on April 18, 1593, and was published the same year. The poem became popular at once, and before the close of 1602 it had been reprinted no fewer than six times. "As the soul of Euphorbus," wrote Meres in his *Wit's Treasury* (1598), "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c." Ovid has told the story of the love of Venus for Adonis and the death of the beautiful hunter by a wild boar's tusk; the coldness of Adonis, his boyish disdain of love, was an invention of later times. It is in this later form that Shakespeare imagines the subject; and in his treatment of it he has less in common with Ovid than with a short poem by a contemporary writer of sonnets and lyrical poems, Henry Constable, which appeared in a collection of verse published in 1600, under the name of *England's Helicon*. It is uncertain which of the two poems, Constable's or Shakespeare's, was the earlier written. When *Venus and Adonis* appeared Shakespeare was twenty-nine years of age; the Earl of Southampton, to whom it was dedicated, was not yet twenty. In the dedication the poet speaks of these "unpolisht lines" as "the first heire of my invention." Did he mean by this that *Venus and Adonis* was written before any of his plays, or before any plays that were strictly original—his own "invention?" or does he, setting plays altogether apart, which were not looked upon as literature, in a high sense of the word, call it his first poem because he had written no earlier narrative or lyrical verse? We cannot be sure. It is possible, but not likely, that he may have written this poem before he left Stratford, and have brought it up with him to London. More probably it was written in London, and perhaps not long before its publication. The year 1593, in which the poem appeared, was a year of plague; the London theatres were closed: it may be that Shakespeare, idle in London, or having returned for a while to Stratford, then wrote the poem. Whenever written, it was elaborated with peculiar care. The subject of the poem is sensual, but with Shakespeare it becomes rather a study or analysis of passion and the objects of passion, than in itself passionate. Without being dramatic, the poem contains the materials for dramatic poetry, set forth at large. The descriptions of English landscape and country life are numerous, and give a spirit of breezy life and health to portions of the poem which could ill afford to lose anything that is fresh and healthful.

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly prais'd, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
(1141)

EVEN as the sun with purple-color'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn;
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to
scorn;

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto
him,

And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo-
him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy
life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,

And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed sa-
tiety,

But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A summer's day will seem an hour but
short,

Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein, 31
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40

Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,

And govern'd him in strength, though not
in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,

And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,

'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never
open.'

He burns with bashful shame: she with her
tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his
cheeks; 50

Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and
bone,

Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his
chin,

And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey, 61
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;

She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,

So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faster'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him
fret,

Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,

'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
Being red, she loves him best; and being
white,

Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
all wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good
turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt
have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of
fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
thine,—

Though mine be not so fair, yet are they
red—

The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy
head:

Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty
lies;

Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
eyes? 120

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where they are but
twain;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we
mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be
tasted:

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
prime

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favor'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were
not for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in
turning; 140

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,

My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burn-
ing;

My smooth moist hand, were it with thy
hand felt,

Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie; 151
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees sup-
port me;

Two strengthless doves will draw me through
the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport
me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on
theft. 160

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to
bear:

Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth
beauty;

Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art
dead;

And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook
them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,

Souring his cheeks cries 'Fie, no more of
love!

The sun doth burn my face: I must re-
move.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind ?

What bare excuses makest thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun : 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee :
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel ? 200
What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?

O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this ?

O what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ? [mute : 205

Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be
Give me one kiss. I'll give it thee again, 205
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred !
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion.

For men will kiss, even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue.

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;

Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause : 220

And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak.

And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand.

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Grazed on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.' 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,

He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ? 250

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?

Her words are done, her woes are more increasing ;

The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

'Pity,' she cries, 'some favor, some remorse !'

Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy, 261

And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,

Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,

Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;

The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send :

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say ' Lo, thus my strength is
tried, 280

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say' ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril
wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and pass-
ing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
hide :

Look, what a horse should have he did not
lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether^{he} he run or fly they know not
whether ;

For through his mane and tail the high wind
sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd
wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
She answers him as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo
her, [kind,

She puts on outward strangeness, seems un-
spurns at his love and scorns the heat he
feels,

Beating his kind embracements with her
heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ; 319
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
them,

Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly
them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd, 331
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh, 341
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
Her white and red each other did destroy !
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the
sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ; 350
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between
them !

Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen
them ;

Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the
wooing :

And all this dumb play had his acts made
plain

With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did
rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lively prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :

This beatuous combat, wilful and unwill-
ing,

Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-bill-
ing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my
wound ; 370

For one sweet look thy help I would assure
thee,

Though nothing but my body's bane would
cure thee !

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it ?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it :

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :

Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go ;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :

I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies : 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire ;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;

Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;

Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,

Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight ? 400

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee ;

O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ; 410
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;

My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :

The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young

Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part, 421

And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat ;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
To love's alarms it will not open the gate :

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;

For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What ! canst thou talk ?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue ?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing : 430

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding, [sore wounding.

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible ;

Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,

Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;

For from the stillitory of thy face exelling
Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love
by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !

Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ?'

Once more the ruby-color'd portal open'd, 451
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,

Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460

Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth ;

A smile requires the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !

The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470

Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,

He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
 He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveeth ;
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumined with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.

Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears
 gave light, 491
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I ?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,

Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?

But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst k'll me : kill me once again :
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of
 thine, 500

Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain

That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,

But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
 O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year !
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy
 breath. 510

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,

What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?

To sell myself I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing ;

Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips

Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.

What is ten hundred touches unto thee ? 519
 Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ?
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should
 double,

Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe
 me,

Measure my strangeness with my unripe
 years :

Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :

The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
 fast,

Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary
 gait,

His day's hot task hath ended in the west ;
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, " 'Tis very
 late ;" 531

The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's
 light

Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so say
 you ;

If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'

'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says
 'Adieu,'

The honey fee of parting tender'd is :

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
 Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to
 face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward
 drew

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral
 mouth,

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well
 knew,

Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
 dearth

Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding
 prey,

And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,

Paying what ransom the insulter willet ; 550
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price
 so high. [dry :

That she will draw his lips' rich treasure

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil,

And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,

Forgetting shame's pure blush and honor's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embrac-
 ing,

Like a wild bird being tamed with too much
 handling, 56

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression ?
Things out of hope are compass'd off with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is resolved no longer to restrain him ;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?
He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar !' quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,

As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved ;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee ; 609
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me ; let me go ;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised ! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And, whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes. 630

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread !—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
Come not within his danger by thy will ; 639
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest, [breast.
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ; 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry " Kill, kill !"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine
ear 659
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang
the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination ?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination : 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the
downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with
thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his trou-
bles 680
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doub-
les :
The many musets through the which he
goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
snell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies
keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

'For there his smell with others being ming-
led, 691
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have
singled

With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo
replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To harken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ; 700
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more ; 709
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so ;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave ?' 'No matter where ;'
quoth he,
'Leave me ; and then the story aptly ends :
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that ?'
quoth she.

'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends ;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this, 721
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy
lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason :
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were
divine ; 730
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's
despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery ;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint, 739
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attainment
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so
fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :

Both favor, savor, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, 751
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have, 759
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves
do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold beget.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handied theme : 770
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream :
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand
tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown :
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run 781
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger :
I hate not love, but your device in love, 789
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse !

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blaine ;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon be-
reaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ; 800
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh re-
main,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done,
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen .
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk at-
tended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet em-
brace, 811
Of those fair arms which bound him to her
breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs
apace ;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the
sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no
more, [tend :
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds con-
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful
wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it
groans,
That all the neighbor caves, as seeming
troubled, 830
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
'Ay me !' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe,
woe !'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall and old
men do ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
short :

If pleased themselves, others, they think, de-
light

In such-like circumstance, with such-like
sport :

Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters, answering every
call,

Soothing the humor of fantastic wits ? 850
She says 'Tis so : ' they answer all 'Tis
so ;

And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver
breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd
gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-mor-
row :

'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him
bright,

There lives a son that suck'd an earthly
mother,

May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her
face,

Some twine about her thigh to make her
stay :

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do
ache,

Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay ;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an ad-
der

Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder ; 880

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,

Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :

Finding their enemy to be so curst,

They all strain courtesy who shall cope him
first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear, 889
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
part :

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
yield,

They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more :—
And with that word she spied the hunted
boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepaintd all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-
gether,

A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not
whither :

This way she runs, and now she will no
further, [thence]

But back retires to rate the boar for mur-

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910
Full of respects, yet nought at all respect-
ing ;

In hand with all things, nought at all effect-
ing.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound.
And asks the weary cattif for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plas-
ter ;

And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with
howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
grim, 920

Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground be-
low, [go]

Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have
gazed,

Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad signs draws up her
breath

And sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

'Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she
Death,—

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what
dost thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty
set

Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at
it :—

O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940

Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's
heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had
spoke,

And, hearing him, thy power had lost 'his
power.

The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
flower : [fied,

Love's golden arrow at him should have
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest
such weeping ?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping 951

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vall'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt ;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,

And with his strong course opens them
again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and bor-
row !

Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow,

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labors so,

That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best : then join they all to-
gether,

Like many clouds consulting for foul weath-
er.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman
hollo ;

A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well :

The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside, 981
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass,

To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous :

The one doth flatter thee in thoughts un-
likely, [ly.

In likely thoughts the other kills thee quick-

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought ; 991

Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him, all-to naught :
Now she adds honors to his hateful name ;

She clepes him king of graves and grave for
kings,

Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but
jest ;

Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,

Which knows no pity, but is still severe ; 1000
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must con-
fess,—

I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provoked my
tongue ;

Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong ;

I did but act, he's author of thy slander :
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman
yet

Could rule them both without ten women's
wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
stories

His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

For he being dead, with him is beauty
slain, 1019

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd thieves ;

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking
grieves.

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies 1029

The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the
view, [drew ;

Like stars ashamed of day, themselves with-

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with
pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth
sit,

Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ; 1040
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds
confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap
her eyes ; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd

In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd :

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed,

But stole his blood and seem'd with him to
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead ;
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till
now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound
seen three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be :

His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled ;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons
dead ! 1070

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red
fire !

So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou
lost !

What face remains alive that's worth the
viewing ?

Whose tongue is music now ? what canst
thou boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and
trim ;

But true-sweet beauty lived and died with
him. 1080

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth
hiss you :

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his
fair :

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would
peep ;

The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks : then would Adonis weep ;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry
his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not
fear him ;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him ;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his
prey

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills : 1100
When he was by, the birds such pleasure
took,

That some would sing, some other in their
bills

Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red
cherries ;

He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted
boar,

Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :

If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him
so. 1110

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him
 first ;

But he is dead, and never did he bless 1119
 My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.
 With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
 As if they heard the woeful words she told ;
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lies ;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my
 spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet
 be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy :
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end,
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his
 woe. 1140

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
 Bad and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to
 speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
 Teaching decree it age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with
 treasures ; 1150
 It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just ;

Perverse it shall be where it shows most
 toward,
 Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ; 1160
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire :
 Sith in his prime Death doth my love de-
 stroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not
 enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
 Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with
 white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks and the
 blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness
 stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to
 smell, 1171
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach ap-
 pears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's
 guise—
 Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
 For every little grief to wet his eyes :
 To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
 Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
 night :
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flow-
 er.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies, 1189
 And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift
 aid
 Their mistress mounted through the empty
 skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their
 queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1593-4.)

Lucrece was entered in the Stationers' register May 9, 1594, and was published the same year. Like the *Venus* and *Adonis*, it is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, having been perhaps the "graver labor" promised in the dedication of that poem. The two poems resemble each other in several respects, especially in the detailed description style, which draws out at length the particulars of a scene, an incident, or an emotion. The poem of later date, however, exhibits far less immaturity than does the "first heirs" of Shakespeare's invention. Part of this may be due to the fact that the subject is deeper and more passionate: instead of the enamored Venus we have here the pure and noble Lucretia; instead of the boy Adonis, the powerful figure of the evil Tarquin. *Lucrece* was highly admired by Shakespeare's contemporaries, and was several times republished, though less often than the *Venus*. The story of Lucretia is told by Livy and Ovid, and was versified by Gower, and again related in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SEXTUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let 10
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him
 lent

In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud
 rate, 19

That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendor of the sun !
 An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun :

Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of
 harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ; 30
 What needeth then apologies be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
 His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash false hent, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
 old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, 50
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her
 fame :

When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
 shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver
 white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair
 field :
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
 shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence
 the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white
 Of either's color was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right :
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses, 71
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be
 kill'd.

The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
 tongue,—

The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For unstrain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
 evil ;

Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm ex-
 press'd : 91

For that he color'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save something too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
 more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling
 looks, 100

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
 She touch'd no unknown balms, nor fear'd no
 hooks ;

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth ex-
press, 111
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his suc-
cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there :
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
fight ;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
staining : 130

Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed pro-
posed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death
supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they pos-
sess

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honor in fell battle's rage ;
Honor for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth
cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust ;
And for himself himself he must forsake :
Then where is truth, if there be no self-truth ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful
days ? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed o'er mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
cries ;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead
and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and
kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm : 170
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly, 180
' As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armor of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

' Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine : 191
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine ;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-
white weed.

' O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonor to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ! 200
True valor still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

' Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, shamed with the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
dread?

Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake,

Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
bleed?

The guilt being great, the fear doth still ex-
ceed; 229

And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or laid in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:

But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: 240
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still:
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her color rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear! 261
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for color or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth: 270

Affection is my captiue, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the
stage:

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies? 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.

Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,

So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now in-
vasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his
wits; 290

That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him
heard;

Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him
there;

They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him
stay,

And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,

Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks.

As who should say 'This glove to wanton
tricks 320
Is not inured ; return again in haste ;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are
chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him ;

He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay
him,

He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the
spring, 331

To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;

Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
shelves and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he
lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
sought. 340

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
fair,

And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts : quoth he, 'I must de-
flower :

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act ? 350

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my
guide !

My will is back'd with resolution :
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
tried ;

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
catch : 360

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such
thing

Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,

Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head ;
By their high treason is his heart misled ;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand
full soon 370

To draw the cloud that hides the silver
moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our
sight ;

Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,

That dazzleth them, or else some shame
supposed ;

But blind they are, and keep themselves en-
closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died !
Then had they seen the period of their ill ;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side, 381
In his clear bed might have reposed still :
But they must ope, this blessed league to
kill ;

And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's de-
light.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in
sunder,

Swelling on either side to want his bliss ; 389
Between whose hills her head entombed is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their
light,

And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath ; 400

O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality :
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no
strife,

But that life lived in death, and death in
life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with
blue,

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honored. 410
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner
out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?
What did he note but strongly he desired ?

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tied.
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualifed ;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her
 side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
 fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans re-
 specting, 431
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
 Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning
 eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
 stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand dill
 scale, 440
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :
 She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up
 eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-
 troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy
 waking, 450
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly
 sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worse taking.
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror
 true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there ap-
 pears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
 lights, 461
 In darkness daunts them with more dread-
 ful sights,

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
 Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !—
 May feel her heart—poor citizen !—distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage and lesser
 pity,
 To make the breach and enter this sweet
 city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe ; 471
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter
 chin,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show ;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
 Under what color he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : ' The color in thy face,
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
 Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale : 480
 Under that color am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort : the fault is
 thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

' Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
 Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
 My will that marks thee for my earth's de-
 light,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

' I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
 I know what thorns the growing rose de-
 fends ;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
 All this beforehand counsel comprehends :
 But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends ;
 Only he hath an eve to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
 duty.

' I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed ;
 But nothing can affection's course control, 500
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Renroach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he
 dies :
 So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
 paws, 511

' Lucretia,' quoth he, ' this night I must enjoy
 thee :
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,

For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay,

To kill thine honor with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place
him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace
him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied, 531
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's
sake,

Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's
blot :

For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540
He ronseth up himself and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp
claws,

Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle
right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth
threat,

In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust
doth get,

Which blows these pitchy vapors from their
bidding, 550

Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus
plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
panteth :

Her sad behavior feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty want-
eth :

His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
grateth

No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And midst the sentence so her accent
breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she
speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of
both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honor, not to foul desire.

Qnoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
tended ;

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe. 581

'My husband is thy friend ; for his sake spare
me :

Thyself art mighty ; for thine own sake leave
me :

Myself a weakling ; do not then ensnare me :
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive
me.

My sighs, like whirlwinds, labor hence to
heave thee :

If ever man were moved with woman's
moans,

Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my
groans :

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ; 591
For stones dissolved to water do convert.

O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honor, wound'st his princely
name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the
same, 600

Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a
king ;

For kings like gods should govern every
thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a
king ?

O. be remember'd, no outrageous thing

From vassal actors can be wiped away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for
fear ; 610

But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love ;
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :

If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the
book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn ?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
To privilege dishonor in thy name ?

Thou back'st reproach against long-living
laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command ? by him that gave it
thee,

From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may
say,

He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way ? 630

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially they
smother :

This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.

O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes !

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands ap-
peal,

Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal ; 640
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
His true respect will prison false desire,

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
eyne,

That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he : ' my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, high fires
abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh
falls' haste 650

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, ' a sea, a sovereign
king ;

And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood

Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.

If all these pretty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave ;

Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ; 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler
grave :

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy
pride :

The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's
foot,

But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy
state'—

'No more,' quoth he ; ' by heaven, I will not
hear thee :

Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee ; 669

That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb
cries ;

Till with her own white fleece her voice
controll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamors in her head ;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again :
This forced league doth force a further strife ;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain : 691
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The pray wherein by nature they delight ;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devour-
ing. 700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation

Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolor'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
pace,

Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case : 711
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace,

For there it revels ; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands
disgraced :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of
cares, 720

To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjec-
tion

Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual :
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their
will.

Even in this thought through the dark night
he stealeth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain ; 730
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence ;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth
tear ;

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ; 740
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed
delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
She there remains a hopeless castaway ;
He in his speed looks for the morning light ;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth
open lay,

And my true eyes have never practiced how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves
behold ; 751

And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may
find 760

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth
her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night :

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbor for defame !
Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the rav-
isher ! 770

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night !
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time ;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden
head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make
sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;
And let thy misty vapors march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd
light

May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's
child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep
again :

So should I have co-partners in my pain ;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age. 791

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with
mine,

To mask their brows and hide their infamy ;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver
brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace !
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are
made

May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade !

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my
story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name ;

The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputa-
tion, 820

For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives
them knows !

'If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath
crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept. 840

'Yet am I guilty of thy honor's wrack ;
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdain him :
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue : O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bud ?

Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ? 851
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gout and pain-
ful fits :

And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,

And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
Their father was too weak, and they too
strong,

To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed
sours

Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers ; 870

The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours :
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great !
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason :
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get ;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the sea-
son ;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at rea-
son ; 880

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by
him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
thaw'd ;

Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st
truth ;

Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
Thou plantest scandal and displaced laud :
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend,

And bring him where his suit may be ob-
tain'd ?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end ?

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chain'd ? 900

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
for thee ;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds :
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
pages. 910

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with
thee,

A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by
thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest, that abomination ;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, vir-
tue's snare ;

Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are :
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes ?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes ;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 941
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers ;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens'
wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 951
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's
wheel ;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daugh-
ter,

To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
crops,
And waste huge stones with little water
drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrim-
age, 960

Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,

Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back, [wrack !

I could prevent this storm and shun thy

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
flight :

Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful
night : 970

Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances.
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan ; but pity not his moans :
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones ;

And let mild women to him lose their mild-
ness, 975

Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
Let him have time to mark how slow time
goes 990

In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport ;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wall th' abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st
this ill !

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill ;

For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a
slave ? 1001

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate ;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state,

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they
list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away ; 1010
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glori-
ous day :

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbiters !
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
Debate where leisure serves with dull deba-
ters ;

To trembling clients be you mediators : 1020
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despire :
This helpless smoke of words doth me no
right.

The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this de-
cree ? 1030
Honor thyself to rid me of this shame :
For if I die, my honor lives in thee ;
But if I live, thou livest in my defame :
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeared to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she
starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death :
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath ;
Which, thronging through her lips, so van-
isheth 1041
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon
fumes

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife :
So am I now : O no, that cannot be ; 1049
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery ;
A dying life to living infamy :
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not
know

The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
He shall not boast who did thy stock pol-
lute

That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state :
But thou shalt know thy interest was not
bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy
gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like
sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a
dale,

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait de-
scended 1081

To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing mor-
row
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will bor-
row :

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd
be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping ;

To whom she sobbing speaks : 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave
thy peeping :

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping : 1090

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by
night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees :

Gid woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labor drowns for want of
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;

No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words ;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :

For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ; 1110
Grief best is pleased with grief's society :

True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized :

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking-birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb 1121

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb :
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests ;

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1131

And with deep groans the diapason bear ;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment. 1141

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,

As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,

Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150

Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,

But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it [fusion.

Than they whose whole is swallow'd in content.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,

Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine ?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine ?

Ay me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ; 1171
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring impiety :

Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonored.
'Tis honor to deprive dishonor'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead ;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honor is newborn. 1190

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ; 1200
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound ;

My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of
mine.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free
it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say " So be
it : "

Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer
thee : 1210

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors
be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright
eyes,

With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her
maid,

Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-mor-
row,

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 1221
For why her face wore sorrow's livery ;
But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,

Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their
light, 1231

Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;

Grieving themselves to guess at others'
smarts,

And then they drown their eyes or break
their hearts. 1239

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
Then call them not the authors of their ill,

No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a
devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep : 1250
Through crystal walls each little mote will
peep :

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,

Poor women's faces are their own fault's
books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower, °
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd :

Not that devour'd, but that which doth de-
vour,

Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses : those proud lords, to
blame,

Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
Such danger to resistance did belong,

That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
' My girl,' quoth she, ' on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining ? 1271

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my
mood :

If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

' But tell me, girl, when went '—and there she
stay'd

Till after a deep groan—' Tarquin from hence ?'
' Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,

' The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;

Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

' But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'

' O, peace ! ' quoth Lucrece : ' if it should be
told,

The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :

And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to
tell.

' Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen :
Yet save that labor, for I have them here.

What should I say ? One of my husband's
men 1291

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to hear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First nerving o'er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door, 1301
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : ' Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford—

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.

So, I commend me from our house in grief :
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.

Here-folds she up the tenor of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.

By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :

She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hears, to spend when he is by to hear her :

When sighs and groans and tears may grace
the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter

With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
' At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'

The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast :

Speed more than speed but dull and slow
she deems :

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.

But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame :

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gage. 1351

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,

The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.

The weary time she cannot entertain, 1361
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :

So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,

Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy :

Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy ;

Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :

Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:

The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioner 1380
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,

That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
paces ;

Which heartless peasants did so well resem-
ble,

That one would swear he saw them quake
and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold !
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling govern-
ment. 1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
stand,

As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did
fly

Thin winding breath, which purld up to the
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice ;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the
mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbor's
ear ;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n
and red ;

Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords. 1421

For such imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
to field, 1430

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield ;

And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to ap-
pear,

Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy
fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they
fought,

To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440

Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old
eyes,

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
lies.

In her the painter had anatomized 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's
reign :

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
guised ;

Of what she was no semblance did remain :
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed,

Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes : 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those ;

And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
wrong,

To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a
sound,

I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted
wound,

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him
wrong ; [long ;

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
And with my knife scratch out the angry
eyes 1469

Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with ray nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth
bear :

Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter
die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more ?

Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480
Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;

Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general ?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus
swoonds,

Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives con-
founds :

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not
with fire.' 1491

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and color'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd con-
tent;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he
goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his
woes.

In him the painter labor'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts
have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-treeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms. 1519

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-bult Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd
their faces.

This picture she advis'dly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill: 1530
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she
spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much
guile'—

She would have said 'can lurk in such a look';
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the
while,

And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'can-
not' took:

'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted, 1541
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his
eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds: 1551
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move
thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter, 1560
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will
not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sor-
row,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing. 1570
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-
taining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her
thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief
brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;

Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd; like rainbows in the
sky:

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares: 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw,

Her lively color kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling
stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair color
spent? 1600

Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give re-
dress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honor is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amend-
ing:

In me moe woes than words are now depend-
ing;

And my laments would be drawn out too
long,

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou was wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame

On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict. 1631

"For some hard-favor'd groom of thine,"
quoth he,

"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee

And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner
dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse,

Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up
with woe, 1661

With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer in:

But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks
up again.

As though an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief
draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she at-
tendeth,

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth.
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh

More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping
eyes. 1680

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me [lend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine; 1691
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she, 1700
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
'May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honor to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say, 1709
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
'While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears

Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'
Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name; 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays, 1719
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-sheathed:

That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;
And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood. 1741
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified. 1750

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time out-worn: 1761

O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shivered all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And lived to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul 1779
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;

Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor
heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he
said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced
plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :

Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for
wife.

The one doth call her his the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she
is,'

Replies her husband : 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life 1800
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my
wife,

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamors
fill'd

The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece'
life,

Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and
'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'
side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.

He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811

As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish
things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he
'arise :

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help griev-
ous deeds ?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
Such childish humor from weak minds pro-
ceeds :

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her
foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations ; 1829
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,

Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
graced,

By our strong arms from forth her fair
streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store,

By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late com-
plain'd 1839

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urged the rest,

Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :
Then jointly to the ground their knees they
bow ;

And that deep vow, which Brutus made be-
fore,

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece
thence ; 1850

To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :

Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

INTRODUCTION.

The Passionate Pilgrim was published by William Jaggard, in 1599. It was a piratical bookseller's venture, and although the popular name of Shakespeare was put upon the title-page the little volume really consisted of a collection from several authors. Shakespeare, as Heywood tells us, was much offended when Jaggard, in 1612, republished the volume, with added poems of Heywood, and with Shakespeare's name upon the title-page: a cancel of the title-page was thereupon made, and one printed without any author's name. Of the collection, Nos. I., II., III., V., XII., and XVII., are probably Shakespeare's; Nos. IV., VI., VII., IX., and XIX. are possibly Shakespeare's; and the rest are certainly not Shakespeare's. After the fifteenth poem in the original collection occurs a second title—*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*.

I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of
truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd
youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd
be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooling his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment, 30
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in
me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth
shine,
Exhale this vapor vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;
She showed him favors to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and
there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too fro-
ward!

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll con-
stant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers how'd. 60

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
 eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art can
 comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
 suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
 commend ;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
 wonder ;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
 admire :
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice
 his dreadful thunder,
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
 fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that
 wrong,
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
 tongue. 70

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
 shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen :
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green
 brim : 80
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
 He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he
 stood :
 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a
 flood !'

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.
 Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love
 swearing !
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fear-
 ing !
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
 jestings.
 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire
 flameth ;
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
 burneth ;
 She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the
 framing ;
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ? 101
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and
 me,
 Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly
 touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110
 Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music,
 makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 When as himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee re-
 main.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of
 love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill : 121
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good
 will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those
 grounds :
 'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet
 youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a
 boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
 See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the
 sore.'
 She showed hers : he saw more wounds than
 one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone. 130

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd
 soon vaded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring
 Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
 sting !
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall
 should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
 For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will :
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
 For why I craved nothing of thee still : 140
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try
 her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god
embraced me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god un-
laced me,' 149
As if the boy should use like loving charms ;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure :
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her
pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter
weather ;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter
bare. 160
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee : O, sweet shepherd, hie
thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long,

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly ; 170
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that's broken presently :
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,
In spite of physio, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my
share : 181
She bade good night that kept my rest away ;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-
morrow' [row.
Fare well I could not, for I suppd with sor-
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither :
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morn-
ing rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and
mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
sight ;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow ; [morrow.
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-
Were I with her, the night would post too
soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers !
Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night
now borrow :
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
morrow. 210

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[xvi.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might
be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with
love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gal-
lant knight ;
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel !
But one must be refused ; more mickle was
the pain

That nothing could be used to turn them both
to gain, 226
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !
Thus art with arms contending was victor of
the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away :
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the
lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month was ever May

Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air: 230
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss:
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying, 250
 Heart's renying,
 Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss;

O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle
 dame!

For now I see 260
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall:

Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall. 270

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 My sighs so deep
 Procure to weep,

In howling wise, to see my doleful
 plight.

How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in
 bloody fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains, 290
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my
 moan:

Poor Corydon

Must live alone;

Other help for him I see that there is
 none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 301
 Let reason-rule things worthy blame,
 †As well as fancy partial might:
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with fied talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
 A cripple soon can find a halt;—
 But plainly say thou lovest her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell. 310

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
 And then too late she will repent
 That thus dissembled her delight;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say, 320
 'Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
 Where thy desert may merit praise,
 By ringing in thy lady's ear:
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble true; 330
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,
 Press never thou to choose anew:
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
 Dissembled with an outward show,
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
 The cock that treads them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought? 340

†Think women still to strive with men,
 To sin and never for to saint:
 There is no heaven, by holy then,
 When time with age doth them attain.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough, too much, I fear ;
 Lest that my mistress hear my song,
 She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long : 350
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[xx.]

Live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals. 360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move.
 Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue, 370
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

[xxi.]

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone : 380
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,

And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity :
 ' Fie, fie, fie, ' now would she cry ;
 ' Tereu, tereu ! ' by and by ;
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own. 390
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee
 King Pandion he is dead ;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me. 400
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find :
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want. 410
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such-like flattering,
 ' Pity but he were a king ;'
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice ;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have at commandment :
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown ; 420
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need :
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe. 430

SONNETS.

(WRITTEN BETWEEN 1595-1605.)

INTRODUCTION.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare suggest, perhaps, the most difficult questions in Shakespearean criticism. In 1609 appeared these poems in a quarto (published almost certainly without the author's sanction), which also contained *A Lover's Complaint*. The publisher, Thomas Thorpe, dedicated them "To the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." Does "begetter" mean the person who inspired them and so brought them into existence, or only the obtainer of the Sonnets for Thorpe? Probably the former. And who is Mr. W. H.? It is clear from sonnet 135 that the Christian-name of Shakespeare's friend to whom the first 126 sonnets were addressed was William. But what William? There is not even an approach to certainty in any answer offered to this question. Some have supposed that W. H. is a blind to conceal and yet express the initials H. W. i.e. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. Others hold that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (to whom, together with his brother, the first folio was dedicated), is here addressed. When were the Sonnets written? We know that Meres in 1598 spoke of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," and that in 1599 two (138 and 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Some, to judge by their style, seem to belong to the time when *Romeo and Juliet* was written. Others—as for example 66-74—echo the sadder tone which is heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*. The writing of the Sonnets certainly extended over a considerable period of time, at least three years (see 104), and perhaps a longer period. They all, probably, lie somewhere between 1595 and 1605. The Sonnets consist of two series, the first (from 1 to 126) addressed to a young man; the other (from 127 to 154) addressed to or referring to a woman. But both series allude to events which connect the two persons with one another and with Shakespeare. The young friend, whom Shakespeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in the gifts of fortune, and of high rank. The woman was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction. To her fascination Shakespeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her shares for Shakespeare's friend and won him. Hence a coldness, estrangement, and for some time a complete severance between Shakespeare and his friend, after a time followed by acknowledgment of fault on both sides and a complete reconciliation. So the Sonnets must be interpreted if we accept the natural sense they seem to bear. But several critics have held that they are either altogether of an ideal nature or allegorical, or were written in part by Shakespeare not for himself but for the use of others. The natural sense, however, is probably the true one.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T. T.

FROM
FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
(1189)

Feed'st thy light'st flame with self-substantial
fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
meek

And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggard-
ing.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and
these.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's
use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of
mine

Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new made when thou art
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st
it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou view-
est

Now is the time that face should form an-
other ;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :

So thou through windows of thine age shall

Despise of wrinkles this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend

Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?

Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.

Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?

For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with
thee,

Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,

Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel ;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there ;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite
gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was :

But flowers distill'd, though they with
winter meet,

Leese but their show ; their substance still
lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface

In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :

Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some
place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.

That use is not forbidden usury

Which happies those that pay the willing
loan ;

That's for thyself to breed another thee,

Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;

Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee :

Then what could death do, if thou shouldst
depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity ?

Be not self-wild'd, for thou art much too
fair

To be death's conquest and make worms
thine heir.

VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light

Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;

And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly
hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,

Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary
car,

Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are

From his low tract and look another way :
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,

Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in
joy.

Why lovest thou that which thou receivest
not gladly,

Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly hide thee, who con-
found

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,

Sings this to thee : 'thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye

That thou consumest thyself in single life ?

Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife ;

The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.

Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend

Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it ;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame committs.

X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,

Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,

But that thou none lovest is most evident ;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !

Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?

Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove :

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest

In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;

And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest

Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase :
Without this, folly, age and cold decay :

If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,

Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish :
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish :

She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby

Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake

And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :

Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.

So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination : then you were

Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O, none but unthrif ! Dear my love, you know

You had a father : let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,

But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality ;

Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,

Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art

As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;

Or else of thee this I prognosticate :
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but
shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence com-
ment ;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same
sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height de-
crease,

And wear their brave state out of memory ;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay

Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,

To change your day of youth to sullied night ;

And all in war with Time for love of you,

As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a might'ier way

Make was upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?

And fortify yourself in your decay

With means more blessed than my barren
rhyme ?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,

And many maiden gardens yet unset

With virtuous wish would bear your living
flowers,

Much liker than your painted counterfeit :

So should the lines of life that life repair,

Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,

Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,

Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still,

And you must live, drawn by your own
sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,

If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?

Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb

Which hides your life and shows not half
your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes

And in fresh numbers number all your
graces,

The age to come would say 'This poet lies ;

Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces.'

So should my papers yellow'd with their age

Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than
tongue,

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage

And stretched metre of an antique song ;

But were some child of yours alive that
time,

You should live twice ; in it and in my
rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate :

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May.

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course un-
trimm'd ;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest :

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,

And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood ;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's
jaws,

And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,

And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,

To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;

But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair
brow,

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique
pen ;

Him in thy course untainted do allow

For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy
wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand
painted

Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted

With shifting change, as is false women's
fashion ;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;

A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,

Which steals men's eyes and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;

Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-dot-
ting,

And by addition me of thee defeated,

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure,

Mine be thy love and thy love's use their
treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse

Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,

Who heaven itself for ornament doth use

And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;

Making a complement of proud compare,

With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :

Let them say more that like of hearsay
well ;

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much
rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's
might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more
express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath
stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
done :

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine
for me [sun]

Are windows to my breast, where-through the
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their
art ;

They draw but what they see, know not the
heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in waiting words to
show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow
it ;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then not show my head where thou
mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's ex-
pired :
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face
new.

Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my
mind,

For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debar'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven :

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the
even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
And night doth nightly make grief's strength
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends pos-
sess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

Aid weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this grow-
ing age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from my
now

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the dis-
grace:

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,

And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast
done:

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—

Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate

That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-
light.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good re-
port.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give

That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in
worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious
days,

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self
bring ?
And what is't but mine own when I praise
thee ?

Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou
prove,

Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet
leave

To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-
ceive,

And that thou teachest how to make one
twain,

By praising him here who doth hence re-
main !

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them
all ;

What hast thou then more than thou hadst
before ?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love
call ;

All mine was thine before thou hadst this
more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known in-
jury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be
foes.

XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed ?
Ay me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold
truth,

Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I
love her ;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve
her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that
 loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are
 one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unsuspected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy
 show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth
 stay!
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do
 show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and
 land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me that I am not
 thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
 gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
 choly;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow
 sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
 bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost
 lie,—
 A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—
 But the defendant doth that plea deny
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impaneled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's
 part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward
 And my heart's right thy inward love of
 heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
 smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
 move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's de-
 light.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of
 trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy of comfort, now my greatest
 grief,
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
 art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come
 and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely
 pass

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine
eye,

When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws,

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
'Thus far, the miles are measured from thy
friend !'

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from
thee :

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my
mind ;

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence ?

Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the
wind ;

In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire of perfect st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave
to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
scope,

Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant
heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give !

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds
discloses :

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your
truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these con-
tents

Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still
find room.

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharper'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with full-
ness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted
new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for
you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or yours affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make
those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of
pleasure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
check,

Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will ; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains be-
guiled,

Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child !
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done !
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whether better
they,

Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring
praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;

Each changing place with that which goes
before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
† And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be bro-
ken,

While shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy ?

O, no ! thy love, though much, is not so great :
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake :

For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-
where,

From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so ground'd inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crash'd and o'er-
worn ;

When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd
his brow

With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful
morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
For such a time do I now fortify

Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's
life :

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still
green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bound-
less sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
hid ?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back ?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :

Tired with all these, from these would I be
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone

LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage might achieve
And lace itself with his society ?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek
And steal dead seeming of his living hue ?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?

Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively
veins ?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she
had

In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do
now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head ;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
In him those holy antique hours are seen
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend ;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that
due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is
crown'd ;

But those same tongues that give thee so thine
own

In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this, that thou dost common
grow

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young
days,

Either not assail'd or victor being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged :

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st
owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,

Lest the wise world should look into your
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am shamed by that which I bring
forth,

And so should you, to love things nothing
worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd
by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere
long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is his
due ;

My spirit is thine, the better part of me .

So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
ground ;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the flitting age will steal his treas-
ure,

Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my
pleasure ;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds
strange ?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did pro-
ceed ?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument ;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent :

For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties
wear,

Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou
taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
find

Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy
brain,

To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse

As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse,
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to
 sing
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
 Have added leathers to the learned's wing
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee :
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
 From thy behavior ; beauty doth he give
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth
 say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost
 pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
 fame !

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark inferior far to his
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride :
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this ; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall
 have,

Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live—such virtue hath my
 pen—

Where breath most breathes, even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
 And therefore mayst without attain o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou'rt as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend :
 And their gross painting might be better

^{used}
 Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is
 abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need
 And therefore to your fair no painting set ;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt ;
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself being extant well might
 show

How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
 grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life and bring a
 tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal
 grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your
 praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her
 still,

While comments of your praise, richly com-
 piled,

Reserve their character with golden quill
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
 I think good thoughts whilst other write good
 words,

And like unletter'd clerk still cry ' Amen '
 To every hymn that able spirit affords

In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-
hew,

Making their tomb the womb wherein they
grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence;

But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?

And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,

Come home again, on better judgment mak-
ing.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flit-
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,

Upon thy side against myself I'll fight

And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
sworn.

With mine own weakness being best ac-
quainted,

Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,

That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:

And I by this will be a gainer too;

For bending all my loving thoughts on thee.

The injuries that to myself I do,

Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,

That for thy right myself will bear all
wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,

To set a form upon desired change,

As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,

I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,

Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue

Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,

Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong

And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,

For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost
hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,

And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this
sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,

To linger out a purposed overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,

When other petty griefs have done their spite,

But in the onset come; so shall I taste

At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now seem
woe,

Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies'

force,

Some in their garments, though new-fangled

ill,

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in

their horse;

And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,

Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:

But these particulars are not my measure;

All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,

Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'

cost,

Of more delight than hawks or horses be;

And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst
take

All this away and me most wretched make!

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,

And life no longer than thy love will stay,

For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,

When in the least of them my life hath end.

I see a better state to me belongs

Than that which on thy humor doth depend;

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,

Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,

Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles
strange,

But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings
be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweet-
ness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :

For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds ;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-
lege ;

The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wanton-
ness ;

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and
less ;

Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd.

So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy
state !

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good
report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen !

What old December's bareness every where !
And yet this time removed was summer's
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' de-
cense :

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew ;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did
play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath ? The purple
pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
dwells

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,

And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth

A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so
long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless
song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects
light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,

And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes
life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked
knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
'Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never internix'd?'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be
dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows
now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteem-
ing

The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,

But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear
delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my
tongue,

Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,

The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can
sit
Your own glass shows you when you look
in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold

Have from the forests shook three summers'
pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
bred;

Ere you were born was beauty's summer
dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
affords.

'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived
alone,

Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies

Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present
 days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
 praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic scul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to
 come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me sub-
 scribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
 rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless
 tribes ;
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
 spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit ?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit ?
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers di-
 vine,
 I must, each day say o'er the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred
 Where time and outward form would show
 it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
 lie :
 That is my home of love : if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley to the view,

Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
 most dear,

Made old offences of affections new ;
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of
 love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
 best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving
 breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners
 breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a
 brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
 You are my all the world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your
 tongue :

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or
 wrong.

In so profound abyssm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopp'd are.

Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :

You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world besides methinks are
 dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth
 latch :

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch :
 For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favor or deformedst crea-
 ture,

The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your
feature:

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine eye
untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd
with you

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
greeting,

And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you
dearer :

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn
clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of
kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering
things ;

Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say ' Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come :
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,

Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown
minds

And given to time your own dear-purchased
right

That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-
ness,

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meet-
ness

To be diseased ere that there was true need-
ing.

Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be
cured :

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck founts as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !
What wretched errors hath my heart com-
mitted,

Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
fitted

In the distraction of this madding fever !
O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.

So I return rebuked to my content
And gain by ill thrice more than I have
spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd
steel.

For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.

O, that our night of woe might have remem-
ber'd

My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!

But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ran-
som me

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?

Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think
good?

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel;

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
shown;

Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;

Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do
change:

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them
told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,

Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd
hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for
crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruin-
ing?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savor,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart.

And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no
art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy
control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein
show'st

Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treas-
ure.

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress brows are raven black

Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look
so.

CXXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that har-
vest reap, [stand !

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living
lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so ;
Mad, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.

All this time world well knows ; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this
hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are
dun ; [head.

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress
reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground :

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them
cruel ;

For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan :

To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, pro-
ceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to
groan [me !

For that deep wound it gives my friend and
is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must
be ?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd :
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
bail ;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my gaol :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind ;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and
me :

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
 And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy
 'Will'

One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will'
 more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one
 'Will.'

CXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
 'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that
 still,
 And then thou lovest me, for my name is
 'Will.'

CXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged
 hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several
 plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have
 erred,
 And to this false plague are they now trans-
 ferr'd.

CXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of
 truth
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd
 youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
 young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told.
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be

CXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy
 tongue;
 Use power with power and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my
 sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when
 thy might
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my
 foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much dis-
 dain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians
 know;
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,
 That I may not be so, nor thou belie'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
 heart go wide.

CXXI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they de-
 sress,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
 lighted,
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud hearts slave and vassal wretch to
 be.

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, ground on sinful loving :
O, but with mine compare thou thine own
state,

And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune
thee :

Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost
hide,

By self-example mayst thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dis-
patch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from
thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy
'Will,'

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :

The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman color'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'

To me that languish'd for her sake ;
But when she saw my woeful state,

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet .

'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away ;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
†.....these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's
are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true
sight !

Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?

If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'
How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view ;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st
me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake ?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy
 mind.

Those that can see thou lovest, and I am
 blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful
 might

With insufficiency my heart to sway ?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the
 day ?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantize of skill
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee
 more

The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLL

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treasons,
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and
 fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
 ing,
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
 ness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they
 see ;

For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjured I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men
 prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-
 fired,

The boy for trial needs would touch my
 breast ;

I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help
 lies

Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress'
 eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life
 to keep
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had
 warm'd ;

And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseased ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I
 prove,

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

INTRODUCTION.

As already mentioned in the Introduction to the *Sonnets* this poem first appeared in the quarto containing the Sonnets published in 1609. In a letter to the Editor of the "Leopold Shakespeare," Professor Delius says: "*A Lover's Complaint* may belong to the end of Shakespeare's second period, or to the third and latest period; so you may place it with *Othello*," in the chronological order.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-
worded

A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and
rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime
it saw 10

The carcass of beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's
fell rage,

Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20
In clamors of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride 30
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved
hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break from
thence,

Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favors from a mannd she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs
all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes, 50
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear:
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here!'

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffie knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age. 70

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
(1203)

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face : 81
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place ;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to
wear :

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear ;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form, 99
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though
they be.

His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
stop he makes !"

And controversy hence a question takes, 110
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went :
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions ; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by
him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain

In personal duty, following where he haunted :
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have
granted ; 131
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought as-
sign'd ;
And laboring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
them : 140

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded ;
Finding myself in honor so forbid, 150
With safest distance I mine honor shielded :
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay ?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way ?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay ;
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof.
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, "It is thy
last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards
grew, 171
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me : "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said ; 180
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woe.

"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may
be,

Where neither party is nor true nor kind ;
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warm'd, 191

Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd ;

Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,

Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
me

Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and qual-
ity. 210

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and
hard,

Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh
regard

Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold : each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some
moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I heard them
not, 220

But yield them up where I myself must ren-
der,

That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you eupatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless
hand,

Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise ;

Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise ;

What me your minister, for you obeys,

Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums. 231

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence re-
move,

To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labor is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives, 240

†Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true :
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out Religion's eye : 250
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell'
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred
nun, 260

Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place :
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts
worth

Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth 269
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !
†Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine de-
pend,

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine ;

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth "

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my
face ;

Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing
roses

That flame through water which their hue en-
closes.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes 290
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears ;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting ; though our drops this difference
bore, 300
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and
leaves,

In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows :

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim : [claim ;

Against the thing he sought he would ex-
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold
chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd ? 320

Ayme ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs betow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !' 329

THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

INTRODUCTION.

The Phoenix and the Turtle was printed as one of the additional poems to Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint*, 1601, with Shakespeare's name appended. That it is his seems in a high degree doubtful; Mr. Furnivall says, "it is no doubt spurious."

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict. 10

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder. 30

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called. 40

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene. 50

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity. 60

Truth may seem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

GLOSSARY TO SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

- ABATE**, *v.t.* to shorten. *M. N's Dr.* III. 2. To cast down. *Cor.* III. 3. To blunt. *R.* III. v. 4.
- Abatement**, *sb.* diminution. *Lear.* I. 4.
- Abide**, *v.i.* to sojourn. *Wint. Tale*, IV. 3. *v.t.* to expiate (a corruption of 'Aby'). *J. C.* III. 1; *Ibid.* III. 2.
- Able**, *v.t.* to uphold. *Lear.* IV. 6.
- Abridgement**, *sb.* a short play. *Ham.* II. 2.
- Abrook**, *v.t.* to brook, abide. *2 H. VI.* II. 4.
- Absey-Book**, *sb.* a primer. *John.* I. 1.
- Absolute**, *adj.* positive, certain. *Cym.* IV. 2; *Ham.* v. 2. Complete. *Temp.* I. 2.
- Abuse**, *v.t.* to deceive. *Lear.* IV. 7.
- Abuse**, *sb.* deception. *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
- Aby**, *v.t.* to expiate a fault. *M. N's Dr.* III. 2.
- Abyss**, *sb.* abyss. *Temp.* I. 2.
- Accite**, *v.t.* to cite, summon. *2 H. IV.* v. 2.
- Accuse**, *sb.* accusation. *2 H. VI.* III. 1.
- Achieve**, *v.* to obtain. *H. V.* IV. 3.
- Acknown**, *p.p.* 'to be known' is to acknowledge. *Oth.* III. 3.
- Acquittance**, *sb.* a receipt or discharge. *Ham.* IV. 2.
- Action-taking**, *adj.* litigious. *Lear.* II. 2.
- Action**, *sb.* action. *Lover's Com.* 185.
- Addition**, *sb.* title, attribute. *All's Well*, II. 3; *T. & C.* I. 2.
- Address**, *v.r.* to prepare oneself. *2 H. VI.* v. 2; *Ham.* I. 2.
- Addressed**, *part.* prepared. *L's L's L.* II. 1.
- Advance**, *v.t.* to prefer, promote to honor. *Tim.* I. 2.
- Advertisement**, *sb.* admonition. *Much Ado*, &c. v. 1.
- Advertising**, *pr. p.* attentive. *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
- Advice**, *sb.* consideration, discretion. *Two Gent.* II. 4; *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
- Advise**, *v.* sometimes *neuter*, sometimes *reflective*, to consider, reflect. *Tw. N.* IV. 2.
- Advised**, *p.p.* considerate. *Com.* of *E.* v. 1.
- Advocation**, *sb.* pleading, advocacy. *Oth.* III. 4.
- Afear**, *adj.* afraid. *Merry Wives*, III. 4.
- Affect**, *v.t.* to love. *Merry Wives*, II. 1.
- Affered**, *p.p.* assessed, confirmed. *Mac.* IV. 3.
- Afront**, *adv.* in front. *1 H. IV.* II. 4.
- Affy**, *v.t.* to affianse. *2 H. VI.* IV. 1. To trust. *T. A.* I. 1.
- Agazed**, *p.p.* looking in amazement. *1 H. VI.* I. 1.
- Aglet-baby**, *sb.* the small figure engraved on a jewel. *Tam.* of *S.* I. 2.
- Aguish**, *v.t.* to acknowledge, confess. *Oth.* I. 3.
- A-good**, *adv.* a good deal, plentifully. *Two Gent.* IV. 4.
- A-hold**, *adj.* a sea-term. *Temp.* I. 1.
- Aiery**, *sb.* the nest of a bird of prey. *R.* III. I. 3.
- Aim**, *sb.* a guess. *Two Gent.* III. 1.
- Alder-lieftest**, *adj.* most loved of all. *2 H. VI.* I. 1.
- Ale**, *sb.* alehouse. *Two Gent.* II. 5.
- Allow**, *v.* to approve. *Tw. N.* I. 2.
- Allowance**, *sb.* approval. *Cor.* III. 2.
- Ames-ace**, *sb.* two aces, the lowest throw of the dice. *All's Well*, II. 3.
- Amort**, *adj.* dead, dejected. *Tam.* of *S.* IV. 3.
- An**, *conj.* if. *Much Ado*, I. 1.
- Anchor**, *sb.* an anchorite, hermit. *Ham.* III. 2.
- Ancient**, *sb.* an ensign-bearer. *1 H. IV.* IV. 2.
- Angel**, *sb.* a coin, so called because it bore the image of an angel. *Merry Wives*, I. 3.
- Anight**, *adv.* by night. *As you Like it*, II. 4.
- Answar**, *sb.* retaliation. *Cym.* v. 3.
- Anthropophaginian**, *sb.* a cannibal. *Merry Wives*, IV. 5.
- Antick**, *sb.* the fool in the old plays. *R.* II. III. 2.
- Antre**, *sb.* a cave. *Oth.* I. 3.
- Apparent**, *sb.* heir-apparent. *Wint. Tale*, I. 2.
- Appeal**, *sb.* accusation. *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
- Appeal**, *v.t.* to accuse. *R.* II. I. 1.
- Appeared**, *p.p.* made apparent. *Cor.* IV. 3.
- Apple-John**, *sb.* a kind of apple. *1 Hen.* IV. III. 3.
- Appointment**, *sb.* preparation. *M.* for *M.* III. 1.
- Apprehension**, *sb.* opinion. *Much Ado*, III. 4.
- Apprehensive**, *adj.* apt to apprehend or understand. *J. C.* III. 1.
- Approbation**, *sb.* probation. *Cym.* I. 5.
- Approof**, *sb.* approbation, proof. *All's Well*, I. 2; *Temp.* II. 5.
- Approve**, *v.t.* to prove. *R.* II. I. 3. To justify, make good. *Lear.* II. 4.
- Approver**, *sb.* one who proves or tries. *Cym.* II. 4.
- Arch**, *sb.* chief. *Lear.* II. 1.
- Argal**, a ridiculous word intended for the Latin *ergo*. *Ham.* v. I.
- Argentine**, *adj.* silver. *Per.* v. 2.
- Argier**, *sb.* Algiers. *Temp.* I. 2.
- Argosy**, *sb.* originally a vessel of Ragusa or Ragosa, a Ragoisine; hence any ship of burden. *M.* of *V. I.* I.
- Argument**, *sb.* subject. *Much Ado*, II. 3.
- Armigero**, a mistake for *Armiger*, the Latin for Esquire. *Merry Wives*, I. 1.
- Aroint**, *v.r.* found only in the imperat. mood, get thee gone. *Mac.* I. 3; *Lear.* III. 4.
- A-row**, *adv.* in a row. *Com.* of *E.* v. 1.
- Articulate**, *v.t.* to enter into articles of agreement. *Cor.* I. 9. *v.t.* to exhibit in articles. *1 H.* IV. v. 1.
- Ask**, *v.t.* to require. *2 H. VI.* I. 2.
- Aspect**, *sb.* regard, looks. *A. & C.* I. 5.
- Asperion**, *sb.* sprinkling; hence blessing, because before the Reformation benediction was generally accompanied by the sprinkling of holy water. *Temp.* III. 3.
- Assay**, *sb.* attempt. *M.* for *M.* III. 1.
- Assay**, *v.t.* to attempt, test, make proof of. *Merry Wives*, II. 1.
- Assinego**, *sb.* an ass. *T. & Cr.* II. 1.
- Assubjugate**, *v.t.* to subjugate. *T. & Cr.* II. 3.
- Assurance**, *sb.* deed of assurance. *Tam.* of *S.* IV. 2.
- Assured**, *p.p.* betrothed. *Com.* of *E.* III. 2.
- Atomy**, *sb.* an atom. *As you Like it*, III. 2. Used in contempt of a small person. *2 H. IV.* v. 4.
- Atone**, *v.t.* to put people at one, to reconcile. *R.* II. I. 1. *v.t.* to agree. *Cor.* IV. 6.
- Attach**, *v.t.* to seize, lay hold on. *Temp.* III. 3; *Com.* of *E.* IV. 1.
- Attasked**, *p.p.* taken to task, reprehended. *Lear.* I. 4.
- Attend**, *v.t.* to listen to. *Temp.* I. 2; *M.* of *V.* v. 1.
- Attent**, *adj.* attentive. *Ham.* I. 2.
- Attorney**, *sb.* an agent. *R.* III. IV. 4.
- Attorney**, *v.t.* to employ as an agent. *M.* for *M.* v. 1. To perform by an agent. *Wint. Tale*, I. 1.
- Audacious**, *adj.* spirited, daring, but without any note of blame attached to it. *L's L's L.* v. 1.
- Augur**, *sb.* augury. *Mac.* III. 4.
- Authentic**, *adj.* clothed with authority. *Merry Wives*, II. 2.

Avant, *inf.* be gone, a word of abhorrence. *Com.* of E. IV. 3.

Ave, *etc.* the Latin for hail; hence acclamation. *M.* for M. I. 1.

Ave-Mary, *sb.* the angelic salutation addressed to the B. Virgin Mary. 2 H. VI. I. 3.

Averring, *pr. p.* confirming. *Cym.* v. 5.

Awful, *adj.* worshipful. Two Gent. IV. 1.

Awkward, *adj.* contrary. 2 H. VI. III. 2.

Baccare, *inf.* keep back. *Tam.* of S. II. 1.

Backward, *sb.* the hinder part; hence, when applied to time, the past. *Temp.* I. 2.

Balke, *p. p.* heaped, as on a ridge. 1 H. IV. I. 1.

Ballow, *sb.* a cudgel. *Lear.* IV. 6.

Balm, *sb.* the oil of consecration. *R.* II. IV. 1; 3 H. VI. III. 1.

Ban, *v. t.* to curse. *Lucr.* 1460.

Bank, *v. t.* to sail by the banks. *John.* v. 2.

Barm, *sb.* yeast. *M. N's Dr.* II. 1.

Barn, *sb.* a child. 1 H. IV. II. 3.

Barnacle, *sb.* a shell-fish, supposed to produce the sea-bird of the same name. *Temp.* IV. 1.

Base, *sb.* a game, sometimes called Prisoners' base. *Cym.* v. 3.

Bases, *sb.* an embroidered mantle worn by knights on horseback, and reaching from the middle to below the knees. *Per.* II. 1.

Basilik, *sb.* a kind of ordnance. 1 H. IV. IV. 3.

Basta, *inf.* (Italian), enough. *Tam.* of S. I. 1.

Bastard, *sb.* raisin wine. *M.* for M. III. 2.

Bat-fowling, *part.* catching birds with a clap-net by night. *Temp.* II. 1.

Bate, *v. t.* to flutter, as a hawk. 1 H. IV. IV. 1.

Bate, *v. t.* to except. *Temp.* II. 1. To abate. *Much Ado.* II. 3.

Batlet, *sb.* a small bat, used for beating clothes. As you Like it, II. 4.

Battle, *sb.* army. 1 H. IV. IV. 1.

Barin, *sb.* used as an *adj.* a piece of waste wood, applied contemptuously to anything worthless. 1 H. IV. III. 2.

Bawcock, *sb.* a fine fellow. *Tw. N.* III. 4.

Bay, *sb.* the space between the main timbers of the roof. *M.* for M. II. 1.

Beadsman, *sb.* one who bids bedes, that is, prays prayers for another. Two Gent. I. 1.

Bearing-cloth, *sb.* a rich cloth in which children were wrapt at their christening. *Wint. Tale.* III. 3.

Beat, *v. t.* to flutter as a falcon, to meditate, consider earnestly. *Temp.* I. 2.

Beaver, *sb.* the lower part of a helmet. 1 H. IV. IV. 1.

Beetle, *sb.* a mallet. 2 H. IV. I. 2.

Being, *sb.* dwelling. *Cym.* I. 6.

Being, *conj.* since, inasmuch as. *A. & C.* III. 6.

Be-mete, *v. t.* to measure. *Tam.* of S. IV. 3.

Be-moiled, *p. p.* daubed with dirt. *Tam.* of S. IV. 1.

Bending, *pr. p.* stooping under a weight. *H. V.* v. Chorus.

Benvenuto, *sb.* (Italian), welcome. *L's L's L.* IV. 2.

Bergomask, *adj.* a rustic dance. *M. N's Dr.* v. 1.

Beshrew, *inf.* evil befall. *Com.* of E. II. 1.

Bestraught, *p. p.* distraught, distracted. *Induct.* to *Tam.* of S.

Beteem, *v. t.* to pour out. *M. N's Dr.* I. 1.

Betid, *p. p.* happened. *Temp.* I. 2.

Bezonian, *sb.* a beggarly fellow. 2 H. IV. v. 3.

Biding, *sb.* abiding-place. *Lear.* IV. 6.

Bidden, *sb.* a night-cap. 2 H. IV. IV. 5.

Bilberry, *sb.* the whortleberry. *Merry Wives.* v. 5.

Bilbo, *sb.* a sword, from Bilboa, a town in Spain where they were made. *Merry Wives.* I. 1.

Bilboes, *sb.* fetters or stocks. *Ham.* v. 2.

Bill, *sb.* a bill-hook, a weapon. *Much Ado.* III. 3.

Bin=been, *are.* *Cym.* II. 3.

Bird-bolt, *sb.* a bolt to be shot from a crossbow at birds. *Much Ado.* I. 1.

Birding, *part.* hawking at partridge. *Merry Wives.* III. 3.

Bisson, *adj.* blind. *Cor.* II. 1.

Blank, *sb.* the white mark in the middle of a target; hence, metaphorically, that which is aimed at. *Wint. Tale.* II. 3.

Blench, *v. t.* to start aside, flinch. *M.* for *M.* IV. 5.

Blent, *p. p.* blended. *M.* of V. III. 2.

Blood-boltered, *part.* smeared with blood. *Mnc.* IV. 1.

Blow, *v. t.* to inflate. *Tw. N.* II. 5.

Board, *v. t.* to accost. *Tam.* of S. I. 2.

Bob, *sb.* a blow, metaph. a sarcasm. As you Like it, II. 7.

Bob, *v. t.* to strike, metaph. to ridicule, or to obtain by rallery. *T. & Cr.* III. 1; *Oth.* v. 1.

Bodge, *v.* to botch, bungle. 3 H. VI. I. 4.

Bodikin, *sb.* a corrupt word used as an oath. 'Od's Bodikin, God's little Body. *Ham.* II. 2.

Boitier vert (French), green box. *Merry Wives.* I. 4.

Bold, *v. t.* to embolden. *Lear.* v. 1.

Bollen, *adj.* swollen. *Lucr.* 1417.

Bolter, *sb.* a sieve. 1 H. IV. III. 3.

Bolted, *p. p.* sifted, refined. *H. V.* II. 2.

Bolting-hutch, *sb.* a hutch in which meal was sifted. 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Bombard, *sb.* a barrel, a drunkard. *Temp.* II. 2.

Bombast, *sb.* padding. *L's L's L.* v. 2.

Bona-roba, *sb.* a harlot. 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Bond, *sb.* that to which one is bound. *Lear.* I. 1.

Book, *sb.* a paper of conditions. 1 H. IV. III. 1.

Boot, *sb.* help, use. *Tam.* of S. v. 2.

Boot, *v. t.* to help, to avail. Two Gent. I. 1.

Bootless, *adj.* without boot or advantage, useless. *Temp.* I. 2.

Boots, *sb.* bots, a kind of worm. Two Gent. I. 1.

Bore, *sb.* calibre of a gun; hence, metaph. size, weight, importance. *Ham.* IV. 6.

Bosky, *adj.* covered with underwood. *Temp.* III. 8.

Bosom, *sb.* wish, heart's desire. *M.* for *M.* IV. 3.

Bots, *sb.* worms which infest horses. 1 H. IV. II. 1.

Bourn, *sb.* a boundary. *Wint. Tale.* I. 2. A brook. *Lear.* III. 6.

Brace, *sb.* armor for the arm, state of defence. *Oth.* I. 3; *Per.* II. 1.

Brach, *sb.* a hound bitch. *Induct.* to *Tam.* of S.

Braid, *adj.* deceitful. *All's Well.* IV. 2.

Brave, *adj.* handsome, well-dressed. *Temp.* I. 2.

Brave, *sb.* boast. *John.* v. 2.

Bravery, *sb.* finery. *Tam.* of S. IV. 3. Boastfulness. *Ham.* v. 2.

Brawl, *sb.* a kind of dance. *L's L's L.* III. 1.

Breed-bate, *sb.* a breeder of debate, a fomentor of quarrels. *Merry Wives.* I. 4.

Breast, *sb.* voice. *Tw. N.* II. 3.

Breathe, *v. t.* to exercise. *All's Well.* II. 3.

Breathing, *pr. p.* exercising. *Ham.* v. 2.

Breaching, *adj.* liable to be whipt. *Tam.* of S. III. 1.

Breeze, *sb.* the gadfly. *A. & C.* III. 8.

Bribe-buck, *sb.* a buck given away in presents. *Merry Wives.* v. 5.

Bring, *v. t.* to attend one on a journey. *M.* for *M.* I. 1.

Brock, *sb.* a badger, a term of contempt. *Tw. N.* II. 5.

Broke, *v. t.* to act as a procurer. *All's Well.* III. 5.

- Broken, *p.p.* having lost some teeth by age. All's Well, II. 3.
- Broken music, the music of stringed instruments. T. & Cr. III. 1.
- Broker, *sb.* an agent. Two Gent. I. 2.
- Brotherhood, *sb.* trading company. T. & Cr. I. 3.
- Brownist, *sb.* a sectary, a follower of Brown, the founder of the Independents. Tw. N. III. 2.
- Bruit, *sb.* noise, report, rumor. 3 H. VI. IV. 7.
- Bruit, *v.t.* to noise abroad. Mac. v. 7.
- Brush, *sb.* rude assault. 2 H. VI. v. 3; Tim. IV. 3.
- Buck, *sb.* suds or lye for washing clothes in. Merry Wives, III. 3; 2 H. VI. IV. 2.
- Buck-basket, *sb.* the basket in which clothes are carried to the wash. Merry Wives, III. 5.
- Bucking, *sb.* washing. Merry Wives, III. 3.
- Buck-washing, *sb.* washing in lye. Merry Wives, III. 3.
- Bug, *sb.* a bugbear, a spectre. 3 H. VI. v. 2; Cym. v. 3.
- Bully-rook, *sb.* a bragging cheater. Merry Wives, I. 3.
- Burgonet, *sb.* a kind of helmet. 2 H. VI. v. 1.
- Burst, *v.t.* to break. Ind. to Tam. of S.
- Busky, *adj.* bushy. 1 H. IV. v. 1.
- Butt-shaft, *sb.* a light arrow for shooting at a butt. L's L's I. 2.
- Buxom, *adj.* obedient. H. V. III. 3.
- By'r'lakin, *int.* by our little Lady: an oath. M. N's Dr. III. 1.
- Caddis, *sb.* worsted galloon, so called because it resembles the caddis-worm. Wint. Tale, IV. 3.
- Cade, *sb.* a cask or barrel. 2 H. VI. IV. 2.
- Cage, *sb.* a prison. Cym. III. 3.
- Cain-colored, *adj.* red (applied to hair). Merry Wives, I. 4.
- Caitiff, *sb.* a captive, a slave; hence, a witch. All's Well, III. 2.
- Calculate, *v.t.* prophesy. J. C. I. 3.
- Caliver, *sb.* a hand-gun. 1 H. IV. IV. 2.
- Callet, *sb.* a trull. Oth. IV. 2.
- Calling, *sb.* appellation. As you Like it, I. 2.
- Calm, *sb.* qualm. 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Can, *v.t.* to know, be skilful in. Ham. IV. 7.
- Canary, *sb.* a wine brought from the Canary Islands. Merry Wives, III. 2.
- Candle-wasters, *sb.* persons who sit up all night to drink. Much Ado, v. 1.
- Canakin, *sb.* a little can. Oth. II. 3.
- Canker, *sb.* a caterpillar. Two Gent. I. 1. The dog-rose. Much Ado, I. 3.
- Canstick, *sb.* a candlestick. 1 Hen. IV. III. 1.
- Cantle, *sb.* a slice, corner. 1 H. IV. III. 1.
- Canton, *sb.* a canto. Tw. N. I. 5.
- Canvas, *v.t.* to sift; hence, metaphorically, to prove. 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Capable, *adj.* subject to. John, III. 1. Intelligent. T. & Cr. III. 3. Capable of inheriting. Lear, II. 1. Ample, capacious. Oth. III. 3.
- Capitulate, *v.t.* make head. 1 H. IV. III. 2.
- Capocchia, *sb.* a simpleton. T. & Cr. IV. 2.
- Capricious, *sb.* (Italian), caprice. All's Well, II. 3.
- Capricious, *adj.* lascivious. As you Like it, III. 3.
- Captious, *adj.* capacious. All's Well, I. 3.
- Carack, *sb.* a large ship of burden. Com. of E. III. 2.
- Carbonado, *sb.* meat scotched for broiling. 1 H. IV. v. 3.
- Carbonado, *v.t.* to scotch for broiling. Lear, II. 2.
- Card, *sb.* the paper on which the points of the compass are marked under the mariner's needle. Ham. v. 1.
- Careire, *sb.* the curvetting of a horse. Merry Wives, I. 1.
- Carthago, *sb.* a necklace. Com. of E. III. 1.
- Carl, *sb.* a churl. Cym. v. 2.
- Carlott, *sb.* a churl. As you Like it, III. 5.
- Castilian, *sb.* a native of Castile; used as a cant term. Merry Wives, II. 3.
- Castiliano vulgo, a cant term, meaning, apparently, to use discreet language. Tw. N. I. 3.
- Catalan, *adj.* a native of Cathay, a cant word. Tw. N. II. 3.
- Catling, *sb.* cat-gut. T. & Cr. III. 3.
- Cavalero, *sb.* a cavalier, gentleman. 2 H. IV. v. 3.
- Caviare, *sb.* the roe of sturgeon pickled; metaphor, a delicacy not appreciated by the vulgar. Ham. II. 2.
- Cautel, *sb.* deceit. Ham. I. 3.
- Cautelous, *adj.* insidious. Cor. IV. 1.
- Cease, *sb.* decease. Ham. III. 3.
- Cease, *p.p.* put off, made to cease. Tim. II. 1.
- Censure, *sb.* judgment. 1 H. VI. II. 3.
- Censure, *v.t.* to judge, criticize. Two Gent. I. 2.
- Century, *sb.* a hundred of anything, whether men, prayers, or anything else. Cor. I. 7; Cym. IV. 2.
- Ceremony, *sb.* a ceremonial vestment, religious rite, or anything ceremonial. J. C. I. 1; Mac. III. 4.
- Certes, *adv.* certainly. Oth. I. 1.
- Cess, *sb.* rate, reckoning. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
- Chace, *sb.* a term at tennis. H. V. I. 2.
- Chamber, *sb.* a species of great gun. 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Chamberer, *sb.* an effeminate man. Oth. III. 3.
- Chanson, *sb.* a song. Ham. II. 2.
- Character, *sb.* affected quality. M. for M. v. 1.
- Character, *sb.* a letter, handwriting. Lear, I. 2.
- Character, *v.t.* to carve or engrave. Two Gent. II. 7; Ham. I. 3.
- Character, *sb.* handwriting. Merry Wives, v. 5. That which is written. J. C. II. 1.
- Chare, *sb.* a turn of work. A. & C. IV. 13.
- Charge-house, *sb.* a free-school. L's L's L. v. 1.
- Charles' wain, *sb.* the constellation called also Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
- Charneco, *sb.* a species of sweet wine. 2 H. VI. II. 3.
- Chaudron, *sb.* entrails. Mac. IV. 1.
- Cheater, *sb.* for escheator, an officer who collected the fines to be paid into the Exchequer. Merry Wives, I. 3. A decoy. 2 H. IV. II. 3.
- Check, *v.t.* a technical term in falconry; when a falcon flies at a bird which is not her proper game she is said to check at it. Tw. N. II. 6.
- Checks, *sb.* perhaps intended for ethics. Tam. of S. I. 1.
- Cheer, *sb.* fortune, countenance. Temp. I. 1.
- Cherry-pit, *sb.* a game played with cherry-stones. Tw. N. III. 4.
- Cheveril, *sb.* kid leather. R. & J. II. 4.
- Chewit, *sb.* cough. 1 H. IV. v. 1.
- Childing, *adj.* pregnant. M. N's Dr. II. 2.
- Ch'll, vulgar for 'I will.' Lear, IV. 6.
- Chirurgically, *adv.* in a manner becoming a surgeon. Temp. II. 1.
- Chopin, *sb.* a high shoe or clog. Ham. II. 2.
- Christom, *adj.* clothed with a chrism, the white garment which used to be put on newly-baptized children. H. V. II. 3.
- Christendom, *sb.* the state of being a Christian. John, IV. 1. Name. All's Well, I. 1.
- Chuck, *sb.* chicken, a term of endearment. Mac. III. 2.
- Chuff, *sb.* a coarse blunt clown. 1 H. IV. II. 2.
- Cinque pace, *sb.* a kind of dance. Much Ado, II. 1.
- Cipher, *v.t.* to decipher. Lucr. 811.
- Circumstance, *sb.* an argument. Two Gent. I. 1; John, II. 1.

Cital, *sb.* recital. 1 H. IV. v. 2.
Cite, *v.* to incite. Two Gent. II. 4; 3 H. VI. II. 1.
Cittern, *sb.* a guitar. L's L's L. v. 2.
Clack-dish, *sb.* a beggar's dish. M. for M. III. 2.
Clap the clout, to shoot an arrow into the bull's eye of the target. 2 H. IV. III. 2.
Claw, *v.* to flatter. Much Ado, I. 3.
Clepe, *v.* to call. Ham. I. 4.
Cliff, *sb.* clef, the key in music. T. & Cr. v. 2.
Cling, *v.* to starve. Mac. v. 5.
Clirquant, *adj.* glittering. H. VIII. I. 1.
Clip, *v.* to embrace, enclose. 2 H. VI. IV. 1; Cor. I. 6; Oth. III. 3.
Clout, *sb.* the mark in the middle of a target. L's L's L. IV. 1.
Coast, *v.* to advance. V. & A. 870.
Cobloaf, *sb.* a big loaf. T. & Cr. II. 1.
Cock, *sb.* a cockboat. Lear, IV. 6.
Cock-and-pie, an oath. Merry Wives, I. 1.
Cock, *sb.* a euphemism for God. Tam. of S. IV. 1.
Cockle, *sb.* tares or dandel. L's L's L. IV. 3.
Cockney, *sb.* a cook. Lear, II. 4.
Cock-shut-time, *sb.* the twilight, when cocks and hens go to roost. R. III. v. 3.
Cog, *v.* to cheat, dissemble. Merry Wives, III. 3.
Cognizance, *sb.* badge, token. 1 H. VI. II. 4.
Coign, *sb.* projecting corner stone. Mac. I. 6.
Coil, *sb.* tumult, turmoil. Temp. I. 2.
Collection, *sb.* drawing a conclusion. Ham. IV. 5.
Collied, *p.p.* blackened. Oth. II. 3; M. N's Dr. I. 1.
Color, *sb.* pretence. L's L's L. IV. 2.
Colorable, *adj.* specious. Ibid.
Colt, *v.* to defraud, befool. 1 H. IV. II. 2.
Co-mart, *sb.* a joint bargain. Ham. I. 1.
Combine, *p.p.* betrothed. M. for M. III. 1.
Combine, *v.* to bind. M. for M. IV. 3.
Commodity, *sb.* interest, profit. M. of V. III. 3.
Commonly, *sb.* used ludicrously for comedy. Introduction to Tam. of S.
Compact, *p.p.* compacted, composed. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
Comparative, *adj.* drawing comparisons. 1 H. IV. I. 2.
Comparative, *sb.* rival. 1 H. IV. III. 2.
Compare, *sb.* comparison. T. & Cr. III. 2.
Compassionate, *adj.* moving comparison. R. II. I. 3.
Competitor, *sb.* one who seeks the same thing, an associate in any object. Two Gent. II. 6.
Complement, *sb.* accomplishment. L's L's L. I. 1.
Complexion, *sb.* passion. Ham. I. 4.
Compose, *v.* to agree. A. & C. II. 2.
Composition, *sb.* composition. Tim. IV. 3.
Comptible, *adj.* tractable. Tw. N. I. 5.
Con, *v.* to learn by heart. M. N's Dr. I. 2. To acknowledge. All's Well, IV. 3.
Conceit, *sb.* conception, opinion, fancy. Two Gent. III. 2.
Concubny, *sb.* concubine. T. & Cr. v. 2.
Condition, *sb.* temper, quality. M. of V. I. 2; Lear, I. 1.
Condolement, *sb.* grief. Ham. I. 2.
Conduct, *sb.* escort. John, I. 1.
Confect, *v.* to make up into sweetmeats. Much Ado IV. 1.
Confound, *v.* to consume, destroy. 1 H. IV. I. 3; Cor. I. 6; Cym. I. 5.
Conject, *sb.* conjecture. Oth. III. 3.
Consign, *v.* to sign a common bond, to confederate. 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
Consort, *sb.* company. Two Gent. IV. 1.
Consort, *v.* to accompany. L's L's L. II. 1.
Constancy, *sb.* consistency. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
Constant, *adj.* settled, determined. Temp. II. 2; Lear, v. 1.

Constantly, *adv.* firmly. M. for M. IV. 1.
Conster, *v.* to construe. Tw. N. I. 4.
Contemptible, *adj.* contemptuous. Much Ado, II. 3.
Continent, *sb.* that which contains anything. Lear, III. 2; M. N's Dr. II. 2. That which is contained. 2 Hen. IV. II. 4.
Continue, *adj.* uninterrupted. Tim. I. 1.
Contraction, *sb.* the marriage contract. Ham. III. 4.
Contrary, *v.* to oppose. R. & J. I. 5.
Contrive, *v.* to conspire. J. C. II. 3. *v.* to wear away. Tam. of S. I. 2.
Control, *v.* to confute. Temp. I. 2.
Convent, *v.* To convene, summon. H. VIII. v. 1. *v.* to be convenient. Tw. N. v. 1.
Convert, *v.* to change. Tim. IV. 1.
Convertite, *sb.* a convert. As you Like it, v. 4.
Convey, *v.* to manage. Lear, I. 2. To filch. Merry Wives, I. 3.
Conveyance, *sb.* theft, fraud. 1 H. VI. I. 3.
Convict, *p.p.* convicted. R. III. I. 4.
Convicted, *p.p.* overpowered, vanquished. John, III. 4. A doubtful word.
Convince, *v.* to conquer, subdue. Cym. I. 5.
Convive, *v.* to feast together. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
Convoy, *sb.* escort. All's Well, IV. 3.
Cony-catch, *v.* to cheat. Tam. of S. v. 1.
Cony-catching, *pr. p.* poaching, pilfering. Merry Wives, I. 1.
Cooling card, *sb.* used metaphorically for an insurmountable obstacle. 1 H. VI. v. 3.
Copatain hat, a high-crowned hat. Tam. of S. v. 1.
Cope, *v.* to reward, to give in return. M. of V. IV. 1.
Copped, *p.p.* rising to a cop or head. Per. I. 1.
Copy, *sb.* theme. Com. of E. v. 1.
Coragio (Italian), *int.* courage! Temp. v. 1.
Coram, an ignorant mistake for Quorum. Merry Wives, I. 1.
Coranto, *sb.* a lively dance. H. V. III. 5.
Corinth, *sb.* a cant term for a brothel. Tim. II. 2.
Corinthian, *sb.* a wench. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
Corky, *adj.* dry like cork. Lear, III. 7.
Cornuto (Italian), *sb.* a cuckold. Merry Wives, III. 5.
Corollary, *sb.* a surplus. Temp. IV. 1.
Corporal, *adj.* corporeal, bodily. M. for M. III. 1.
Corporal of the field, an aide-de-camp. L's L's L. III. 1.
Corrival, *sb.* rival. H. IV. I. 3.
Costard, *sb.* the head. R. III. I. 4.
Coster-monger, *adj.* peddling, mercenary. 2 H. IV. I. 2.
Cot-quean, *sb.* an effeminate man, molly-coddle. R. & J. IV. 4.
Cote, *sb.* a cottage. As you Like it, III. 2.
Cote, *v.* to quote, instance. L's L's L. IV. 3.
Cote, *v.* to come alongside, overtake. Ham. II. 2.
Couchings, *sb.* couchings. J. C. III. 1.
Countervail, *v.* to counterpoise, outweigh. R. & J. II. 6.
Country, *adj.* belonging to one's country. Oth. III. 3; Cym. I. 5.
Complement, *sb.* union. L's L's L. v. 2; Son. 19.
Court holy-water, *sb.* flattery. Lear, III. 2.
Covent, *sb.* a convent. M. for M. IV. 3.
Cover, *v.* to lay the table for dinner. M. of V. II. 5; As you Like it, II. 5.
Count confect, *sb.* a nobleman composed of affection. Much Ado, IV. 1.
Countenance, *sb.* fair shew. M. for M. v. 1.
Counterfeit, *sb.* portrait. M. of V. III. 2. A piece of base coin. 1 H. IV. II. 4.

- Counterpoint, *sb.* a counterpane. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 County, *sb.* count, earl. R. & J. I. 3.
 Cowish, *adj.* cowardly. Lear, iv. 2.
 Cowl-staff, *sb.* the staff on which a vessel is supported between two men. Merry Wives, III. 3.
 Cox my passion, an oath, a euphemism for "God's Passion." All's Well, v. 2.
 Coy, *v.t.* to stroke, fondle. M. N's Dr. iv. 1. *v.t.* to condescend with difficulty. Cor. v. 1.
 Coystrel, *sb.* a kestrel, a cowardly kind of hawk. Tw. N. I. 3.
 Cozen, *v.t.* to cheat. M. of V. II. 9.
 Cozenage, *sb.* cheating. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
 Cozener, *sb.* a cheater. I H. IV. I. 3.
 Cozier, *sb.* a tailor. Tw. N. II. 3.
 Crack, *v.t.* to boast. L's L's L. IV. 3.
 Crack, *sb.* a loud noise, clap. Mac. iv. 1. A forward boy. 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Cracker, *sb.* boaster. John, II. 1.
 Crack-hemp, *sb.* a gallows-bird. Tam. of S. v. 1.
 Crank, *sb.* a winding passage. Cor. I. 1.
 Cranking, *pr. p.* winding. I H. IV. III. 1.
 Crante, *sb.* garlands. Hi v. v. 1. A doubtful word.
 Crare, *sb.* a ship of burden. Cym. iv. 2.
 Craven, *sb.* a dunhill cock. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Create, *p.p.* formed, compounded. H. V. II. 2.
 Credent, *adj.* creditable. M. for M. iv. 4. Credible. Wint. Tale, I. 2. Credulous, Ham. I. 3.
 Credit, *sb.* report. Tw. N. iv. 3.
 Crescive, *adj.* increasing. H. V. I. 1.
 Crestless, *adj.* not entitled to bear arms, low-born. I H. VI. II. 4.
 Crisp, *adj.* curled, winding. Temp. iv. 1.
 Cross, *sb.* a piece of money, so called because coin was formerly stamped with a cross. As you Like it, II. 4.
 Crow-keeper, *sb.* one who scares crows. Lear, iv. 6.
 Crowner, *sb.* a coroner. Ham. v. 1.
 Crownet, *sb.* a coronet. A. & C. v. 2.
 Cry, *sb.* the yelping of hounds. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
 A pack of hounds. Ibid. iv. 1. A company, used contemptuously. Ham. III. 2.
 Cry aim, *v.t.* to encourage. John, II. 1.
 Cue, *sb.* the last words of an actor's speech, which is the signal for the next actor to begin. Lear, I. 2.
 Cuisses, *sb.* pieces of armor to cover the thighs. I H. IV. iv. 1.
 Cullion, *sb.* a base fellow. Tam. of S. iv. 2.
 Cunning, *sb.* skill. Induction to Tam. of S.
 Cunning, *adj.* skilful. Ibid.
 Curb, *v.t.* to bend, truckle. Ham. III. 4.
 Currents, *sb.* occurrences. I H. IV. II. 3.
 Curst, *adj.* petulant, shrewish. Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Curstness, *sb.* shrewishness. A. & C. II. 2.
 Curtail, *sb.* a cur. Com. of E. III. 2.
 Curtail, *sb.* a docked horse. All's Well, II. 3.
 Curtal-axe, *sb.* a cutlass. As you Like it, I. 3.
 Custalorum, a ludicrous mistake for Custos Rotulorum. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Custard-coffin, *sb.* the crust of a custard-pudding. Tam. of S. iv. 3.
 Customer, *sb.* a common woman. Oth. iv. 1.
 Cut, *sb.* a cheat. Tw. N. II. 3. 'To draw cuts' is to draw lots. Com. of E. v. 1.
 Cypress, *sb.* a kind of crape. Tw. N. III. 1.
 Daff, *v.t.* to befool. Much Ado, iv. 1. To put off; this seems to be a corruption of 'doff.' Ibid. II. 3.
 Damn, *v.t.* to condemn. J. C. iv. 1.
 Danger, *sb.* reach, control, power. M. of V. iv. 1.
 Danks, *sb.* a Dane. Ham. II. 1.
 Dare, *v.t.* to challenge. 2 H. VI. III. 2.
 Darking, *adv.* in the dark. M. N's Dr. II. 2.
 Darraign, *v.t.* to set in array. 3 Hen. VI. II. 2.
 Daub, *v.t.* to disguise. Lear, iv. 1.
 Daubery, *sb.* imposition. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Day-woman, *sb.* a dairy-maid. L's L's L. I. 2.
 Dear, *adj.* dire. Tim. v. 1. That which has to do with the affections. R. II. I. 1; R. & J. III. 3.
 Piteous. T. A. III. 1. Important. Lear, iv. 3.
 Dearn, *adj.* lonely. Per. III. (Gower).
 Deboshed, *p.p.* debauched, drunken. Temp. III. 2.
 Deck, *v.t.* to bedew. This is probably a form of the verb 'to dag,' now a provincial word. Temp. I. 2.
 Deck, *sb.* a pack of cards. 3 Hen. VI. v. 1.
 Decline, *v.t.* to enumerate, as in going through the cases of a noun. T. & Cr. II. 3.
 Declined, *p.p.* fallen. T. & Cr. III. 3.
 Deem, *sb.* doom, judgment. T. & Cr. iv. 4.
 Defeat, *v.t.* to undo, destroy. Oth. I. 3; iv. 2.
 Defeat, *sb.* destruction. Much Ado, iv. 1.
 Defeature, *sb.* disfigurement. Com. of E. II. 1.
 Defence, *sb.* art of fencing. Tw. N. III. 4.
 Defend, *v.t.* to forbid. Much Ado. II. 1.
 Defensible, *adj.* having the power to defend. 2 Hen. IV. II. 3.
 Defily, *adv.* dexterously. Mac. iv. 1.
 Defy, *v.t.* renounce. I H. IV. I. 3.
 Degrees, *sb.* a step. J. C. II. 1.
 Delay, *v.t.* to let slip by delaying. Cor. I. 6.
 Demerit, *sb.* merit, desert. Oth. I. 1.
 Denurely, *adv.* solemnly. A. & C. iv. 9.
 Denay, *sb.* denial. Tw. N. II. 4.
 Denier, *sb.* the 12th part of a French sol. R. III. I. 2.
 Denotement, *sb.* marking. Oth. II. 3. Note or manifestation. Ibid. III. 3.
 Deny, *v.t.* to refuse. Tim. III. 2.
 Depart, *sb.* departure. L. H. VI. I. 1.
 Depart, *v.t.* to part. L's L's L. II. 1.
 Departing, *sb.* parting, separation. 3 H. VI. II. 6.
 Depend, *v.t.* to be in service. Lear, I. 4.
 Derived, *p.p.* born, descended. Two Gent. v. 4.
 Derogate, *p.p.* degraded. Lear I. 4.
 Descent, *sb.* a variation upon a melody, hence, metaphorically, a comment on a given theme. Tw. Gent. I. 2.
 Design, *v.t.* to draw up articles. Ham. I. 1.
 Despatch, *v.t.* to deprive, bereave. Ham. I. 5.
 Desperate, *adj.* determined, bold. R. & J. III. 4.
 Detect, *v.t.* to charge, blame. M. for M. III. 2.
 Determine, *v.t.* to conclude. Cor. III. 3.
 Dich, *v.t.* optative mood, perhaps contracted for 'do it.' Tim. I. 2.
 Diet, *sb.* food regulated by the rules of medicine. Two Gent. II. 1.
 Diet, *v.t.* to have one's food regulated by the rules of medicine. All's Well, iv. 3.
 Diffused, *p.p.* confused. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
 Digressing, *pr. p.* transgressing, going out of the right way. R. II. v. 3.
 Digression, *sb.* transgression. L's L's L. I. 2.
 Dig-you-good-den, *int.* give you good evening. L's L's L. iv. 1.
 Dildo, *sb.* the chorus or burden of a song. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Dint, *sb.* stroke, J. C. III. 2.
 Direction, *sb.* judgment, skill. R. III. v. 3.
 Disable, *v.t.* to disparage. As you Like it, iv. 1.
 Disappointed, *p.p.* unprepared. Ham. I. 5.
 Disease, *v.t.* to undress. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Discontent, *sb.* malcontent. A. & C. I. 4.
 Discourse, *sb.* power of reasoning. Ham. iv. 4.
 Disdained, *p.p.* disdainful. I H. IV. I. 3.
 Dislimn, *v.t.* to disfigure, transform. A. & C. iv. 12.
 Disme, *sb.* a tenth or tithe. T. & Cr. II. 2.

Dispark, *v.t.* to destroy a park. R. II. III. 1.
Disponge, *v.i.* to squeeze out as from a sponge.
A. & C. IV. 9.

Dispose, *sb.* disposal. Two Gent. IV. 1.
Dispoose, *v.i.* to conspire. A. & C. IV. 12.
Disposition, *sb.* maintenance. Oth. I. 3.
Disputable, *adj.* disputatious. As you Like it,
II. 5.

Dispute, *v.t.* to argue, examine. Oth. I. 2.
Dissemble, *sb.* used ridiculously for assembly.
Much Ado, IV. 2.

Distaste, *v.t.* to corrupt. T. & Cr. II. 2.
Distempered, *adj.* discontented. John, IV. 3.
Distraction, *sb.* a detached troop or company of
soldiers. A. & C. III. 7.
Distracted, *p.p.* distracted, mad. R. III. III. 5.
Diverted, *p.p.* turned from the natural course.
As you Like it, II. 3.

Division, *sb.* a phrase or passage in a melody.
R. & J. III. 5.

Divulged, *p.p.* published, spoken of. Tw. N. I. 5.
Doff, *v.t.* to do off, strip. Tam. of S. III. 2. To
put off with an excuse. Oth. IV. 2.

Doit, *sb.* a small Dutch coin. Temp. II. 2.
Dole, *sb.* portion dealt. Merry Wives, III. 4; 2
H. IV. I. 1. Grief, lamentation. M. N's Dr.
V. 1.

Don, *v.t.* to do on, put on. T. A. I. 2; Ham. IV. 5.
Done, *p.p.* 'done to death,' put to death. 2 H.
VI. II. 2.

Dotant, *sb.* one who dotes, a dotard. Cor. V. 2.

Dout, *v.t.* to do out, quench. Ham. I. 4.
Dowls, *sb.* a kind of coarse sacking. 1 H. IV.
III. 3.

Dowle, *sb.* the swirl of a feather. Temp. III. 3.
Down-gyved, *adj.* hanging down like gyves or
fetters. Ham. II. 1.

Drab, *sb.* a harlot. Wint. Tale, IV. 2.

Drabbing, *pr.p.* whoring. Ham. II. 1.

Draught, *sb.* a privy. T. A. V. 1.

Drawn, *p.p.* having his sword drawn. Temp. II. 1.
Drawn, *p.p.* drunk, having taken a good draught.
Ibid.

Dribbling, *adj.* weak. M. for M. I. 4.

Drive, *v.t.* to rush impetuously. T. A. II. 3.

Drollery, *sb.* a puppet-show. Temp. III. 3.

Drumble, *v.t.* to dawdle. Merry Wives, III. 3.

Dry, *adj.* thirsty. Temp. I. 2.

Duc-dame; perhaps the Latin *duc-ad-me*, bring
him to me. As you Like it.

Dudgeon, *sb.* dagger. Mac. II. 1.

Dull, *adj.* sootily. 2 H. IV. IV. 4.

Dullard, *sb.* a dull person. Cym. V. 5.

Dump, *sb.* complaint. Two Gent. III. 2.

Dup, *v.t.* to do up, lift up. Ham. IV. 5.

Eager, *adj.* sour. Ham. I. 5. Harsh. 3 H. VI.
II. 6. Biting. Ham. I. 4.

Eanling, *sb.* a yearling, a lamb. M. of V. I. 3.

Ear, *v.t.* to plough. All's Well, I. 3.

Eche, *v.t.* to eke out. Per. III. (Gower).

Ecstasy, *sb.* madness. Temp. III. 3.

Eft, *adj.* ready, convenient. Much Ado, IV. 2.

Eisel, *sb.* vinegar. Ham. V. 1; Son. III.

Eld, *sb.* old age. M. for M. III. 1.

Embossed, *adj.* swollen into protuberances. As
you Like it, II. 7. Covered with foam. A. &
C. IV. 11.

Embowelled, *p.p.* disembowelled, emptied. All's
Well, I. 3.

Embrasure, *sb.* embrace. T. & Cr. IV. 4.

Eminence, *sb.* exalted station. Mac. III. 2.

Empyre, *sb.* empire. H. V. I. 2.

Emulation, *sb.* jealousy, mudny. T. & Cr. II. 2.

Emulous, *adj.* jealous. T. & Cr. IV. 1.

Encave, *v.t.* to place oneself in a cave. Oth. IV. 1.

End, *sb.* 'Still an end,' continually for ever.
Two Gent. IV. 4.

Enfeff, *v.t.* place in possession in fee simple.
1 H. IV. II. 2.

Engine, *s.* machine of war. T. & Cr. II. 3.

Englut, *v.t.* to swallow speedily. Tim. II. 2.

Engross, *v.t.* to make gross or fat. R. III. III. 7.

Engrasment, *sb.* immoderate acquisition. 2 H.
IV. IV. 4.

Enkindle, *v.t.* to make keen. Mac. I. 3.

Enm w, *v.t.* to shut up, as a hawk is shut up in
a mew, M. for M. III. 1.

Ensconce, *v.t.* to cover as with a fort. Merry
Wives, II. 2.

Enseamed, *p.p.* fat, rank. Ham. III. 4.

Enshield, *p.p.* hidden. M. for M. II. 4.

Entertain, *v.t.* encounter. H. V. I. 2. Expe-
rience. A. & C. II. 7.

Entertainment, *sb.* treatment. Temp. I. 2. A dis-
position to entertain a proposal. Merry Wives,
I. 3. Service. All's Well, IV. 1.

Entreatments, *sb.* interviews. Ham. I. 3.

Ephesian, *sb.* a toper, a cant term. Merry Wives,
IV. 5.

Equipage, *sb.* attendance. Merry Wives, II. 2.

Elewhile, *adv.* a short time since. As you Like
it, II. 4.

Escot, *v.t.* to pay a man's reckoning, 'to main-
tain.' Ham. II. 2.

Esperance, *sb.* hope, used as a war-cry. 1 H. IV.
V. 2. T. & Cr. V. 2.

Espial, *s.* a scout or spy. 1 H. VI. IV. 3.

Estimation, *sb.* conjecture. 1 H. IV. I. 3.

Estridge, *sb.* ostridge. 1 H. IV. IV. 1.

Eterne, *adj.* eternal. Mac. III. 2.

Even, *adj.* coequal. Ham. V. 1.

Even, *v.t.* to equal. All's Well, I. 3; Cym. III. 4.

Examine, *v.t.* to question. All's Well, III. 5.

Excrement, *sb.* that which grows outwardly from
the body and has no sensation like the hair or
nails. L's L's L. V. 1; Ham. III. 4. Any out-
ward show. M. of V. III. 2; Wint. Tale, IV. 3.

Executor, *sb.* an executioner. H. V. I. 2.

Exempt, *adj.* excluded. 1 H. VI. II. 4.

Exercise, *sb.* a religious service. R. III. III. 2.

Exhale, *v.t.* to hale or draw out. R. III. I. 2;
v.i. to draw the sword. H. V. II. 1.

Exhibition, *sb.* allowance, pension. Two Gent. I. 3.

Exigite, *sb.* death, ending. 1 H. VI. II. 5.

Exion, *sb.* ridiculously used for 'action.' 2 H.
IV. II. 1.

Expect, *sb.* expectation. T. & Cr. I. 3.

Expedience, *sb.* expedition, undertaking. A. & C.
I. 2. Haste. R. II. II. 1.

Expedit, *adj.* expeditious, swift. John, II. 1.

Expiate, *p.p.* completed. R. III. III. 3.

Expostulate, *v.t.* to expound, discuss. Ham. II. 2.

Exposure, *sb.* exposure. Cor. IV. 1.

Express, *v.t.* to reveal. Wint. Tale, III. 2.

Expulse, *v.t.* to expel. 1 H. VI. III. 3.

Exsufficate, *adj.* that which has been hissed off
contemptible. Tw. N. III. 3.

Extend, *v.t.* to seize. A. & C. I. 2.

Extent, *sb.* a seizure. As you Like it, III. 1.

Extern, *adj.* outward. Oth. I. 1.

Extirp, *v.t.* to extirpate. M. for M. III. 2.

Extracting, *adj.* distracting. Tw. N. V. 1.

Extrought, *part.* extracted, descended. 3 H. VI.
II. 2.

Extravagant, *adj.* foreign, wandering. Oth. I. 1.

Extremes, *sb.* extravagance of conduct. Wint.
Tale, IV. 3. Extremities. R. & J. IV. 1.

Eyas, *sb.* a nestling hawk. Ham. II. 1.

Eyas-musket, *sb.* a nestling of the musket or
merlin, the smallest species of British hawk.
Merry Wives, III. 5.

Eye, *sb.* a glance, cellad. Temp. i. 2.
Eye, *sb.* a shade of color, as in shot silk. Temp. ii. 1.
Eyue, *sb. pl.* eyes. L's L's L. v. 2.

Facinerous, *adj.* wicked. All's Well, II. 3.
Fact, *sb.* guilt. Wint. Tale, III. 2.
Faction, *adj.* instant, importunate. J. C. i. 3.
Faculty, *sb.* essential virtue or power. H. V. i. 1.
Fadge, *v. i.* to suit. Tw. N. ii. 2.
Fading, *sb.* a kind of ending to a song. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Fain, *adj.* glad. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Fain, *adv.* gladly. Lear, i. 4.
Fair, *sb.* beauty. As you Like it, III. 2.
Faitor, *sb.* a traitor. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
Fall, *v. t.* to let fall. Temp. ii. 1.
Fallow, *adj.* fawn-colored. Merry Wives, i. 1.
False, *sb.* falsehood. M. for M. ii. 4.
Falsing, *adj.* deceptive. Com. of E. II. 2.
Familiar, *sb.* a familiar spirit. 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
Fancy, *sb.* All's Well, v. 3.
Fancy-free, *adj.* untouched by love. M. N's Dr. ii. 2.
Fang, *v. t.* to seize in the teeth. Tim. iv. 3.
Fantastic, *sb.* a fantastical person. R. & J. II. 4.
Fap, *adj.* drunk. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Far, *adv.* farther. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Farced, *p. p.* stuffed. H. V. iv. 1.
Fardel, *sb.* a burden. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Fartuous, *adj.* used ridiculously for "virtuous." Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fast, *adv.* assuredly, unalterably. M. for M. i. 3; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
Fat, *adj.* dull. i. H. IV. i. 2.
Favor, *sb.* countenance. M. for M. iv. 2. Complexion. T. & Cr. i. 2. Quality. Lear, i. 4.
Fear, *sb.* the object of fear. Ham. iii. 3.
Fear, *v. t.* to affright. A. & C. ii. 6.
Fearful, *adj.* subject to fear, timorous. Temp. i. 2.
Feat, *adj.* dexterous. Cym. v. 5.
Feater, *adv. comp. degree*, more neatly. Temp. ii. 1.
Feat, *v. t.* to make fine. Cym. i. 1.
Featly, *adv.* nimbly, daintily. Temp. i. 2.
Feature, *sb.* beauty. Cym. v. 5.
Federary, *sb.* confederate. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Fee-grief, *sb.* a grief held, as it were, in fee-simple, or the peculiar property of him who possesses it. Mac. iv. 3.
Feeder, *sb.* agent, servant. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Feore, *sb.* a companion, husband. T. A. iv. 1.
Feheemently, *adv.* used ridiculously for "vehemently." Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Fell, *sb.* the hide. As you Like it, III. 2.
Fence, *sb.* art or skill in defence. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Feodary, *sb.* one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord; hence one who acts under the direction of another. Cym. iii. 2.
Fester, *v. i.* to rankle, grow virulent. Cor. i. 9.
Festinitely, *adv.* quickly. L's L's Lost, III. 1.
Fet, *p. p.* fetched. H. V. iii. 1.
Fico, *sb.* a fig. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Fielded, *adj.* in the field of battle. Cor. i. 4.
Fig, *v. t.* to insult. 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.
Fights, *sb.* clothes hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
File, *sb.* a list or catalogue. Mac. v. 2.
File, *v. t.* to defile. Mac. iii. 1. To smooth or polish. L's L's L. To make even. H. VIII. ii. 2.
Fill-horse, *sb.* shaft-horse. M. of V. II. 2.
Fills, *sb.* the shafts. T. & Cr. III. 2.
Fith, *sb.* a whore. Tim. iv. 1.

Fine, *sb.* end. Ham. v. 1.
Fine, *v. t.* to make fine or specious. H. V. i. 2.
Finless, *adj.* endless. Oth. iii. 3.
Firego, *sb.* ridiculously used for "Virago." Tw. N. iii. 4.
Fire-drake, *sb.* Will o' the Wisp. H. VIII. v. 3.
Fire-new, *adj.* with the glitter of novelty on, like newly-forged metal. R. III. i. 3.
Firk, *v. t.* to chastise. H. V. iv. 4.
Fit, *sb.* a canto or division of a song. T. & Cr. iii. 1. A trick or habit. H. VIII. i. 3.
Fitchew, *sb.* a polecat. Lear, iv. 6.
Fives, *sb.* a disease incident to horses. Tam. of S.
Flap-dragon, *sb.* raisins in burning brandy. L's L's L. v. 1.
Flap-jack, *sb.* a pan-cake. Per. II. 1.
Flat, *adj.* certain. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Flatness, *sb.* lowness, depth. Wint. Tale, III. 2.
Flaw, *sb.* a gust of wind. 2 H. IV. iv. 4. Metaph. sudden emotion, or the cause of it. Mac. iii. 4; A. & C. III. 10.
Flaw, *v. t.* to make a flaw in, to break. H. VIII. i. 1.
Flecked, *p. p.* spotted, streaked. R. & J. ii. 3.
Fleet, *v. i.* to float. A. & C. III. 11. To pass away. A. & C. i. 3. *v. t.* to pass the time. As you Like it, i. 1.
Fleeting, *pr. p.* inconstant. R. III. i. 4.
Fleshment, *sb.* the act of fleshing the sword, hence the first feat of arms. Lear, ii. 2.
Flewed, *adj.* furnished with hanging lips, as hounds are. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
Flight, *sb.* a particular mode of practising archery. Much Ado, i. 1.
Flirt-gill, *sb.* a light woman. R. & J. ii. 4.
Flourish, *sb.* an ornament. L's L's L. iv. 3.
Flourish, *v. t.* to ornament, disguise with ornament. M. for M. iv. 1.
Flote, *sb.* wave, sea. Temp. i. 2.
Flush, *adj.* fresh, full of vigor. A. & C. i. 4.
Foil, *sb.* defeat, disadvantage. Temp. iii. 1.
Foin, *v. t.* to fence, fight. Merry Wives, ii. 3.
Foison, *sb.* plenty. Temp. ii. 1.
Fond, *adj.* foolish, foolishly affectionate. Oth. i. 3; iv. 1.
Foot-cloth, *sb.* a saddle-cloth hanging down to the ground. 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
For, *conj.* for that, because. M. for M. ii. 1.
Forbid, *p. p.* accursed, outlawed. Mac. i. 3.
Forbode, *p. p.* forbidden. Lover's Com. 164.
Force, *v. i.* to stuff, "or 'farce." T. & Cr. v. 5.
Forced, *p. p.* falsely attributed. Wint. Tale, ii. 3.
Forcho, *v. t.* to kill, destroy. Lear, v. 3. To weary. M. N's Dr. v. 2.
Forend, *v. t.* forbid. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Foreign, *adj.* obliged to live abroad. H. VIII. ii. 2.
Forepast, *adj.* former. All's Well, v. 3.
Foreslow, *v. t.* to delay. 3 H. VI. ii. 8.
Forgetive, *adj.* inventive. 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Forked, *adj.* harmed. Wint. Tale, i. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
Formal, *adj.* regular, retaining its proper and essential characteristic. Com. of E. v. 1; A. & C. ii. 5.
Forspent, *p. p.* exhausted, weary. 2 Hen. IV. i. 1.
Forsepeak, *v. t.* to speak against. A. & C. III. 7.
Forthright, *sb.* a straight path; forthrights and meanders, straight paths and crooked ones. Temp. III. 3.
Forweary, *v. t.* to weary, exhaust. John, ii. 1.
Fosset-seller, *sb.* one who sells the pipes inserted into a vessel to give vent to the liquor, and stopped by a spigot. Cor. ii. 1.
Fox, *sb.* a sword; a cant word. H. V. iv. 4.
Fox-ship, *sb.* the cunning of the fox. Cor. iv. 2.

- Frampold, *adj.* peevish, unquiet. Merry Wives, II. 2.
 Frank, *sb.* the feeding place of swine. 2 H. IV. II. 2.
 Franked, *p.p.* confined. R. III. I. 3.
 Franklin, *sb.* a freeholder, a small squire. Cym. III. 2.
 Fraught, *p.p.* freighted. M. of V. II. 8.
 Freightage, *sb.* freight. Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Fraughting, *pr. p. qf v.* to freight; loading or constituting the cargo of a ship. Temp. I. 2.
 Fresh, *sb.* a spring of fresh water. Temp. III. 2.
 Fret, *sb.* the stop of a guitar. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Fret, *v.t.* to wear away. R. II. III. 3; Lear, I. 4.
 'To variegat. J. C. II. 1.
 Friend, *v.t.* to befriend. H. VIII. I. 2.
 Frispy, *sb.* an old-clothes shop. Temp. IV. 1.
 From, *prep.* contrary to. Ham. III. 2.
 Front, *v.t.* to affront, oppose. A. & C. II. 2.
 Frontier, *sb.* opposition. 1 H. IV. I. 3.
 Frontlet, *sb.* that which is worn on the forehead. Lear, I. 4.
 Frush, *v.t.* to break or bruise. T. & Cr. V. 6.
 Frustrate, *p.p.* frustrated. A. & C. v. 1.
 Fub off, *v.* to put off. 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Fulfill, *v.t.* to fill full. Prol. to T. & C.
 Full, *adj.* complete. Oth. II. 1.
 Fullam, *sb.* loaded die. Merry Wives, I. 3.
 Fulsome, *adj.* lustful. M. of V. I. 3.
 Furnitor, *sb.* furnitory, an herb. Lear, IV. 4.
 Furnished, *p.p.* equipped. Wint Tale, IV. 3.
 Gaborine, *sb.* a loose outer coat, or smock frock. Temp. II. 2; M. of V. I. 3.
 Gad, *sb.* a pointed instrument, a goad. T. A. IV. 1. Upon the gad, with impetuous haste, upon the spur of the moment. Lear, I. 2.
 Gain-giving, *sb.* misgiving. Ham. V. 2.
 Gait, *sb.* going, steps. Tw. N. I. 4.
 Galliard, *sb.* a kind of dance. Tw. N. I. 3.
 Galliasse, *sb.* a kind of ship. Tam. of Sh. II. 1.
 Gallimaufry, *sb.* a ridiculous medley. Wint. Tale, IV. 4.
 Gallow, *v.t.* to scare. Lear, III. 2.
 Gallowglass, *sb.* the irregular infantry of Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland. Mac. I. 2.
 Gamester, *sb.* a frolicsome person. H. VIII. I. 4. A loose woman. All's Well, v. 3.
 Garboil, *sb.* disorder, uproar. A. & C. I. 3.
 Garish, *adj.* gaudy, staring. R. III. IV. 4.
 Garner, *v.t.* to lay by, as corn in a barn. Oth. IV. 2.
 Gast, *p.p.* frightened. Lear, II. 1.
 Gaudy, *adj.* festive. A. & C. III. 13.
 Gaze, *sb.* an object of wonder. Mac. v. 7.
 Gear, *sb.* matter of business of any kind. M. of V. II. 2.
 Geck, *sb.* a fool. Cym. v. 4.
 General, *sb.* the generality, common people. M. for M. II. 4.
 Generations, *sb.* children. Wint. Tale, II. 1.
 Generosity, *sb.* noble birth. Cor. I. 1.
 Generous, *adj.* noble. M. for M. I. 1.
 Gentility, *sb.* good manners. L's L's L. I. 1.
 Gentle, *sb.* gentlefolk. L's L's L. IV. 1.
 Gentle, *adj.* noble. Temp. I. 2.
 Gentle, *v.t.* to ennoble. Hen. V. IV. 31.
 Gentry, *sb.* complaisance, conduct becoming gentlefolk. Ham. II. 2.
 German, *adj.* akin. Wint. Tale, IV. 4. Appropriate. Ham. v. 2.
 Germen, *sb.* seed, embryo. Lear, III. 2.
 Gest, *sb.* period. Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Gib, *sb.* a he-cat. Ham. III. 4.
 Gifts, *sb.* talents, endowment. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Giglot, *sb.* a wanton girl. M. for M. v. 1.
 Gilder, *sb.* a coin of the value of 1s. 6d. or 2s. Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Gilt, *sb.* money. H. V. II. Ch. State of wealth. Tim. IV. 3.
 Gimmal, *adj.* double. H. V. IV. 2.
 Gimmor, *sb.* contrivance. 1 H. VI. I. 2.
 Ging, *sb.* gang. Merry Wives, IV. 2.
 Gird, *v.t.* to gibe. 2 H. IV. I. 2; Cor. I. 1.
 Gird, *sb.* a sarcasm or gibe. Tam. of S. v. 2.
 Gleek, *v.t.* to scoff. M. N's Dr. III. 1.
 Gleek, *sb.* a scoff. 1 H. VI. III. 2.
 Glose, *v.t.* to comment; hence, to be garrulous. R. II. II. 1.
 Glut, *v.* to swallow. Temp. I. 1.
 Gnarl, *v.t.* to snarl. R. II. I. 3; 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Good-deed, *adv.* indeed. Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Good-even, *int.* good-evening, contracted from 'Good-even' John, I. 1.
 Good-year or Good-fer, *sb.* a corruption of the French goujere; the venereal disease. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Gorballed, *adj.* corpulent. 1 H. IV. II. 2.
 Government, *sb.* discretion. 3 H. VI. I. 4.
 Gourd, *sb.* a species of game of chance. Merry Wives, I. 3.
 Gout, *sb.* a drop. Mac. II. 1.
 Gracious, *adj.* abounding in grace Divine. Ham. I. 1.
 Grained, *adj.* engrained. Ham. III. 4.
 Gramercy, *int.* grand mercy, much thanks. M. of V. II. 2.
 Grange, *sb.* the farmstead attached to a monastery, a solitary farm-house. Oth. I. 1.
 Gratilily, *sb.* used ridiculously for 'gratuity.' Tw. N. II. 3.
 Gratulate, *v.t.* to congratulate. T. A. I. 2.
 Grave, *v.t.* to bury. Tim. IV. 3.
 Greasily, *adv.* grossly. L's L's L. IV. 4.
 Greek, *sb.* a bawd. Tw. N. IV. 1.
 Green, *adj.* immature, fresh, unused. R. III. II. 2; Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Greenly, *adv.* foolishly. Ham. IV. 5.
 Greet, *v.t.* to weep. T. A. I. 2.
 Grize, *sb.* a step. Tw. N. III. 1.
 Grossly, *adv.* palpably. H. V. II. 2.
 Groundling, *sb.* one who sits in the pit of a theatre. Ham. III. 2.
 Growing, *pr. p.* accruing. Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Guard, *sb.* decoration. M. for M. III. 1.
 Guard, *v.t.* to decorate. M. of V. II. 2.
 Guardianship, *sb.* guardianship. Oth. I. 2.
 Guinea-hen, *sb.* the pintado, a cant term. Oth. I. 3.
 Gules, *adj.* red, a term in heraldry. Tim. IV. 3.
 Gulf, *sb.* the throat. Mac. IV. 1.
 Gun-stone, *sb.* a cannon ball.
 Gust, *sb.* taste, relish. Tw. N. I. 3.
 Gyve, *v.t.* to fetter. Oth. II. 1.
 Hack, *v.t.* to become common. Merry Wives, II. 1.
 Haggard, *sb.* a wild or unreclaimed hawk. Tam. of S. I. IV.
 Hag-seed, *sb.* seed or offspring of a hag. Temp. I. 2.
 Hail, *sb.* course, order, grain. Merry Wives, II. 3.
 Halidom, *sb.* holiness, sanctification, Christian fellowship; used as an oath, and analogous to 'By my faith.' Two Gent. IV. 2.
 Hall, *sb.* an open space to dance in. R. & J. I. 5.
 Hallowmas, *sb.* All Hallows' Day. Two Gent. II. 1.
 Hap, *sb.* chance, fortune. Com. of E. I. 1.
 Happily, *adv.* accidentally. Tam. of S. IV. 4.
 Hand-saw, *sb.* perhaps a corruption of Heronshaw; a hern. Ham. II. 2.

Hardiment, *sb.* defiance, brave deeds. 1 H. IV.

Harlock, *sb.* charlock, wild mustard. Lear, IV. 4.

Harry, *v.t.* to annoy, harass. A. & C. III. 3.

Having, *sb.* property, fortune. Tw. N. III. 4.

Haviour, *sb.* behavior. Merry Wives, I. 3.

Haught, *adj.* haughty. 3 Hen. VI. II. 1.

Haunt, *sb.* company. Ham. IV. 1.

Hay, *sb.* a term in fencing. R. & J. II. 4.

Heady, *adj.* violent, headlong. Com. of E. v. I.

Heat, *p.p.* *of v.t.* "to heat," heated. M. of V. I. 1.

Hebenon, *sb.* henbane. Ham. I. 5.

Heft, *sb.* a heaving. Wint. Tale, II. 1.

Heft, *p.p.* furnished with a handle: hence, metaphorically, finished off, delicately formed.

Lear, II. 4.

Helm, *v.t.* to steer, manage. M. for M. III. 2.

Hence, *adv.* henceforward. 2 H. IV. v. 5.

Henchman, *sb.* a page or attendant. M. N's Dr. II. 2.

Hent, *v.t.* to seize, take. M. for M. IV. 6; Wint. Tale, IV. 2.

Hermite, *sb.* a beadsman, one bound to pray for another. Mac. I. 6.

Hest, *sb.* command. Temp. III. 1.

High, *adv.* used in composition with adjectives to heighten or emphasize their signification, as,

high-fantastical. Tw. N. I. 1.

Hight, *p.p.* called. L's L's L. I. 1.

Hild, *p.p.* held. Lucr. 1257.

Hilding, *sb.* a paltry fellow. Cym. II. 3.

Hint, *sb.* suggestion. Temp. I. 2.

Hiren, *sb.* qy, a prostitute, with a pun on the word "iron." 2 Hen. IV. II. 4.

Hit, *v.t.* to agree. Lear, I. 1.

Hoise, *v.t.* to hoist, heave up on high. 2 H. VI. I. 1.

Hoist, *p.p.* hoisted. Ham. III. 4.

Holp, *p.p.* of the *v.* to help; helped. John, I. 1.

Home, *adv.* to the utmost. Cor. II. 2; Cym. II. 5; Lear, III. 3.

Honest, *adj.* chaste. Oth. IV. 2.

Honesty, *sb.* chastity. As you Like it, III. 3.

Honey-stalks, *sb.* the red clover. T. A. IV. 4.

Hoodman-blind, *sb.* the game now called blind-man's-buff. Ham. III. 4.

Horn-mad, *adj.* probably, 'horn-mad,' that is, brain-mad. Merry Wives, I. 4.

Horologe, *sb.* a clock. Oth. II. 3.

Hot-house, *sb.* a brothel. M. for M. II. 1.

Hox, *v.t.* to hamstring. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Hugger-mugger, *sb.* secrecy. Ham. IV. 5.

Hull, *v.t.* to drift on the sea like a wrecked ship. H. VIII. II. 4.

Humorous, *adj.* fitful, or, perhaps, hurried. R. & J. II. 1.

Hunt-counter, *v.t.* to follow the scent the wrong way. 2 H. IV. I. 2.

Hunts-up, *sb.* a holla used in hunting when the game was on foot. R. & J. III. 5.

Hurly, *sb.* noise, confusion. Tam. of S. IV. 1.

Hurles, *v.t.* to clash. J. C. II. 2.

Hurling, *sb.* noise, confusion. As you Like it, IV. 3.

Husbndry, *sb.* frugality. Mac. II. 1. Management. M. of V. III. 4.

Huswife, *sb.* a jilt. Cor. I. 3.

Ice-brook, *sb.* an icy-cold brook. Oth. v. 2.

Pecks, *int.* in faith, a euphemism. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Ignomy, *sb.* ignominy. 1 H. IV. v. 4.

Image, *sb.* representation. Ham. III. 2.

Imbare, *v.t.* to bare, lay open. H. V. I. 2.

Immediacy, *sb.* close connexion. Lear, v. 3.

Immoment, *adj.* unimportant. A. & C. v. 2.

Imp, *v.t.* to graft, to splice a falcon's broken *leathers*. R. II. II. 1.

Imp, *sb.* a scion, a child. 2 H. IV. v. 5.

Impawn, *v.t.* to stake, compromise. H. V. I. 2.

Impeach, *v.t.* to bring into question. M. N's Dr. II. 2.

Impeach, *sb.* impeachment. C. of E. v. 1.

Impeachment, *sb.* cause of censure, hindrance. Two Gent. I. 3.

Imperceivable, *adj.* dull of perception. Cym. IV. I.

Impetico, *v.t.* to pocket. Tw. N. II. 3.

Importance, *sb.* importunity. Tw. N. v. 1.

Important, *adj.* importunate. C. of E. v. I; Lear, IV. 4.

Importing, *adj.* significant. All's Well, v. 3.

Impose, *sb.* imposition, meaning command or task imposed upon any one. Two Gent. IV. 3.

Imposition, *sb.* command. M. of V. I. 2.

Imprese, *sb.* a device with a motto. R. II. III. 1.

Impress, *v.t.* to compel to serve. Mac. IV. 1.

Incapable, *adj.* unconscious. Ham. IV. 7.

Incardine, *v.t.* to dye red. Mac. II. 2.

Inceded, *p.p.* incited, egged on. R. III. III. 1.

Inch-meal, *sb.* by inch-meal, by portions of inches. Temp. II. 2.

Inclining, *adj.* compliant. Oth. II. 3.

Inclining, *sb.* inclination. Ham. II. 2.

Inclip, *v.t.* to embrace. A. & C. II. 7.

Include, *v.t.* conclude. Two Gent. v. 4.

Incony, *adj.* fine, delicate. L's L's L. III. 1.

Incorrect, *adj.* ill-regulated. Ham. I. 2.

Ind, *sb.* India. Temp. II. 2.

Indent, *v.t.* to compound or bargain. 1 H. IV. I. 3.

Index, *sb.* a preface. R. III. IV. 4; Ham. III. 4.

Indifferent, *adj.* ordinary. Ham. II. 2.

Indigest, *adj.* disordered. Son. 114.

Indile, *v.t.* to invite. R. & J. II. 4. To convict. Ham. II. 2.

Induction, *sb.* introduction, beginning. 1 H. IV. III. 1.

Indurance, *sb.* delay. H. VIII. v. 1.

Infinite, *sb.* infinite power. Much Ado, II. 3.

Ingraft, *part of v.* to engraff, engrafted. Oth. II. 1.

Inhabitable, *adj.* uninhabitable. R. II. I. 1.

Inherit, *v.t.* to possess. Two Gent. III. 2.

Inhooped, *p.p.* penned up in hoops. A. & C. II. 3.

Inkhorn-mad, *sb.* a contemptuous term for an ecclesiastic, or man of learning. 1 H. VI. III. 1.

Inkle, *sb.* a kind of narrow fillet or tape. Wint. Tale, IV. 3.

Inland, *adj.* civilized, well-educated. As you Like it, III. 2.

Inly, *adj.* inward. Two Gent. II. 7.

Inly, *adv.* inwardly. Temp. v. 1.

Inquisition, *sb.* enquiry. Temp. I. 2.

Insane, *adj.* that which causes insanity. Mac. I. 3.

Insconce, *v.t.* to arm, fortify. Com. of E. II. 2.

Instance, *sb.* example. Tw. N. IV. 3. Information. 2 H. IV. III. 1. Reason, proof. H. V. II. 2; Merry Wives, II. 2.

Intend, *v.t.* to pretend. Tam. of S. IV. 1.

Intending, *pr. p.* regarding. Tim. II. 2.

Intendment, *sb.* intention. Oth. IV. 2.

Intently, *adv.* attentively. Oth. I. 3.

Interested, *p.p.* allied. Lear, I. 1.

Intermission, *sb.* pause, delay. Mac. IV. 2.

Intrenchment, *adj.* not capable of being cut. Mac. v. 7.

Intrine, *adj.* intricate. Lear, II. 2.

Intricate, *adj.* intricate. A. & C. v. 2.

Invention, *sb.* imagination. Mac. III. 1.

Inward, *sb.* an intimate friend. M. for M. III. 2.

Intimate, *sb.* intimate. R. III. III. 4.

Inwardness, *sb.* intimacy. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Irregularous, *adj.* lawless, licentious. Cym. iv. 2.
Iteration, *sb.* reiteration. 1 H. iv. 1. 2.

Jack, *sb.* a mean fellow. R. III. i. 3.
Jack-a-lent, *sb.* a puppet thrown at in Lent. Merry Wives, v. 5.
Jack guardant, *sb.* a jack in office. Cor. v. 2.
Jade, *v.t.* to whip, to treat with contempt. H. VIII. iii. 2; A. & C. iii. 1.
Jar, *sb.* the ticking of a clock. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Jar, *v.i.* to tick as a clock. R. II. v. 5.
Jaunce, *v.i.* to prance. R. II. v. 5.
Jess, *sb.* a strap of leather attached to the talons of a hawk, by which it is held on the fist. Oth. iii. 3.
Jest, *v.i.* to tilt in a tournament. R. II. i. 3.
Jot, *v.i.* to strut. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Jovial, *adj.* appertaining to Jove. Cym. v. 4.
Journal, *adj.* daily. Cym. iv. 2.
Judicious, *adj.* critical. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Jump, *v.i.* to agree. 1 H. iv. 1. 2. *v.t.* to hazard. Cym. v. 4.
Jump, *sb.* hazard. A. & C. iii. 8.
Jump, *adv.* exactly, nicely. Oth. ii. 3.
Justicer, *sb.* a judge, magistrate. Lear, iii. 6.
Jut, *v.t.* to encroach. R. III. ii. 4.
Jutty, *sb.* a projection. Mac. i. 6.
Jutty, *v.i.* to jut out beyond. H. V. iii. 1.
Juvenal, *sb.* youth, young man. L's L's L. i. 2.

Kam, *adj.* crooked. Cor. iii. 1.
Kecksy, *sb.* hemlock. H. V. v. 2.
Keck, *sb.* a lump of tallow. H. VIII. i. 1.
Keel, *v.t.* to skim. L's L's L. v. 2.
Keep, *v.r.* to restrain. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Keisar, *sb.* Cæsar, Emperor. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Kern, *sb.* the rude foot soldiers of the Irish. Mac. i. 2.
Kibe, *sb.* a chilblain. Temp. ii. 1.
Kickshaw, *sb.* a made dish. 2 H. iv. v. 1.
Kicksy wicksy, *sb.* a wife, used in disdain. All's Well, ii. 3.
Kiln-hole, *sb.* the ash-hole under a kiln. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Kind, *sb.* nature. A. & C. v. 2; T. A. ii. 1.
Ki le, *v.i.* to bring forth young; used only of kists. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Kindless, *adj.* unnatural. Ham. ii. 2.
Kindly, *adj.* natural. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Kirtle, *sb.* a gown. 2 H. iv. ii. 4.
Knave, *sb.* a boy. J. C. iv. 3. A serving-man. All's Well, ii. 4.
Knap, *v.t.* to snap, crack. M. of V. iii. 1.
Knot, *sb.* a figure in garden beds. R. II. iii. 4.
Know, *v.t.* to acknowledge. Mac. ii. 2.

Labras, *sb.* lips. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Laced-mutton, *sb.* a courtesan. Two Gent. i. 1.
Lag, *sb.* the lowest of the people. T. A. iii. 6.
Lag, *adv.* late, behindhand. R. III. ii. 1; Lear, i. 2.
Lakin, *n.* ladykin, little lady, an endearing term applied to the Virgin Mary in the oath, "By our lakin." Temp. iii. 3.
Land-damn, *v.t.* perhaps to extirpate; Hamner thinks it means to kill by stopping the urine. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Lapsed, *p.p.* taken, apprehended. Tw. N. iii. 3.
Large, *adj.* licentious, free. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Largess, *sb.* a present. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Less-lorn, *adj.* deserted by a mistress. Temp. iv. 1.
Latch, *v.t.* to smear. M. N's Dr. iii. 2. To catch. Mac. iv. 3.
Lated, *p.p.* belated. A. & C. iii. 2.

Latten, *adj.* made of brass. Merry Wives, i. 2.
Laund, *sb.* lawn. 3 H. vi. iii. 1.
Lavolta, *sb.* a dance. H. V. iii. 5.
Lay, *sb.* wager. Oth. ii. 3.
League, *sb.* besieging army. All's Well, iii. 6.
Leasing, *sb.* lying. Tw. N. i. 5.
Leather-coats, *sb.* a kind of apple. 2 H. iv. v. 3.
Leech, *sb.* a physician. T. A. v. 4.
Leer, *sb.* countenance, complexion. As you Like it, iv. 1; T. A. iv. 2.
Leet, *sb.* a manor court. Oth. iii. 3.
Legerity, *sb.* lightness. H. V. iv. 1.
Lege, *v.t.* to allege. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Leiger, *sb.* an ambassador resident abroad. M. for M. iii. 1; Cymb. i. 6.
Leman, *sb.* a lover or mistress. 2 H. iv. v. 3.
Lenten, *adj.* meagre. Ham. ii. 1. That which may be eaten in Lent. R. & J. ii. 4.
L'envoy, *sb.* the farewell or moral at the end of a tale or poem. L's L's L. iii. 1.
Let, *v.t.* to hinder. Tw. N. v. 1. *v.t.* to hinder. Ham. i. 2.
Let, *sb.* hindrance. H. V. v. 2.
Lethe, *sb.* death. J. C. iii. 1.
Level, *v.i.* to aim. M. of V. i. 2; R. III. iv. 4.
Level, *sb.* that which is aimed at. H. VIII. i. 2.
Lewd, *adj.* ignorant, foolish. R. III. i. 3.
Lewdly, *adv.* wickedly. 2 H. vi. ii. 1.
Lewdster, *sb.* a lewd person. Merry Wives, v. 3.
Libbard, *sb.* a leopard. L's L's L. v. 2.
Liberal, *adj.* licentious. Two Gent. iii. 1; Oth. ii. 1.
Liberty, *sb.* libertinism. T. A. iv. 1.
License, *sb.* licentiousness. M. for M. iii. 2.
Lief, *adj.* dear. 2 H. vi. iii. 1.
Lifter, *sb.* a thief. T. & Cr. i. 2.
Light 'o love, *sb.* a tune so called. Two Gent. i. 2.
Lightly, *adv.* easily, generally. Com. of E. iv. 4; R. III. iii. 1.
Like, *v.t.* to please. R. III. iii. 4; Lear, ii. 2.
Like, *v.t.* to liken, compare. 1 H. vi. iv. 6.
Likely, *adj.* likely. M. for M. v. 1.
Likelihood, *sb.* promise, appearance. R. III. iii. 4.
Liking, *sb.* condition. 1 H. iv. iii. 3.
Limbek, *sb.* an alembick, a still. Mac. i. 7.
Limbo, or **Limbo patrum**, *sb.* the place where good men under the Old Test. were believed to be imprisoned till released by Christ after his crucifixion. All's Well, v. 3; H. VIII. v. 3.
Lime, *sb.* bird-lime. Temp. iv. 1.
Lime, *v.t.* to entangle as with bird-lime. Tw. N. iii. 4. To smear with bird-lime. 2 H. vi. i. 3.
To mix lime with beer or other liquor. Merry Wives, v. 3.
Limn, *v.t.* to draw. As you Like it, ii. 7.
Line, *v.t.* to cover on the inside. Cymb. ii. 3. To strengthen by inner works. 1 H. iv. ii. 3; 2 H. iv. i. 3.
Linstock, *sb.* a staff with a match at the end of it, used by gunners in firing cannon. H. V. iii. Chorus.
List, *sb.* a margin, hence a bound or enclosure. Tw. N. iii. 1; 1 H. iv. iv. 1.
Lither, *adj.* lazy. 1 H. iv. iv. 7.
Little, *sb.* miniature. Ham. ii. 2.
Livelihood, *sb.* appearance of life. All's Well, i. 1.
Livery, *sb.* a law phrase, signifying the act of delivering a freehold into the possession of the heir or purchaser. R. II. ii. 3.
Living, *adj.* lively, convincing. Oth. iii. 3.
Loach, *sb.* a fish so called. 1 H. iv. ii. 1.
Lob, *sb.* a looby. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Lockram, *sb.* a sort of coarse linen. Cor. ii. 1.
Lode-star, *sb.* the leading-star, pole-star. M. N's Dr. i. 1.
Loffe, *v.i.* to laugh. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.

- Loggats, *sb.* the game called nine-pins. Ham. v. 1.
 Longly, *adv.* longingly. Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Loof, *v.t.* to luff, bring a vessel up to the wind.
 A. & C. III. 8.
 Loon, *sb.* a low contemptible fellow. Mac. v. 3.
 Lot, *sb.* a prize in a lottery. Cor. v. 2.
 Lottery, *sb.* that which falls to a man by lot. A.
 & C. II. 2.
 Lowt, *sb.* a clown. Cor. III. 2.
 Lowt, *v.t.* to treat one as a lowt, with contempt.
 1 H. VI. iv. 3.
 Lozel, *sb.* a spendthrift. Wint. Tale, II. 3.
 Lubber, *sb.* a leopard. 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Luce, *n.* the pike or jack, a fresh-water fish.
 Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Lumpish, *adj.* dull, dejected. Two Gent. III. 2.
 Lunes, *sb.* fits of lunacy. Wint. Tale. II. 2.
 Lurch, *v.t.* to defeat, to win. Cor. II. 2.
 Lurch, *v.t.* to shift, to play tricks. Merry Wives,
 II. 2.
 Lure, *sb.* a thing stuffed to resemble a bird with
 which the falconer allures a hawk. Tam. of S.
 IV. 1.
 Lush, *adj.* juicy, luxuriant. Tem. II. 1.
 Lustig, *adj.* lusty, cheerful. All's Well, II. 3.
 Luxurious, *adj.* lascivious. Much Ado, IV. 1.
 Luxury, *sb.* lust. Lear, IV. 6.
 Lym, *sb.* a limor or slow hound. Lear, III. 6.
 Made, *p.p.* having his fortune made. Tw. N. III.
 4.
 Magnifico, *sb.* the chief magistrate at Venice.
 Oth. I. 2.
 Magot-pie, *sb.* a magpie, a pie which feeds on
 magots. Mac. III. 4.
 Mailed, *p.p.* covered as with a coat of mail. 2 H.
 VI. II. 4.
 Main-course, *sb.* a sea-term. Temp. I. 1.
 Make, *v.t.* to do up, bar. Com. of E. III. 1. Todo.
 L's L's L. iv. 3; R. III. I. 3.
 Malkin, *sb.* a familiar name for Mary; hence a
 servant wench. Cor. II. 1.
 Mallecho, *sb.* mischief. Ham. III. 2.
 Mammering, *pr. p.* hesitating. Oth. III. 3.
 Mammets, *sb.* a woman's breasts. 1 H. IV. II. 3.
 A doll. K. & J. III. 5.
 Mammock, *v.t.* to break, tear. Cor. I. 3.
 Man, *v.t.* to tame a hawk. Tam. of S. IV. 1.
 Manage, *sb.* management. Temp. I. 2.
 Mandragora, *sb.* } a plant of soporiferous qual-
 ity, supposed to resemble a
 Mandrake, *sb.* } man. Oth. III. 3; 2 H. IV. I. 2.
 Mankind, *adj.* having a masculine nature. Wint.
 Tale, II. 3.
 Marches, *sb.* frontiers, borders. H. V. I. 2.
 Marchpano, *sb.* a kind of sweet biscuit. K. & J.
 I. 5.
 Margent, *sb.* margin. L's L's L. II. 1.
 Marry trap, *int.* an oath. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Martiemas, *sb.* the Feast of St. Martin, which oc-
 curs on the 11th of Nov. when the fine weather
 generally ends; hence applied to an old man.
 2 H. IV. II. 2.
 Match, *sb.* an appointment. 1 H. IV. I. 2.
 Mate, *v.t.* to confound, dismay. Mac. v. 1.
 Meacock, *adj.* tame, cowardly. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Mealed, *p.p.* mingled. M. for M. IV. 2.
 Mean, *sb.* instrument used to promote an end.
 Two Gent. IV. 4.
 Mean, *sb.* the tenor part in a harmony. Two Gent.
 I. 2.
 Mean, *sb.* opportunity, power. H. VIII. v. 2.
 Measure, *sb.* reach. Two Gent. v. 4. A stately
 dance. Much Ado, II. 1.
 Meazel, *sb.* a leper, spoken in contempt of a
 mean person. Cor. III. 2.
 Medal, *sb.* a portrait in a locket. Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Medicine, *sb.* a physician. All's Well, II. 1.
 Meed, *sb.* reward, hire. Two Gent. II. 4. Merit.
 3 H. VI. II. 1.
 Mehercle, *int.* by Hercules. L's L's L. iv. 2.
 Meiny, *sb.* retinue. Lear, II. 4.
 Mell, *v.i.* to mix, to meddle. All's Well, iv. 3.
 Memorize, *v.t.* to cause to be remembered. Mac.
 I. 2.
 Mephistophilus, *sb.* the name of a familiar spirit.
 Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Mercatante, *sb.* (Italian), a foreign trader. Tam.
 of S. iv. 2.
 Merely, *adv.* simply, absolutely. Temp. I. 1.
 Mess, *sb.* a company of four. L's L's L. iv. 3; v.
 2.
 Metaphysical, *adj.* supernatural. Mac. I. 5.
 Mete-yard, *sb.* measuring-wand. Tam. of S. iv. 3.
 Mew up, *v.t.* to confine. R. III. I. 1.
 Micher, *sb.* a truant. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Mickle, *adj.* much. Com. of E. III. 1.
 Mill-sixpence, *sb.* a milled sixpence. Merry
 Wives, I. 1.
 Mince, *v.t.* to do any thing affectedly. H. V. v. 2.
 Mincing, *adj.* affected. 1 H. IV. III. 1.
 Miscreate, *p.p.* illegitimate. H. V. I. 2.
 Misdooubt, *v.t.* to suspect. 3 H. VI. v. 6.
 Misery, *sb.* avarice. Cor. II. 2.
 Misprise, *v.t.* to despise. As you Like it, I. 1. To
 mistake. M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Misprision, *sb.* mistake. Much Ado, iv. 1.
 Missive, *sb.* messenger. A. & C. II. 2.
 Mistempered, *adj.* angry. John, v. 1.
 Misthink, *v.t.* to think ill of. 3 H. VI. 5.
 Mistress, *sb.* the jack in bowling. T. & Cr. III. 2.
 Mobled, *p.p.* muffled. Ham. II. 2.
 Modern, *adj.* commonplace. John, III. 4.
 Module, *sb.* a model, image. John, v. 7.
 Moe, *adj.* and *adv.* more. Of frequent occurrence.
 Moiety, *sb.* a portion. Lear, I. 1.
 Mome, *sb.* a stupid person. Com. of E. III. 1.
 Momentary, *adj.* momentary. M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Months-mind, *sb.* a monthly commemoration of
 the dead, but used ludicrously to mean a great
 mind or strong desire. Two Gent. I. 2.
 Mood, *sb.* anger. Two Gent. iv. 1.
 Moon-calf, *sb.* a nick-name applied to Caliban.
 Temp. II. 2; III. 2.
 Moonish, *adj.* inconstant. As you Like it, III. 2.
 Mop, *sb.* nod. Temp. III. 3.
 Morisco, *sb.* a Moor. 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Morris-pike, *sb.* Moorish-pike. Com. of E. iv. 3.
 Mort, *sb.* death, applied to animals of the chase.
 Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Mort-du-vinaigre, *int.* (French), a ridiculous oath.
 All's Well, II. 3.
 Mortal, *adj.* fatal, deadly. Oth. v. 2. Murderous.
 Mac. I. 5.
 Mortified, *p.p.* ascetic. Mac. v. 2.
 Mose, *v.t.* a doubtful word, applied to some disease
 in a horse. Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Motion, *sb.* solicitation. Com. of E. I. 1. Emo-
 tion. Oth. I. 2.
 Motion, *sb.* a puppet. Two Gent. II. 1.
 Motive, *sb.* one who moves. All's Well, iv. 4.
 That which moves. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
 Motley, *adj.* used as *sb.* the many-colored coat of
 a fool. As you Like it, II. 7. A fool. Ibid. III.
 3.
 Motley-minded, *adj.* foolish. As you Like it, v. 4.
 Mouse-hunt, *sb.* a weasel. R. & J. iv. 4.
 Mow, *v.i.* to make grimaces. Temp. II. 2.
 Moy, *sb.* a coin, probably a moldere. H. V. iv. 4.
 Much, *int.* significant of contempt. 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Much, *adj.* used ironically. As you Like it, iv. 3.
 Mure, *sb.* a wall. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.

Must, *sb.* a scramble. A. & C. III. 11.

Mutine, *v.t.* to mutiny. Ham. III. 4.

Mutine, *sb.* a mutineer. Ham. V. 2.

Napkin, *sb.* a handkerchief. As you Like it, IV. 3.

Natural, *sb.* an idiot. Temp. III. 2.

Nayward, *adv.* towards demp. Wint. Tale, II. 1.

Nayword, *sb.* a catch-word, by-word. Merry Wives, II. 2.

Neb, *sb.* the beak. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Neeld, *sb.* a needle. M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Neif, *sb.* hand. M. N's Dr. IV. 1.

Nephew, *sb.* a grandson. Oth. I. 1.

Nether-stocks, *sb.* stockings. Lear, II. 4.

Next, *adj.* nearest. I Hen. IV. III. 1.

Nice, *adj.* foolish. Tam. of S. III. 1.

Nick, *sb.* score or reckoning. Two Gent. IV. 2.

Nick, *v.t.* to brand with folly. A. & C. III. 11.

Nighted, *p.p.* black as night. Ham. I. 2.

Night-rule, *sb.* nightly solemnity. M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Nine men's morris, *sb.* a place set apart for a Moorish dance by nine men. M. N's Dr. II. 2.

Ninny, *sb.* a fool, jester. Temp. III. 2.

Nobility, *sb.* nobleness. Ham. I. 2.

Noble, *sb.* a coin, worth 6s. 8d. R. II. I. 1.

Noddy, *sb.* a dolt. Two Gent. I. 1.

Nonce, *sb.* for the nonce, corrupted from 'for then once,' for the occasion. I H. IV. I. 2.

Nook-shotten, *adj.* indented with bays and creeks. H. V. III. 5.

Nourish, *sb.* a nurse. I H. VI. I. 1.

Novum, *sb.* a game at dice. I's L's L. V. 2.

Nowl, *sb.* head. M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Nuthook, *sb.* a hook for pulling down nuts, hence a thief. Merry Wives, I. 1.

O, *sb.* a circle. M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Oar, *v.t.* to row as with oars. Temp. II. 1.

Obsequious, *adj.* behaving as becomes one who attends funeral obsequies. Ham. I. 2.

Obsequiously, *adv.* funerally. R. III. I. 2.

Obstacle, *adj.* ridiculously used for 'obstinate.' I H. VI. V. 4.

Occupation, *sb.* persons occupied in business. Cor. IV. 6.

Occurent, *sb.* an incident. Ham. V. 2.

Od's body, *interj.* I H. IV. II. 1.

Od's heartlings. Merry Wives, III. 4.

Od's pittikins. Cym. IV. 2.

Od's plessed will. Merry Wives, I. 1.

Ocelliad, *sb.* an amorous glance. Merry Wives, I. 3.

O'erparted, *p.p.* having too important a part to act. I's L's L. V. 2.

O'er-raught, *p.p.* overreached. Com. of E. I. 2.

Overtasked. Ham. III. 1.

Offering, *p.p.* challenging. I H. IV. IV. 1.

Office, *sb.* benefit, kindness. All's Well, IV. 4; use, function. H. V. II. 2.

Old, *adj.* a cant term for great, as we say fine, or pretty. Merry Wives, I. 4; Mac. II. 3.

Once, *adv.* some time. Merry Wives, III. 4.

Oneyer, *sb.* a banker. I H. IV. II. 1. A doubtful word.

Ope, *adv.* open. Com. of E. III. 1.

Ope, *v.t.* to open. 3 H. VI. II. 3. *v.t.* to open. M. of V. I. 1.

Open, *adj.* plain. M. for M. II. 1. Public. H. VIII. II. 1.

Open, *v.t.* to give tongue as a hound. Merry Wives, IV. 2.

Operant, *adj.* active. Tim. IV. 3.

Opinioned, *p.p.* used ridiculously for pinioned. Much Ado, IV. 2.

Opposite, *sb.* adversary. Tw. N. III. 4.

Opposition, *sb.* combat. Cym. IV. 1.

Or, *adv.* before. Mac. IV. 3.

Order, *sb.* measures. Com. of E. V. 1; H. V. IV. 5.

Ordinance, *sb.* rank, order. Cor. III. 2.

Orgulous, *adj.* proud. Prol. to T. & Cr.

Ort, *sb.* leaving, refuse. Tim. IV. 3.

Ostent, *sb.* show, appearance. M. of V. II. 2.

Ostentation, *sb.* show, appearance. Much Ado, IV. 1; Cor. I. 6.

Ounce, *sb.* a beast of prey of the tiger kind. M. N's Dr. II. 3.

Ouphe, *sb.* a fairy. Merry Wives, IV. 4.

Ousel-cock, *sb.* the blackbird. M. N's Dr. III. 1.

Out, *adv.* all out, fully. Temp. I. 2.

Out-look, *v.t.* to face down. John, V. 2.

Outward, *adj.* not in the secret of affairs. All's Well, III. 1.

Outward, *sb.* outside. Cym. I. 1.

Owe, *v.t.* to own. Temp. I. 1.

Pack, *v.t.* to practice unlawful confederacy. Much Ado, V. 1; Tam. of S. V. 1.

Pack, *sb.* a number of people confederated. R. III. III. 3.

Paddock, *sb.* a toad. Mac. I. 1.

Paid, *p.p.* punished. Cym. V. 4.

Palabras, *sb.* words, a cant term, from the Spanish. Much Ado, III. 5.

Pale, *v.t.* to enclose. A. & C. II. 7; H. V. V. Ch.

Pall, *v.t.* to wrap as with a pall. Mac. I. 5.

Palled, *p.p.* impaired. A. & C. II. 7.

Palmer, *sb.* one who bears a palm-branch, in token of having made a pilgrimage to Palestine. R. & J. I. 5.

Palmy, *adj.* victorious. Ham. I. 1.

Parcelled, *p.p.* belonging to individuals. R. III. II. 2.

Pard, *sb.* the leopard. Temp. IV. 1.

Paritor, *sb.* an apparitor. I's L's L. III. 1.

Parle, *sb.* talk. Two Gent. I. 2.

Parlous, *adj.* perilous. As you Like it, III. 2; keen, shrewd. Rich. III. III. 1.

Parted, *p.p.* endowed, gifted. T. & Cr. III. 3.

Partizan, *sb.* a pike. R. & J. I. 1.

Pash, *sb.* the face. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Pash, *v.t.* to strike violently, to bruise, crush. T. & Cr. II. 3.

Pass, *v.t.* to practice. Tw. N. III. 1; Lear, III. 7. To surpass expectation. Merry Wives, IV. 2.

Passant, *p.p.* a term of heraldry, applied to animals represented on the shield as passing by at a trot. Merry Wives, I. 1.

Passing, *adv.* surpassingly, exceedingly. M. N's Dr. II. 1.

Passion, *v.t.* to have feelings. Temp. V. 1.

Passionate, *v.t.* to suffer. T. A. III. 2.

Passy-measure, *sb.* a kind of dance. Tw. N. V. 1.

Pastry, *sb.* the room where pastry was made. R. & J. IV. 4.

Patch, *sb.* a mean fellow. Temp. III. 2.

Patched, *p.p.* dressed in motley. M. N's Dr. IV. 1.

Patchery, *sb.* trickery. T. & Cr. II. 3.

Path, *v.t.* to walk. J. C. II. 1.

Pathetical, *adj.* affected, hypocritical. As you Like it, IV. 1.

Patient, *v.r.* to make patient, to compose. T. A. I. II.

Patine, *sb.* the metal disc on which the bread is placed in the administration of the Eucharist. M. of V. V. 1.

Pattern, *v.t.* to give an example of. Wint. Tale, III. 2. Afford a pattern for. M. for M. II. 1.

Paucis verbis, few words. Merry Wives, I. 1.

- Paucas, adj.* few, a cant word. Ind. to Tam. of S.
Pavin, sb. a dance. Tw. N. v. 1.
Pax, sb. a small image of Christ. H. V. III. 6.
Pay, v.t. to despatch. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
Peat, sb. a term of endearment for a child. Tam. of S. I. 1.
Pedascule, sb. a pedant, schoolmaster. Tam. of S. III. 1.
Peer, v.i. to peep out. R. & J. I. 1.
Peize, v.t. to balance, weigh down. John, II. 2; R. III. v. 3.
Pelting, adj. paltry. M. for M. II. 2.
Perdu, adj. lost. Lear, IV. 7.
Pordurable, adj. durable. H. V. IV. 5.
Perdy, int. a euphemism for Par Dieu. Com. of E. IV. 4.
Perfect, adj. certain. Wint. Tale, III. 3.
Perfect, v.t. to inform perfectly. M. for M. IV. 3.
Periaps, sb. charms worn round the neck. 1 H. VI. v. 3.
Perjure, sb. a perjured person. L's L's L. IV. 3.
Persever, v. to persevere. Two Gent. III. 2.
Perspective, sb. a telescope, or some sort of optical glass. Tw. N. v. 1.
Pew-fellow, sb. a comrade. R. III. IV. 4.
Pheeze, v.t. to comb, fleece, curry. Ind. to Tam. of S.; T. & Cr. II. 3.
Pia-mater, sb. the membrane covering the brain, the brain itself. Tw. N. I. 5.
Pick, v.t. to pit-h, throw. H. VIII. v. 3.
Picked, adj. chosen, selected. John, I. 1.
Pickers (and stealers), sb. the fingers, used ridiculously. Ham. III. 2.
Picking, adj. insignificant. 2 H. IV. I. 1.
Pickt-hatch, sb. a place noted for brothels. Merry Wives, II. 2.
Pied, adj. motley-coated, wearing the motley coat of a jester. Temp. III. 2.
Pieled, p.p. shaven. 1 H. VI. I. 3.
Pight, p.p. pitched. T. & Cr. v. II.
Pilcher, sb. a scabbard. R. & J. III. 1.
Pill, v.t. to pillage. Tim. IV. 1.
Pin, sb. a malady of the eye. Lear, III. 4. The centre of a target. L's L's L. IV. 1; R. & J. II. 4.
Pinfold, sb. a pound, a place to confine lost cattle. Two Gent. I. 1.
Pioned, p.p. digged. Temp. III. 3.
Placket, sb. a petticoat-front. Wint. Tale, IV. 3.
Plain song, sb. a simple air. H. V. III. 2.
Plaited, p.p. intricate. Lear, I. 1.
Planchet, adj. made of boards. M. for M. IV. 1.
Plantation, sb. colonizing, planting a colony. Temp. II. 1.
Plausible, adj. plausible. All's Well, I. 2.
Pleached, adj. interwoven. Much Ado, I. 2.
Point, sb. a lace furnished with a tag by which the breeches were held up. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
Point-de-vice, adj. derived from the French, faultless. Tw. N. II. 5.
Poise, sb. balance. M. for M. II. 4. Doubt. Lear, II. 1.
Polled, p.p. bare. Cor. IV. 5.
Pomander, sb. a perfumed ball. Wint. Tale, IV. 4.
Pomewater, sb. a kind of apple. L's L's L. IV. 2.
Poor-john, sb. a herring. Temp. II. 2.
Popinjay, sb. a parrot. 1 H. IV. I. 3.
Port, sb. pomp, state. Tam. of S. I. 1.
Port, sb. a gate. 2 H. IV. IV. 4.
Portable, adj. bearable. Mac. IV. 3.
Portance, sb. conduct, behavior. Cor. II. 3.
Possess, v.t. to inform. Tw. N. II. 3.
Potch, v.t. to push violently. Cor. I. 10.
Potent, sb. a potentate. John, II. 2.
Pouncet-box, sb. a box for holding perfumes. 1 H. IV. I. 3.
Power, sb. forces, army. 2 H. IV. I. 1.
Practice, sb. wicked stratagem. Tw. N. v. 1.
Practisant, sb. a confederate. 1 H. VI. III. 2.
Frank, v.t. to dress up. Wint. Tale, IV. 3; Cor. III. 1.
Precept, sb. a justice's summons. 2 H. IV. v. 1.
Preciously, adv. in business of great importance. Temp. I. 2.
Pregnancy, sb. fertility of invention. 2 H. IV. I. 2.
Pregnant, adj. fertile of invention. M. for M. I. 1. Ready. Ham. III. 2. Obvious. M. for M. II. 1.
Pre-nominate, v.t. to name beforehand, to prophesy. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
Pre-ordination, sb. old-established law. J. C. III. 1.
Presence, sb. the presence-chamber. H. VIII. III. 1. High bearing. M. of V. III. 2.
Prest, adj. ready. M. of V. I. 1.
Prentice, sb. design. Wint. Tale, III. 2.
Pretend, v.t. to portend. 1 H. VI. IV. 1. To intend. Mac. II. 4.
Prevent, v.t. to anticipate. J. C. v. 1.
Prick, sb. the mark denoting the hour on a dial. R. & J. II. 4.
Prick, v.t. to incite. Tam. of S. III. 2. To choose by pricking a hole with a pin opposite the name. J. C. III. 1.
Prick-sung, sb. music sung in parts by note. R. & J. II. 4.
Pricket, sb. a stag of two years. L's L's L. IV. 2.
Pride, sb. heat. Oth. III. 3.
Prig, v.t. to steal. Wint. Tale, IV. 2.
Prime, adj. rank, lecherous. Oth. III. 3.
Primer, adj. more-important. H. VIII. I. 2.
Primero, sb. a game at cards. H. VIII. v. 1.
Principality, sb. that which holds the highest place. Two Gent. II. 4.
Princox, sb. a coxcomb. R. & J. I. 5.
Priser, sb. a prize-fighter. As you Like it, II. 3.
Procure, v.t. to bring. R. & J. III. 5.
Proface, interj. much good may it do you. 2 H. IV. v. 3.
Profane, adj. outspoken. Oth. II. 1.
Progress, sb. a royal ceremonial journey. Ham. I. 3.
Project, v.t. to shape or contrive. A. & C. v. 2.
Prompture, sb. suggestion. M. for M. II. 4.
Prone, adj. ready, willing. Cym. v. 4; M. for M. I. 3.
Proof, sb. strength of manhood. Much Ado, IV. 1.
Propagate, v.t. to advance, to forward. Tim. I. 1.
Propagation, sb. obtaining. M. for M. I. 3.
Proper-false, sb. natural falsehood. Tw. N. II. 2.
Propertied, p.p. endowed with the properties of. A. & C. v. 2.
Properties, sb. scenes, dresses, &c. used in a theatre. Merry Wives, IV. 4.
Property, v.t. to take possession of. John, v. 2.
Propose, v.t. to suppose, for the sake of argument. 2 H. IV. v. 2. To converse. Much Ado, III. 1.
Propose, sb. conversation. Much Ado, III. 1.
Prologue, v.t. to defer. R. & J. II. 2.
Provand, sb. provender. Cor. II. 1.
Provision, sb. forecast. Temp. I. 2.
Pucelle, sb. a virgin, the name given to Joan of Arc. 1 H. VI. v. 4.
Pudency, sb. modesty. Cym. II. 5.
Pugging, adj. thieving. Wint. Tale, IV. 2.
Pun, v.t. to pound. T. & Cr. II. 1.
Purchase, v.t. to acquire, win. As you Like it, III. 2.
Purchase, sb. gain, winnings. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
Put, v.t. to compel. M. for M. I. 1.
Putter-on, sb. an instigator. H. VIII. I. 2.

Putter-out, *sb.* one who lends money at interest. Temp. III. 3.
 Putting-on, *sb.* instigation. M. for M. IV. 2.
 Puttock, *sb.* a kite. Cym. I. 2.

Quail, *v.i.* to faint, be languid, be afraid. As you Like it, II. 2. *v.t.* to cause to quail. A. & C. V. 2.

Quaint, *adj.* curiously beautiful. Temp. I. 2.

Quake, *v.i.* to cause to quake or tremble. Cor. I. 9.

Qualify, *v.t.* to moderate. Much Ado, V. 4.

Quality, *sb.* those of the same nature. Temp. I. 2.
 Rank or condition. M. for M. II. 1; 2 H. IV. V. 2.

Quarrel, *sb.* a suit, cause. 2 H. VI. III. 2.

Quarry, *sb.* game, a heap of game. Ham. V. 2; Cor. I. 1.

Quart d'écu, *sb.* a quarter crown. All's Well, IV. 3.

Quarter, *sb.* the post allotted to a soldier. Tim. V. 5.

Quat, *sb.* a pimple; used in contempt of a person. Oth. V. 1.

Queasy, *adj.* squeamish, unsettled. Much Ado, II. 1; Lear, II. 1.

Quell, *sb.* murder. Mac. I. 7.

Quench, *v.t.* to grow cool. Cym. I. 6.

Quern, *sb.* a hand-mill. M. N's Dr. II. 1.

Quest, *sb.* enquiry, search, inquest, jury. M. for M. IV. 1; R. III. I. 4; Ham. V. 1.

Questrist, *sb.* one who goes in search of another. Lear, III. 7.

Quick, *adj.* so far gone in pregnancy that the child is alive. L's L's L. V. 2.

Quicken, *v.t.* to come to life. Lear, III. 7.

Quiddit, *sb.* a subtle question. Ham. V. 1;

Quiddity, 1 H. IV. I. 2.

Quillet, *sb.* quiddibet, a subtle case in law. L's L's L. IV. 3.

Quintain, *sb.* a post for tilting at. As you Like it, I. 2.

Quip, *sb.* sharp jest, a taunt. Much Ado, II. 3.

Quire, *v.t.* to sing in concert. M. of V. V. 1.

Quit, *v.t.* to requite, respond. Lear, III. 7; Ham. V. 2.

Quit, *v.t.* past tense of the verb to quit, quitted. Cym. I. 1.

Quittance, *sb.* requital. H. V. II. 2.

Quiver, *adj.* active. 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Quote, *v.t.* to note. R. & J. I. 4.

Rabato, *sb.* a ruff. Much Ado, III. 4.

Rabbit-sucker, *sb.* a weasel. 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Race, *sb.* breed; inherited nature. Temp. I. 2.

Rack, *sb.* wreck. Temp. IV. 1.

Rack, *v.t.* to enhance the price of anything. Much Ado, IV. 1; Cor. V. 1. *v.i.* to drive as clouds. 3 H. VI. II. 1.

Rag, *sb.* a term of contempt applied to persons. Tim. IV. 3.

Rake, *v.t.* to cover. Lear, IV. 6.

Rapt, *p.p.* transported with emotion. Mac. I. 3.

Rapture, *sb.* a fit. Cor. II. 1.

Rascal, *sb.* a lean deer. J. C. IV. 3.

Rash, *adj.* quick, violent. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Rate, *sb.* opinion, judgment. Temp. II. 1.

Rate, *v.t.* to assign, to value. A. & C. III. 6; Cym. I. 5. To scold. M. of V. I. 3.

Ratolorum, a ludicrous mistake for Rotulorum. Merry Wives, I. 1.

Ravin, *adj.* ravenous. All's Well, III. 2.

Ravin, *v.t.* to devour. Mac. II. 4.

Raught, past tense of *v.* to reach. H. V. IV. 6.

Rawly, *adv.* inadequately. H. V. IV. 1.

Rawness, *sb.* unprovided state. Mac. IV. 3.

Rayed, *p.p.* arrayed, served. Tam. of S. IV. 1.

Razed, *p.p.* slashed. Ham. III. 2.

Rear-mouse, *sb.* the bat. M. N's Dr. II. 3.

Rebate, *v.t.* to deprive of keenness. M. for M. I. 5.

Rebeck, *sb.* a three-stringed fiddle. R. & J. IV. 5.

Receipt, *p.p.* money received. R. II. I. 1.

Receiving, *sb.* capacity. Tw. N. III. 1.

Recheat, *sb.* a point of the chase to call back the hounds. Much Ado, I. 1.

Record, *v.t.* to sing. Two Gent. V. 4.

Recorder, *sb.* a flute. Ham. III. 2.

Recure, *v.t.* to cure, recover. R. III. III.

Red-lattice, *adj.* suitable to an ale-house, because ale-houses had commonly red lattices. Merry Wives, II. 2.

Red-plague, *sb.* erysipelas. Temp. I. 2.

Reduce, *v.t.* to bring back. R. III. V. 4.

Reechy, *adj.* smoky, dirty. Cor. II. 1.

Refell, *v.t.* to refute. M. for M. V. 1.

Refer, *v.r.* to reserve to. M. for M. III. 1.

Regiment, *sb.* government. A. & C. III. 6.

Regreet, *sb.* a salutation. M. of V. II. 9.

Regreet, *v.t.* to salute. R. II. I. 3.

Reguerdon, *sb.* requital. 1 H. VI. III. 1.

Relative, *adj.* applicable. Ham. II. 2.

Remember, *v.t.* to remind. Wint. Tale, III. 2;

M. for M. II. 1.

Remorse, *sb.* pity. M. for M. V. 1.

Remorseful, *adj.* full of pity, compassionate. Two Gent. IV. 3.

Remotion, *sb.* removal. Tim. IV. 3.

Removed, *adj.* sequestered, remote. M. for M. I. 4; As you Like it, III. 2.

Render, *v.t.* to describe you. As you Like it, IV. 3.

Render, *sb.* account. Cym. IV. 4.

Reneg, *v.t.* to renounce, to deny. A. & C. I. 1;

Lear, II. 2.

Repair, *v.t.* to renovate, comfort. All's Well, I. 2.

Repeal, *v.t.* to reverse the sentence of exile. Two Gent. V. 4.

Reproof, *sb.* confutation. 1 H. IV. I. 2.

Repugn, *v.t.* to resist. 1 H. VI. IV. 1.

Requiem, *sb.* mass for the dead, so called because

it begins with the words, Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine. Ham. V. 1.

Resolve, *v.t.* to satisfy. 3 H. VI. III. 2. To dissolve. Ham. I. 2.

Respect, *sb.* consideration. Much Ado, II. 3.

Respective, *adj.* respectful, thoughtful. M. of V. V. 1.

Respective, *adj.* corresponding. Two Gent. IV. 4.

Respectively, *adv.* respectfully. Tim. III. 1.

Retailed, *p.p.* handed down. R. III. III. 1.

Retire, *sb.* retreat. 1 H. IV. II. 3.

Retire, *v.t.* to draw back. R. II. II. 2.

Reverb, *v.t.* to echo. Lear, I. 1.

Revolt, *v.t.* a rebel. John. V. 4.

Rib, *v.t.* to enclose as within ribs. M. of V. II. 7.

Rid, *v.t.* to destroy. Temp. I. 2.

Rift, *v.t.* to split. Wint. Tale, V. 1. *v.t.* to split. Temp. V. 1.

Rift, *sb.* a split. Temp. I. 2.

Riglish, *adj.* wanton. A. & C. II. 2.

Rigol, *sb.* a circle. 2 H. IV. IV. 4.

Ripe, *adj.* drunk. Temp. V. 1.

Rivage, *sb.* the shore. H. V. III. Chorus.

Rival, *sb.* a partner. Ham. I. 1.

Rivalry, *sb.* equal rank. A. & C. III. 5.

Rive, *v.t.* to fire. 1 H. VI. IV. 2.

Road, *sb.* the high road, applied to a common woman (traviata). 2 H. IV. II. 2.

Roisting, *adj.* roistering, violent. T. & Cr. II. 2.

Romage, *sb.* unusual stir. Ham. I. 1.

Ronyon, *sb.* a term of contempt applied to a woman. Mac. I. 3.

Road, *sb.* the crucifix. R. & J. I. 3.
 Rook, *sb.* a cheater. Merry Wives, I. 3.
 Ropery, *sb.* roguery. R. & J. II. 4.
 Rope-tricks, *sb.* tricks such as are played by a rope-dancer. Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Round, *v.i.* to whisper. Oth. I. 3. To become great with child. Wint. Tale, II. 1. *v.t.* to finish off. Temp. IV. 1.
 Round, *sb.* a diadem. Mac. I. 5.
 Round, *adj.* uncereemonious. Mac. I. 5.
 Roundel, *sb.* a dance or song. M. N's Dr. II. 3.
 Roundure, *sb.* an enclosure. John, II. 1.
 Rouse, *sb.* carousal. Ham. I. 4.
 Roynish, *adj.* mangy. As you Like it, II. 2.
 Rubious, *adj.* ruddy. Tw. N. I. 4.
 Ruddock, *sb.* the redbreast. Cym. IV. 1.
 Rush, *v.t.* to push. R. & J. III. 3.
 Rushing, *adj.* rustling. Merry Wives, II. 2.
 Sacrificial, *adj.* reverent, as words used in religious worship. Tim. I. 1.
 Sacring-bell, *sb.* the little bell rung at mass to give notice that the elements are consecrated. H. VIII. III. 2.
 Sad, *adj.* serious. Two Gent. I. 2.
 Sadly, *adv.* seriously. Much Ado, II. 3.
 Sadness, *sb.* seriousness. R. & J. I. 1.
 Safe, *v.t.* to make safe. A. & C. IV. 6.
 Sag, *v.t.* to hang down. Mac. V. 3.
 Salt, *adj.* lascivious. Oth. II. 1; III. 3.
 Salt, *sb.* taste. Merry Wives, II. 3.
 Sanded, *adj.* marked with yellow spots. M. N's Dr. IV. 1.
 Sans, *prep.* without. Temp. I. 2.
 Saucy, *adj.* lascivious. All's Well, IV. 4.
 Saw, *sb.* a moral saying. L's L's L. V. 2.
 Say, *adj.* silken. 2 H. VI. IV. 7.
 Say, *sb.* assay, taste, relish. Lear, V. 3.
 Scaffoldage, *sb.* the gallery of a theatre. T. & Cr. I. 3.
 Scald, *adj.* scurvy, scabby. Merry Wives, III. 1.
 Scale, *v.t.* to weigh in scales. Cor. II. 3.
 Scall, *sb.* a scab, a word of reproach. Merry Wives, III. 1.
 Scamble, *v.i.* to scramble. H. V. I. 1.
 Scammel, *sb.* probably a misprint for sea-mel, sea-mew. Temp. II. 2.
 Scan, *v.t.* to examine subtly. Oth. III. 3.
 Scant, *v.t.* to cut short, to spare. M. of V. III. 2.
 Scant, *adj.* scanty, short. Ham. V. 2. *adv.* scarcely. R. & J. I. 2.
 Scantling, *sb.* a small portion. T. & Cr. I. 3.
 Scape, *v.t.* to escape. Much Ado, I. 1.
 Scape, *sb.* a sally. M. for M. I. 1.
 Scathe, *sb.* injury. 2 H. VI. II. 4.
 Scathe, *v.t.* to injure. R. & J. I. 5.
 Scathful, *adj.* destructive. Tw. N. V. 1.
 Sconce, *sb.* the head. Ham. V. 1.
 Scotch, *v.t.* to bruise or cut slightly. Mac. III. 2.
 Scrimmer, *sb.* a fencer. Ham. IV. 7.
 Scroyle, *sb.* a scabby fellow. John, II. 3.
 Scuil, *sb.* a shoal of fish. T. & Cr. V. 5.
 Scurvy, *adj.* scabby; metaph. mean. Temp. II. 2.
 Seal, *v.t.* to set one's seal to a deed; hence, to confirm. Cor. II. 3.
 Seam, *sb.* fat. T. & Cr. II. 3.
 Seamy, *adj.* showing the seam or sewing. Oth. IV. 2.
 Sear, *adj.* scorched, withered. Mac. V. 3.
 Sear, *v.t.* to stigmatise. All's Well, II. 1.
 Search, *v.t.* to probe; hence, to apply a healing remedy. Two Gent. I. 2.
 Seated, *adj.* fixed, confirmed. Mac. I. 3.
 Sect, *sb.* a slip or scion. Oth. I. 3. A political party. Lear, V. 3.
 Securely, *adv.* inconsiderately. T. & Cr. IV. 5.

Seal, *v.t.* to close. Oth. III. 3.
 Sealing, *pr.p.* closing, blinding. Mac. III. 2.
 Seeming, *adv.* seemly, becomingly. As you Like it, V. 4.
 Seeming, *sb.* outward manner and appearance. Wint. Tale, IV. 4.
 Seen, *adj.* vered, instructed. Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Seld, *adv.* seldom. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
 Self-bounty, *sb.* native goodness. Oth. III. 3.
 Semblably, *adv.* alike. I. H. IV. V. 3.
 Seniory, *sb.* seniority. R. III. IV. 4.
 Sennet, *sb.* a flourish of trumpets.
 Sepulchre, *v.t.* to bury. Two Gent. IV. 2.
 Sequestration, *sb.* separation. Oth. I. 3.
 Sere, *adj.* dry. Com. of E. IV. 2.
 Sergeant, *sb.* a bailiff. Ham. V. 2.
 Serpigo, *sb.* a cutaneous disease. M. for M. III. 1.
 Serviceable, *adj.* 'serviceable vows,' vows that you will do her service, or be her servant. Two Gent. III. 2.
 Setebos, *sb.* the name of a fiend. Temp. I. 2.
 Setter, *sb.* one who watches travellers to give information to thieves. I. H. IV. II. 2.
 Several, *sb.* land which is not common but appropriated. L's L's L. II. 1.
 Shame, *v. i.* to be ashamed. Cor. II. 2.
 Shame, *sb.* modesty. Com. of E. III. 2.
 Shards, *sb.* shreds, broken fragments of pottery. Ham. V. 1.
 Shards, *sb.* the wing cases of beetles; hence 'sharded.' Cym. III. 3; and 'shard-borne.' Mac. III. 2.
 Sharked, *p.p.* snatched up, as a shark does his prey. Ham. I. 1.
 Sheen, *sb.* brilliancy. M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Sheer, *adj.* pure. R. II. V. 3. Unmixed. Ind. to Tam. of S. 2.
 Shent, *p.p.* rebuked, blamed. Cor. V. 2. Hurt. Ham. III. 3.
 Sheriff's-post, *sb.* a post at the door of a sheriff, to which royal proclamations were fixed. Tw. N. I. 5.
 Shive, *sb.* slice. T. A. II. 1.
 Shot, *sb.* the reckoning at an ale-house. Two Gent. II. 5.
 Shoughs, *sb.* shaggy dogs. Mac. III. 1.
 Shouldered, *p.p.* R. III. III. 7. A doubtful word.
 Shovel-board, *sb.* game played by sliding metal pieces along a board at a mark. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Shrewd, *adj.* mischievous. All's Well, III. 5.
 Shrift, *sb.* confession, R. III. III. 4. Absolution. M. for M. IV. 2.
 Shrive, *v.t.* to confess. M. of V. I. 2.
 Shrivetime, *sb.* time for confession. Ham. V. 2.
 Shroud, *v.r.* to enshroud oneself, cover oneself up. Temp. II. 2.
 Side-sleeves, *sb.* loose hanging sleeves. Much Ado, III. 4.
 Siege, *sb.* seat. M. for M. IV. 2. Stool. Temp. II. 2. Rank. Ham. IV. 7.
 Sight, *sb.* an aperture in a helmet. 2. H. IV. IV. 1.
 Sightless, *adj.* invisible. Mac. I. 5. Unightly. John, III. 1.
 Sign, *v.i.* to give an omen. A. & C. IV. 3.
 Silly, *adj.* simple, rustic. Cym. V. 3.
 Simular, *adj.* counterfeit, feigned. Cym. V. 5.
 Single, *adj.* feeble. Mac. I. 3.
 Sir, *sb.* a title applied to a bachelor of arts at the Universities. Tw. N. IV. 2.
 Sith, *conj.* since. Two Gent. I. 2.
 Sithence, *conj.* since. Cor. III. 1.
 Sizes, *sb.* allowances. Lear, II. 4.
 Skains-mates, *sb.* scapegraces. R. & J. II. 4.
 Skill, *v.t.* to be of importance. Tam. of S. III. 2.

Skilless, *adj.* ignorant. Temp. III. 1.
 Skimble-skamble, *adj.* rambling, disjointed. 1 H. IV. III. 1.
 Skinker, *sb.* a drawer of liquor. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Skirr, *v.t.* to scour. Mac. v. 3.
 Slack, *v.t.* slacken. Oth. IV. 3.
 Slave, *v.t.* to turn to slavish uses. Lear, IV. 1.
 Sleave, *sb.* floss-silk. Mac. II. 2.
 Sledged, *p.p.* sledged. Ham. I. 1.
 Sleided, *p.p.* untwisted, raw, applied to silk. Per. IV. (Gower).
 Sleights, *sb.* artifices. Mac. III. 5.
 Slice, *int.* Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Slipper, *adj.* slippery. Oth. II. 1.
 Slips, *sb.* a kind of noose, or leash. H. V. III. 1.
 A piece of base money. R. & J. II. 4.
 Sliver, *v.t.* to slice. Lear, IV. 2.
 Sliver, *sb.* a slice. Ham. IV. 7.
 Slops, *sb.* loose breeches. Much Ado, III. 2.
 Slubber, *v.t.* to slur over. M. of V. II. 8.
 Smirched, *p.p.* smeared, soiled. Much Ado, IV. 1.
 Smooth, *v.t.* to flatter. Per. I. 2.
 Smoothed, *p.p.* flattered, fawned upon. Tim. IV. 3.
 Sneap, *sb.* taunt, sarcasm. 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Sneaped, *p.p.* pinched. Lucr. 333.
 Sneaping, *L's L's L.* I. 1.
 Sneak-up, *int.* go hang! Tw. N. II. 3.
 Snuff, *sb.* anger. *L's L's L.* 'To take in snuff' is to take offence.
 Softly, *adv.* gently. Wint. Tale, IV. 2; Ham. IV. 4.
 Soil, *sb.* spot, taint. Ham. I. 3.
 Solicit, *sb.* solicitation. Cym. II. 3.
 Solidare, *sb.* a small coin. Tim. III. 1.
 Solve, *sb.* solution. Son. 69.
 Sometimes, *adv.* formerly. M. of V. I. 1.
 Sooth, *sb.* truth. Wint. Tale, IV. 3. Conciliation. R. II. III. 3.
 Sooth, *adj.* true. Mac. v. 5.
 Sorel, *sb.* a buck of the third year. *L's L's L.* IV. 2.
 Sorriest, *adj.* most sorrowful. Mac. III. 2.
 Sorry, *adj.* sorrowful, dismal. Com. of E. v. 1.
 Sort, *sb.* a company. M. N's Dr. III. 2. Rank, condition. R. II. IV. 1. Lot. T. & Cr. I. 3.
 'In a sort,' in a manner. Temp. II. 1.
 Sort, *v.t.* to choose. Two Gent. III. 2. *v.i.* to suit. Much Ado, v. 2. To consort. 2. H. IV. II. 4.
 Sot, *sb.* fool. Cym. v. 5.
 Soul-fearing, *adj.* soul-terrifying. John, II. 2.
 Sowl, *v.t.* to lug, drag. Cor. IV. 5.
 Sowter, *sb.* name of a dog. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Specialty, *sb.* a special contract. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Sped, *p.p.* settled, done for. R. & J. III. 1.
 Sp'ed, *sb.* fortune. Wint. Tale. III. 2.
 S'err, *v.t.* to bolt, fasten. T. & C. prol.
 Sp'ill, *sb.* spy. I. H. VI. I. 4.
 Spill, *v.t.* to destroy. Lear, III. 2.
 Spillth, *sb.* spilling. Tim. II. 2.
 Sploen, *sb.* violent haste. John, II. 2; v. 7.
 Used of the lightning flash. M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Sprag, *adj.* quick. Merry Wives, IV. 1.
 Spring, *sb.* shoot, bud. V. & A. 656. Beginning. M. N's Dr. II. 2; 2 H. IV. IV. 4.
 Springhalt, *sb.* stringhalt, a disease of horses. H. VIII. I. 3.
 Sprited, *p.p.* haunted. Cym. II. 3.
 Spurs, *sb.* roots of trees. Temp. v. 1; Cym. IV. 2.
 Squandered, *p.p.* scattered. M. of V. I. 3.
 Square, *v.t.* to quarrel. M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Square, *sb.* the front part of a woman's dress, stomacher. Wint. Tale, IV. 3.
 Square, *adj.* equitable. Tim. v. 1.
 Squarer, *sb.* quarreller. Much Ado, I. 1.
 Squash, *sb.* an unripe peascod. Tw. N. I. 5.

Squier, *sb.* a square or rule. *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Squiny, *v.t.* to squint. Lear, IV. 6.
 Stagers, *sb.* a disease in horses, attended with giddiness: hence any bewildering distress. Cym. v. 5.
 Stain, *v.t.* to disfigure. Temp. I. 2.
 Stale, *sb.* a decoy. Temp. IV. 1. A gull. Tam. of S. I. 1. A prostitute. Much Ado, II. 2.
 Stale, *v.t.* to make stale, deprive anything of its freshness. T. & Cr. II. 3.
 Stand upon, to be incumbent on. R. II. IV. 2.
 Staniel, *sb.* an inferior kind of hawk. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Stark, *adv.* stiff. Cym. IV. 2.
 Starkly, *adv.* stiffly. M. for M. IV. 2.
 State, *sb.* a canopied chair. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Station, *sb.* attitude. Ham. III. 4. Act of standing. A. & C. III. 3.
 Statist, *sb.* a statesman. Cym. II. 4.
 Statua, *sb.* a statue. R. III. III. 7.
 Statue, *sb.* image, picture. Two Gent. IV. 4.
 Statute, *sb.* security, obligation. Son. 134.
 Statute-caps, *sb.* woollen caps worn by citizens. *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Stay, *sb.* a check. John, II. 2.
 Stead, *v.t.* to profit. Temp. I. 2.
 Stelled, *p.p.* (a doubtful word) set or fixed. Lucr. 1444. Son. 24.
 Sternage, *sb.* steerage, course. H. V. III. Chorus.
 Stickler, *sb.* an arbitrator in combats. T. & Cr. v. 9.
 Stigmatic, *sb.* a deformed person. 2 H. VI. v. 1.
 Stigmatical, *adj.* deformed. Com. of E. IV. 2.
 Still, *adj.* constant. T. A. III. 2.
 Still, *adv.* constantly. Temp. I. 2.
 Stilly, *adv.* softly. H. V. IV. Chorus.
 Sint, *v.t.* to stop. H. VIII. I. 2. *v.i.* To stop. R. & J. I. 9.
 Stithy, *sb.* a smith's forge. Ham. II. 2.
 Stithy, *v.t.* to forge. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
 Stoccard, *sb.* a stoccat, or thrust in fencing. Merry Wives, II. 1.
 Stock, *sb.* a stocking. Tam. of S. III. 3.
 Stomach, *sb.* courage, stubbornness. Temp. I. 2.
 Appetite, inclination. Temp. II. 1.
 Stone-bow, *sb.* a cross-bow for throwing stones. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Stoup, *sb.* a cup. Tw. N. II. 8.
 Stout, *adj.* strong, healthy. Tim. IV. 3.
 Stover, *sb.* fodder. Temp. III. 8.
 Strachy, *sb.* a word of doubtful meaning. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Straight, *adv.* immediately. Ham. v. 1.
 Strain, *sb.* lineage. Much Ado, II. 1. Disposition. Merry Wives, II. 1.
 Straited, *p.p.* straitened. Wint. Tale, IV. 4.
 Strange, *adj.* foreign. *L's L's L.* IV. 2. Coy, reserved. R. & J. II. 2. Marvellous. Oth. v. 2.
 Strangeness, *sb.* coyness, reserve. T. & Cr. III. 3.
 Stranger, *sb.* foreigner. H. VIII. II. 3.
 Strappado, *sb.* a kind of punishment. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Stricture, *sb.* strictness. M. for M. I. 4.
 Strossers, *sb.* trowsers. H. V. III. 7.
 Stuck, *sb.* a thrust of a sword. Ham. IV. 7.
 Stuckin, *sb.* corruption of stoccat. Tw. N. III. 4.
 Stuff, *sb.* baggage. Com. of E. IV. 4. Material, substance. Oth. I. 1.
 Stuffed, *p.p.* filled, stored. Much Ado, I. 1.
 Sty, *v.t.* to lodge as in a sty. Temp. I. 2.
 Subscribe, *v.t.* to yield. Lear, I. 2. *v.i.* to succumb. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
 Success, *sb.* issue, consequence. Much Ado, I. 3.
 Succession. Wint. Tale, I. 2.

Successive, *adj.* succeeding. 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Successively, *adv.* in succession. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
 Sudden, *adj.* hasty, rash. As you Like it, II. 7.
 Suddenly, *adv.* hastily. R. III. iv. 1.
 Sufferance, *sb.* suffering. M. for M. III. 1.
 Suggest, *v.t.* to tempt, entice. All's Well, iv. 5.
 Suggestion, *sb.* temptation, enticement. Mac. i. 3.
 Suited, *p.p.* dressed. All's Well, i. 1.
 Sullen, *adj.* doleful, melancholy. John. i. 1.
 Sumpter, *sb.* a horse that carries provisions on a journey. Lear, II. 4.
 Suppose, *sb.* a trick, imposition. Tam. of S. v. 1.
 Supposed, *p.p.* counterfeit. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Surcease, *v.t.* to cease. Cor. III. 2.
 Surcease, *sb.* cessation, end. Mac. i. 7.
 Surprise, *v.t.* to capture by surprise. 3 H. VI. iv. 2.
 Sur-reined, *p.p.* over-worked. H. V. III. 5.
 Suspect, *sb.* suspicion. R. III. i. 3.
 Susspire, *v.t.* to breathe. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
 Swabber, *sb.* a sweeper of the deck of a ship. Temp. II. 2.
 Swarth, *adj.* black, John, III. 1.
 Swarth, *adj.* black. T. A. II. 3.
 Swarth, *sb.* quantity of grass cut down by one sweep of the scythe. Tw. N. II. 3.
 Swasher, *sb.* swaggerer. H. V. III. 2.
 Swashing, *pr.p.* dashing, smashing. R. & J. i. 1.
 Swath, *sb.* The same as 'swarth.' T. & Cr. v. 5.
 Swathling, *adj.* swaddling. 1 H. IV. III. 2.
 Sway, *v.t.* to move on. 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
 Swear, *v.t.* to adjure. Lear, i. 1.
 Swear over, *v.t.* to out-swear. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
 Swift, *adj.* ready, quick. Much Ado, III. 1.
 Swinge-buckler, *sb.* a bully. 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Table, *sb.* a tablet, note-book. Ham. i. 2.
 Table-book, *sb.* note-book. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Tables, *sb.* the game of backgammon. L's L's L. v. 2. A note book. Ham. i. 5.
 Tabor, *sb.* a small side-drum. Temp. iv. 1.
 Taborer, *sb.* a player on the tabor. Temp. III. 2.
 Tabourine, *sb.* tambourine, drum. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
 Tag, *sb.* the rabble. Cor. III. 1.
 Taint, *p.p.* tainted. 1 H. VI. v. 3.
 Tainture, *sb.* defilement. 2 H. VI. II. 1.
 Take, *v.t.* to infect, blast, bewitch. Merry Wives, iv. 4; Ham. i. 1.
 Take in, *v.t.* to conquer. A. & C. III. 7; Cor. i. 2.
 Take out, *v.t.* to copy. Oth. III. 4.
 Take up, *v.t.* to borrow money, or buy on credit. 2 H. VI. v. 7. To make up a quarrel. As you Like it, v. 4.
 Taking, *sb.* infection, malignant influence. Lear, III. 4.
 Taking up, *sb.* buying on credit. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
 Tall, *adj.* strong, valiant. Tw. N. i. 3.
 Tale, *sb.* counting, reckoning. Mac. i. 3.
 Tallow-catch, *sb.* a lump of tallow. 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Tang, *sb.* twang, sound. Temp. II. 2.
 Tang, *v.t.* to sound. Tw. N. II. 5.
 Tanning, *sb.* anything tanned by the sun. Cym. iv. 4.
 Tarre, *v.t.* to excite, urge on. John, iv. 1.
 Tarlance, *sb.* delay. Two Gent. II. 7.
 Tartar, *sb.* Tartarus. H. V. II. 2.
 Task, *v.t.* to tax. 1 H. IV. iv. 3. Challenge. R. II. iv. 1.
 Tasking, *sb.* challenging. 1 H. IV. v. 2.
 Taste, *v.t.* to try. Tw. N. III. 4.
 Tawdry-lace, *sb.* a rustic necklace. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Taxation, *sb.* satire, sarcasm. As you Like it, i. 2.
 Taxing, *sb.* satire. As you Like it, II. 7.

Teen, *sb.* grief. Temp. i. 2.
 Tell, *v.t.* to count. Temp. II. 1.
 Temper, *v.t.* to mix. Cym. v. 5.
 Temperance, *sb.* temperature. Temp. II. 1.
 Tempered, *p.p.* mixed. Ham. v. 2.
 Tend, *v.t.* to attend to. 2 H. VI. i. 1.
 Tender, *v.t.* to hold, to esteem. Temp. II. 1.
 To have consideration for. Two Gent. iv. 4.
 Tent, *v.t.* to probe as a wound. Cor. III. 1.
 Tent, *sb.* a probe for searching a wound. Cym. III. 4.
 Tereel, *sb.* the male of the goshawk. T. & Cr. III. 2.
 Termagant, *sb.* a ranting character in old plays. Ham. III. 2.
 Tested, *p.p.* pure, assayed. M. for M. II. 2.
 Testern, *v.t.* to reward with a tester, or sixpence. Two Gent. i. 1.
 Tharborough, *sb.* (corrupted from 'third-borough') a constable. L's L's L. i. 1.
 Theorick, *sb.* theory. All's Well, iv. 3.
 Thewes, *sb.* sinews, muscles. 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Thick, *adv.* rapidly. 2 H. IV. II. 3; Cym. III. 2.
 Thick-pleached, *p.p.* thickly intertwined. Much Ado. i. 2.
 Third-borough, *sb.* a constable. Ind. to Tam. of S. i.
 Thought, *sb.* anxiety, grief. Ham. III. 1; A. & C. iv. 6. So 'to take thought' is to give way to grief. J. C. II. 1.
 Thrasonical, *adj.* boastful. As you Like it, v. 2.
 Three-man beetle, *sb.* a wooden mallet worked by three men. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
 Three-man-song-men, *sb.* singers of glees in three parts. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Three-pile, *sb.* three-piled velvet. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Threne, *sb.* lament. Ph. & T. 49.
 Thrid, *sb.* thread, fibre. Temp. iv. 1.
 Throe, *v.t.* to put in agonies. Temp. II. 1.
 Thrum, *sb.* the tufted end of a thread in weaving. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Thrummed, *p.p.* made of coarse ends or tufts. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Tickle, *adj.* ticklish. M. for M. i. 3.
 Tight, *adj.* nimble, active. Tam. of S. II. 1; A. & C. iv. 4.
 Tightly, *adv.* briskly, promptly. Merry Wives, i. 3; II. 3.
 Tike, *sb.* a cur. H. V. II. 1.
 Tilly-vally, *int.* an exclamation of contempt. Tw. N. II. 3.
 Tilth, *sb.* tillage. Temp. II. 1.
 Timeless, *adj.* untimely. R. II. iv. 1.
 Tinct, *sb.* stain, dye. Ham. III. 4.
 Tire, *sb.* attire, head-dress. Two Gent. iv. 4.
 Tire, *v.t.* to tear as a bird of prey. 3 H. VI. i. 1.
 Hence, metaphorically, to feed. Cym. III. 4.
 Tire, *v.t.* to attire, dress. Com. of E. II. 2.
 Tod, *v.t.* to yield a tod of wool. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
 Tokens, *sb.* plague spots. L's L's L. v. 2.
 Tokened, *p.p.* marked with plague spots. A. & C. III. 8.
 Toll, *v.t.* to exact toll. 2 H. IV. iv. 4. To pay toll. All's Well, v. 3.
 Too too, *adv.* excessively. Two Gent. i. 4; Ham. i. 2.
 Topless, *adj.* supreme, without superior. T. & Cr. i. 3.
 Touch, *sb.* touchstone for testing gold. R. III. iv. 2. Trait. As you Like it, III. 2. An acute feeling. Cym. i. 1.
 Touched, *p.p.* pricked. T. A. iv. 4.
 Touse, *v.t.* to pull, drag. M. for M. v. 1.
 Toward, *adv.* nearly ready. M. N's Dr. III. 1.
 Towards, *adv.* nearly ready. R. & J. i. 5.

Toys, *sb.* trifles, foolish tricks. 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Trade, *sb.* beaten path. H. VIII. v. 1.
 Tranect, *sb.* a ferry. M. of V. III. 4.
 Trash, *v.t.* to check, as a huntsman his hounds.
 Temp. I. 2; Oth. II. 1.
 Translated, *p.p.* transformed. M. N's Dr. III. 1.
 Travail, *sb.* labor, toil. 1 H. VI. v. 4.
 Tray-trip, *sb.* an old game played with dice. Tw.
 N. II. 5.
 Treachers, *sb.* traitors. Lear. I. 2.
 Treaties, *sb.* entreaties. A. & C. III. 9.
 Trenched, *p.p.* carved. Two Gent. III. 2.
 Trick, *sb.* technically, a copy of a coat of arms;
 hence, any peculiarity which distinguishes
 voice or feature. Lear. IV. 6; Wint. Tale, II. 3.
 Trick, *v.t.* to dress up. II. V. III. 6.
 Tricked, *p.p.* blazoned. Ham. II. 2.
 Tricking, *sb.* ornament. Merry Wives, IV. 4.
 Tricky, *adj.* elegantly quaint. Temp. v. 1.
 Triple, *adj.* third. A. & C. I. 1.
 Trojan, *sb.* a cant word for a thief. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Trol-ly-dames, *sb.* Fr. *trou-madame*; the name
 of a game; also called pigeon-holes. Wint. Tale,
 IV. 2.
 Troth-plight, *adj.* betrothed. H. V. II. 1.
 Trow, *v.i.* to trust, think. H. VIII. I. 1.
 True, *adj.* honest. Cym. II. 3.
 Trundle-tail, *sb.* a long-tailed dog. Lear. III. 6.
 Tucket-sonance, *sb.* a flourish on the trumpet.
 H. V. IV. 2.
 Tundish, *sb.* a funnel. M. for M. III. 2.
 Turlygood, *sb.* a name adopted by bedlam-beg-
 gars. Lear. II. 3.
 Turn, *v.t.* to modulate. As you Like it, II. 5.
 Twangling, *pr.p.* twanging. Temp. III. 2.
 Twiggen, *adj.* made of twigs, wicker. Oth. II. 3.
 Twilled, *p.p.* Temp. III. 3. A doubtful word.
 Twink, *sb.* a twinkling. Temp. III. 3.
 Twire, *v.i.* to peep, twinkle. Son. 28.
 Vade, *v.i.* to fade. P. P. 131, 170.
 Vail, *v.t.* to lower. M. for M. v. 1.
 Vailing, *pr.p.* lowering. M. of V. I. 1.
 Vainness, *sb.* vanity. H. V. v. Chorus.
 Valenced, *p.p.* adorned with a valance or fringe;
 applied to the beard. Ham. II. 2.
 Validity, *sb.* value. All's Well, v. 3.
 Vantage, *sb.* advantage. Two Gent. I. 3.
 Vanbrace, *sb.* armor for the front of the arm.
 T. & Cr. I. 3.
 Varlet, *sb.* a servant, valet. T. & Cr. I. 1.
 Vast, *sb.* properly a waste-place, metaphorically,
 the dead of night. Temp. I. 2. A gulf. Wint.
 Tale, I. 1.
 Vastidity, *sb.* immensity. M. for M. III. 1.
 Vastly, *adv.* like a waste. Lear. 1740.
 Vasty, *adj.* vast, waste. 1 H. IV. III. 1.
 Vaunt, *sb.* the van, that which precedes. T. &
 Cr. Prol.
 Vaunt-couriers, *sb.* forerunners. Lear, III. 2.
 Vaward, *sb.* the van, vanguard, advanced guard
 of an army. H. V. IV. 3. Hence, metaphorically,
 the first of anything. M. N's Dr. IV. 1.
 Vegetives, *sb.* herbs. Per. III. 2.
 Velure, *sb.* velvet. Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Velvet-guards, *sb.* literally, velvet trimmings; ap-
 plied metaphorically to the citizens who wore
 them. 1 Hen. IV. III. 1.
 Venew, *sb.* a bout in fencing, metaphorically ap-
 plied to repartee and sallies of wit. L's L's L.
 v. 1.
 Veney, *sb.* a bout at fencing. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Venge, *v.t.* to avenge. H. V. I. 2.
 Ventages, *sb.* holes in a flute or flageolet. Ham.
 III. 2.
 Verbal, *adj.* wordy. Cym. II. 3.

Very, *adj.* true, real. Two Gent. III. 1.
 Via, *int.* off with you! Merry Wives, II. 2.
 Vice, *v.t.* to screw. Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Vice, *sb.* the buffoon in the old morality plays.
 Ham. III. 4.
 Vie, *v.t.* to challenge; a term at cards. A & C. v.
 2. To play as for a wager. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Viewless, *adj.* invisible. M. for M. III. 1.
 Villain, *sb.* a lowborn man. As you Like it, I. 1.
 Vinewed, *p.p.* mouldy. T. & Cr. II. 1.
 Viol-de-gamboys, *sb.* a bass viol. Tw. N. I. 3.
 Virginaling, *pr.p.* playing as on the virginals, a
 kind of a spinet. Wint. Tale, I. 2.
 Virtue, *sb.* the essential excellence. Temp. I. 2.
 Valor, *Leor*, v. 3.
 Virtuous, *adj.* excellent. M. N's Dr. III. 2. En-
 dowed with virtues. As you Like it, I. 3.
 Vizament, *sb.* advisement. Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Voluble, *adj.* fickle. Oth. II. 1.
 Voluntary, *sb.* volunteer. John, II. 1.
 Votarist, *sb.* votary, one who has taken a vow.
 M. for M. I. 5.
 Vulgar, *sb.* the common people. L's L's L. I. 2.
 Vulgar, *adj.* common. John, II. 2.
 Vulgarly, *adv.* publicly. M. for M. v. 1.
 Umbered, *p.p.* stained, dark, as with umber. H.
 V. IV. Chorus.
 Unealed, *p.p.* without extreme unction. Ham.
 I. 5.
 Unavoided, *adj.* unavoidable. R. III. IV. 4.
 Unbarbed, *p.p.* untrimmed. Cor. III. 2.
 Unbated, *p.p.* unblunted. Ham. IV. 7.
 Unbolt, *v.t.* to disclose. Tim. I. 1.
 Unbolted, *p.p.* unsifted, unrefined. Lear, II. 2.
 Unbreathed, *p.p.* unpractised. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Uncape, *v.t.* to throw off the hounds. Merry
 Wives, III. 3.
 Uncharged, *p.p.* undefended, applied to the gates
 of a city. Tim. v. 4.
 Unclew, *v.t.* to unravel, undo. Tim. I. 1.
 Uncoined, *p.p.* unalloyed, unfeigned. H. V. v. 7.
 Undergo, *v.t.* to undertake. Tim. III. 5.
 Undertaker, *sb.* one who takes up another's quar-
 rel. Tw. N. III. 4.
 Under-wrought, *p.p.* undermined. John, II. 1.
 Uneath, *adv.* hardly. 2 H. VI. III. 4.
 Unexpressive, *adj.* inexpressible. As you Like it,
 III. 2.
 Unfair, *v.t.* to deprive of beauty. Son. 5.
 Unhappily, *adv.* censoriously. H. VIII. I. 4.
 Unhappy, *adj.* mischievous. All's Well, IV. 5.
 Unhatched, *p.p.* undisclosed. Oth. III. 4.
 Unhoused, *p.p.* without receiving the sacra-
 ment. Ham. I. 5.
 Unimproved, *p.p.* unproved. Ham. I. 1.
 Union, *sb.* a pearl. Ham. v. 2.
 Unjust, *adj.* dishonest. 1 H. IV. rv. 2.
 Unkind, *adj.* unnatural. Lear, III. 4.
 Unlived, *adj.* bereft of life. Lucr. 1754.
 Unmanned, *p.p.* untamed, applied to a hawk. R.
 & J. III. 2.
 Unowed, *p.p.* unowned. John, IV. 3.
 Unpregnant, *adj.* stupid. M. for M. rv. 4.
 Unproper, *adj.* common to all. Oth. IV. 1.
 Unquestionable, *adj.* not inquisitive. As you Like
 it, III. 2.
 Unready, *adj.* undressed. 1 H. VI. II. 1.
 Unrespective, *adj.* inconsiderate. R. III. rv. 2.
 Unsisting, *adj.* unresting. M. for M. rv. 2.
 Unstanchd, *p.p.* incontinent. Temp. I. 1.
 Untempering, *adj.* unsoftening. H. V. v. 2.
 Untented, *adj.* unsearchable. Lear, I. 4.
 Untraded, *adj.* unused, uncommon. T. & Cr. IV. 5.
 Untrimmed, *p.p.* spoiled of grace or ornament.
 Son. 18.

- Untrue, *sb.* untruth. Son. 113.
 Unvalued, *adj.* invaluable. R. III. i. 4.
 Upspring reel, *sb.* a boisterous dance. Ham. i. 4.
 Urchin, *sb.* the hedge-hog. Temp. i. 2.
 Usance, *sb.* usury. M. of V. i. 3.
 Us, *sb.* interest. M. for M. i. 1.
 Utis, *sb.* riotous merriment, which accompanied the eighth day of a festival. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Utter, *v.t.* to expel, put forth. Much Ado, v. 3.
 Utterance, *sb.* extremity. Mac. III. 1; Cym. III. 1.
 Waft, *v.t.* to wave, beckon. Ham. i. 4. To turn. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
 Waftage, *sb.* passage. T. & Cr. III. 2.
 Wafture, *sb.* waving, beckoning. J. C. ii. 1.
 Wage, *v.t.* to reward as with wages. Cor. v. 5.
 Wailful, *adj.* lamentable. Two Gent. III. 2.
 Wait, *sb.* the middle of a ship. Temp. i. 2.
 Wannon, 'With a wannon' = 'with a vengeance'. Per. II. 1.
 Wappened, *p.p.* withered, overworn. Tim. iv. 3.
 Ward, *sb.* guard. Temp. i. 2. Prison. 2 H. VI. v. 1.
 Warden, *sb.* a large pear used for baking. Wint. Tale, iv. 2.
 Warder, *sb.* truncheon. R. II. i. 3.
 Warn, *v.t.* to summon. R. III. i. 3.
 Wassail, *sb.* a drinking bout. A. & C. i. 4. Festivity. Ham. i. 4.
 Wat, a familiar word for a hare. V. & A. 697.
 Watch, *sb.* a watch light. R. III. v. 3.
 Watch, *v.t.* to tame by keeping constantly awake. Oth. III. 3.
 Water-gall, *sb.* a secondary rainbow. Lucr. 1588.
 Water-work, *sb.* painting in distemper. 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Water-rug, *sb.* a kind of dog. Mac. III. 1.
 Wax, *v.t.* to grow. H. V. v. 1.
 Waxen, *v.t.* perhaps, to hiccough. M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Wealth, *sb.* weal, advantage. M. of V. v. 1.
 Wear, *sb.* fashion. As you Like it, II. 7.
 Weather-fend, *v.t.* to defend from the weather. Temp. v. 1.
 Web and pin, *sb.* the cataract in the eye. Lear, III. 4; Wint. Tale, i. 2.
 Wee, *adj.* small, tiny. Merry Wives, i. 4.
 Weed, *sb.* garment. Tw. N. v. 1.
 Wee, *v.t.* to think. 1 H. VI. II. 5.
 Weet, *v.t.* to wit, know. A. & C. i. 1.
 Weigh out, *v.t.* to outweigh. H. VIII. III. 1.
 Welkin, *sb.* the sky. Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Welkin, *adj.* sky-blue. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
 Well-liking, *adj.* in good condition. L's L's L. v. 2.
 Well said, *int.* well done! 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Wend, *v.t.* to go. M. for M. iv. 3.
 Wesand, *sb.* the wind-pipe. Temp. III. 2.
 Wheelk, *sb.* a weal. H. V. III. 6.
 Whelked, *p.p.* marked with whelks or protuberances. Lear, iv. 6.
 When as, *adv.* when. Son. 49.
 Where, *adv.* whereas. 2 H. VI. III. 2; Lear, i. 2.
 Where, *sb.* a place. Lear, i. 1.
 When, an exclamation of impatience. Tam. of S. iv. 1.
 Whiffer, *sb.* an officer who clears the way in processions. H. V. v. Chorus.
 While-ere, *adv.* a little while ago. Temp. III. 2.
 Whiles, *adv.* until. Tw. N. iv. 3.
 Whip-stock, *sb.* handle of a whip. Tw. N. II. 3.
 Whist, *adj.* hushed, silent. Temp. i. 2.
 White, *sb.* the centre of an archery butt. Tam. of S. v. 2.
 Whiting-time, *sb.* bleaching time. Merry Wives, III. 3.
 Whitster, *sb.* bleacher. Merry Wives, III. 3.
 Whitley, *adj.* pale-faced. L's L's L. III. 1. A doubtful word.
 Whittle, *sb.* a clasp knife. Tim. v. 3.
 Whoo-bub, *sb.* hubbub. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
 Whoop, *v.t.* to cry out with astonishment. H. V. II. 2. Comp. As you Like it, III. 2.
 Wicked, *adj.* noisome, baneful. Temp. i. 2.
 Widow, *v.t.* to give a jointure to. M. for M. v. 1.
 Widowhood, *sb.* widow's jointure. Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Wight, *sb.* person. Oth. II. 1.
 Wild, *sb.* weald. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Wilderness, *sb.* wildness. M. for M. III. 1.
 Wimpled, *p.p.* veiled, hooded. L's L's L. III. 1.
 Window-bars, *sb.* lattice-work across a woman's stomach. Tim. iv. 3.
 Winding, *p.p.* winding. Temp. III. 3.
 Winter-ground, *v.t.* to protect (a plant) from frost. Cym. iv. 2.
 Wis, in the compound 'I wis', certainly. R. III. i. 3.
 Wish, *v.t.* to commend. Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Wistly, *adv.* wistfully. R. II. v. 4.
 Wit, *sb.* knowledge, wisdom. M. of V. II. 1; J. C. III. 2.
 Without, *prep.* beyond. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
 Wits, five, the five senses. Much Ado, i. 1.
 Wittol, *sb.* a contented cuckold. Merry Wives, II. 2.
 Witty, *adj.* intelligent. 3 H. VI. i. 2.
 Woman-tired, *adj.* hen-pecked. Wint. Tale, II. 3.
 Wondered, *p.p.* marvellously gifted. Temp. iv. 2.
 Wood, *adj.* mad. Two Gent. II. 3.
 Woodcock, *sb.* a simpleton. Tam. of S. i. 2.
 Woodman, *sb.* a forester, huntsman. Cym. III. 6.
 A cant term for a wench. M. for M. iv. 3.
 Woolward, *adj.* shirtless. L's L's L. v. 2.
 Word, *v.t.* to flatter or put off with words. A. & C. v. 2. To repeat the words of a song. Cym. iv. 2.
 World, 'To go to the world' is to get married. Much Ado, II. 1. So 'a woman of the world' is a married woman. As you Like it, v. 3.
 Worm, *sb.* a serpent. M. for M. III. 1.
 Worse, *adj.* worse. Temp. iv. 1.
 Worship, *v.t.* to honor. H. V. i. 2.
 Worth, *sb.* wealth, fortune. Tw. N. III. 3.
 Worts, *sb.* cabbages. Merry Wives, i. 1.
 Wot, *v.t.* to know. Two Gent. iv. 4.
 Wound, *p.p.* twisted about. Temp. II. 2.
 Wreak, *sb.* vengeance. Cor. iv. 5.
 Wreak, *v.t.* to avenge. T. A. iv. 3.
 Wreakful, *adj.* revengeful, avenging. Tim. iv. 3.
 Wrest, *sb.* an instrument used for tuning a harp. T. & Cr. III. 3.
 Writ, *sb.* gospel, truth. Per. II. (Gower).
 Writhled, *p.p.* shrivelled. 1 H. VI. II. 3.
 Wroth, *sb.* calamity, misfortune. M. of V. II. 2.
 Wry, *v.t.* to swerve. Cym. v. 1.
 Wrung, *p.p.* twisted, strained. 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Yare, *adj.* ready. Used as an *int.*, 'be' being understood. Temp. i. 1.
 Yarely, *adv.* readily. Temp. i. 1.
 Y-clad, *p.p.* clad. 2 H. VI. i. 1.
 Y-cleped, *p.p.* called, named. L's L's L. v. 2.
 Yearn, *v.t.* to grieve, vex. Merry Wives, III. 5; R. II. v. 5.
 Yellowness, *sb.* jealousy. Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Yellows, *sb.* a disease of horses. Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Yeoman, *sb.* a sheriff's officer. 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Yield, *v.t.* to reward. A. & C. iv. 2. To report. A. & C. II. 5.
 Yond, *adj.* and *adv.* yonder. Temp. i. 2.
 Zany, *sb.* a clown, gull. L's L's L. v. 2.

